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SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OF WHITE HOUSE GOSSIP

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After the painting by James Peale

MISTRESS DOLLY MADISON

Otherwise affectionately known as "Queen Dolly." Madison's first vision of the charming young widow of John Todd was one to remember. "Never a strict Quaker, for she loved pretty clothes too well, she was always gowned in the most attractive style, and one windy, icy day she sallied forth to market with her trim little feet and pretty ankles daintily shod in white silk hose and shining new high-heeled slippers with glittering buckles. A loose bit of lace, an ankle turned on treacherous heel, a flash of lacy draperies and silk, and Dolly lay for a minute in the strong clasp of a strange man whose admiring glance was not wholly submerged by the sympathy he was expressing. The man was Madison, and after assisting the limping lady home, he made haste to be presented properly and thereupon lost no time or effort in winning her hand, even enlisting the interest of Mrs. Washington in his cause and defying Aaron Burr and all others to take her from him."

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OF WHITE HOUSE GOSSIP

From Washington to Lincoln

BY

EDNA M. COLMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM
PHOTOGRAPHS

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FOREWORD

TO MAKE history alive—to clothe its characters in their human element, and to resurrect its chronicles from the dim haze of half-forgotten periods and, by charging them with the rejuvenating spark of enthusiasm, bridge with vision the stretch of years between their day of achievement and our own—this is the purpose of this book.

Though builded upon history with its characters the leading figures in our national life, and all of the great events, names, facts, and dates gathered and corroborated by historical records, its aim is to entertain and not compete with text books.

The preparation of this work has consumed more than eight years of study and research through musty old volumes, stacks of aged newspaper files, and quantities of yellowed letters, diaries, and documents, interspersed with the reminiscences of old residents of the capital city.

Because the newspaper reporters wrote freely and intimately of people as they personally knew them, as they measured up among groups of contemporaries, their writings give clearer and truer pictures of men as they were, and the author has culled liberally from the old files of the Washington *Intelligencer*, *Globe*, the Alexandria *Gazette*, the old journals of Georgetown and Annapolis as well as Anne Royall's Travel Series and *Huntress* and the

many organs established in turn by the successful political parties.

The history of the birth and growth of our wonderful nation should be the pride of every American—its events cherished and the memory of its heroes and their deeds treasured and impressed by a clear knowledge that discounts the remoteness and unreality of the perspective that from fifty to one hundred years tends to impose.

Since plain facts alone seem to fail to impress upon posterity the majestic quality of the patriotic consecration of the nation's early fathers, whose mantle of devoted service to country has descended to our presidents in succession, each of whom has added his own contribution to its lustre, the author has interwoven with the facts of this simple narrative all of the lightness, touches of ancient gossip, anecdotes, incidents, and legends that tradition connects with our presidents and their families and the heroes and leading politicians of each administration.

THE AUTHOR.

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SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OF WHITE HOUSE GOSSIP

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OF WHITE HOUSE GOSSIP

CHAPTER I

FIRST ADMINISTRATION OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

GENERAL WASHINGTON received the notification of his election to the Presidency more than a month late, on April 14th. Though the Constitution provided for the proceedings to begin March 4, 1789, in New York City, the members elected to Congress did not arrive in sufficient numbers for business until the first of April. This was due largely to the primitive facilities of transportation, practically all of which, particularly of inland residents, had to be done by horseback or stagecoach. Slow and uncertain at best, to some of these people this travelling was a matter of weeks rather than days, and it was April 6th before the first business, after the organization of the Congress, could be taken up. This, of course, was the opening and counting of the votes for the President and Vice President of the United States.

Washington had received the entire number cast, sixty-nine, but those for the office of Vice President were so widely scattered that Mr. Adams barely received a majority. That same day Charles Thompson, who had served as Secretary to the Continental Congress, was appointed to inform General Washington of his unanimous election, and Sylvanus Bourne was selected to convey to John Adams the news of his choice for Vice President, and they at once set out, the one for Virginia and the

other for Massachusetts, while a joint committee of the two houses started preparations for a suitable inaugural celebration.

Washington's Mt. Vernon home was so far from New York that the journey consumed a longer time than was required for Mr. Bourne to reach Braintree, where Adams had been labouring to revive a long-neglected law practice.

However, General Washington had been fully aware of the trend of public feeling and events, and he knew long before the votes were counted that he was the unanimous choice of the American people for their highest office, and his preparations to abandon his peaceful home to take up new duties in the service of his country had all been completed before Mr. Thompson's arrival on April 14th. With this knowledge the delay in the arrival of the certificate of his election caused him no concern whatever. Relative to its lateness he said to General Knox:

"As to myself this delay may be compared to a reprieve, for in confidence I tell you (with the world it would obtain little credit,) that my movements to the seat of government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of execution, so unwilling am I, in the evening of life, nearly consumed in public cares, to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties."

One more duty remained for the General to perform which he left until the last, that of visiting his mother, and when Mr. Thompson made his appearance on April 14th with the following missive from John Langdon, little further delay was required:

"New York,
"April 6th, 1789.

"SIR:

"I have the honour to transmit to your Excellency the information of your unanimous election to the office of

President of the United States of America. Suffer me, Sir, to indulge the hope that so auspicious a mark of public confidence will meet with your approbation, and be considered as a pledge of the affection and support you are to expect from a free and enlightened people.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN LANGDON."

With his customary regard for every detail of official etiquette, he informed Mr. Thompson that at the end of two days he would accompany him, writing at the same time the following reply:

"Mt. Vernon,
"April 14, 1789.

"SIR:

"I had the honour to receive your official communication by the hand of Mr. Secretary Thompson, about one o'clock this day. Having concluded to obey the important and flattering call of my country, and having been impressed with an idea of the expediency of my being with Congress at as early a period as possible, I propose to commence my journey on Thursday morning, which will be the day after to-morrow. I have the honour to be with sentiments of esteem, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"GEO. WASHINGTON."

In the two days between his notification and his departure for New York, he rode eighty miles in twenty-four hours to pay his respects and what proved to be his farewell visit to his aged mother at Fredericksburg. He was then fifty-seven years old.

According to his agreement, on the morning of April 16th, he turned his back upon his beloved Mt. Vernon and all its allurements of family ties and ease, and set

forth with Col. David Humphreys and Charles Thompson. In his diary of that date is the following entry:

"About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mt. Vernon, to private life, to domestic felicity, and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York with Mr. Thompson and Col. Humphreys, with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call but with less hope of answering its expectations."

Though General Washington desired no demonstration along the way, the enthusiasm of the people would not be denied an expression and from Alexandria on he met with one continuous ovation.

At Alexandria the celebration was naturally of the most personal nature from its assemblage of old close friends and neighbours, while in Georgetown he met with much the same type of greetings. All through the Maryland towns and villages cannon were fired, bells rung, and great throngs of people crowded to meet him, blessing him and seeking his blessing upon their children. Baltimore was reached about nightfall and the whole evening given over to great jubilation, including a public supper.

Midst the roar of cannon the little party departed at five o'clock the next morning, a great cavalcade of people accompanying them for several miles.

At the Pennsylvania line two troops of cavalry awaited him with a large delegation of citizens headed by Governor Mifflin and Judge Richard Peters. Their night of waiting had not dampened their delight at his approach and the military gave him a rousing salute, after which the city of Chester turned out en masse in a public reception. Here the General left his carriage, mounted a splendid white horse assigned to his use, and took his place in the procession with Colonel Humphreys on one side and the

messenger from Congress on the other. Gray's Ferry had erected triumphal arches on each side of the river. These were covered with laurel, and the approaches were through long aisles of laurel which had been transplanted and placed in position for the occasion.

When passing beneath the last arch, a laurel crown was lowered so skilfully that it rested upon General Washington's head before he was aware of its existence.

The entrance into Philadelphia was one continuous ovation. Old records claim that fully twenty thousand people assembled along his way to greet him with wild cheering and the greatest of enthusiasm. At the City Tavern another sumptuous banquet, attended by all the officials and celebrities, awaited the party.

At Trenton, on the same bridge across which he had retreated before Cornwallis on the eve of the battle of Princeton, the women of the town had erected a triumphal arch twenty feet high, supported by thirteen pillars twined with evergreens and laurel. On the side facing the approach of Washington and his party was the legend:

> The Defender of the Mothers Will
> Be the Protector of the Daughters

A cupola surmounted the centre, bearing the dates of his military performance at Trenton, and at its top was a large sunflower, intended to express the fact that he alone inspired all the homage. A large procession of mothers leading their daughters, all garbed in white, assembled on each side of the arch, and as he passed, thirteen young girls wreathed in flowers and carrying baskets of blossoms sang an ode composed for the occasion as they threw flowers ahead in his path. General Washington was deeply touched and responded with great feeling and appreciation.

The trip from Elizabethtown to New York was made in a handsome barge manned by thirteen master pilots dressed in white, representing the states of the Union, under the command of Commodore Nicholson. Six other boats with white-uniformed oarsmen carrying various dignitaries formed the escort.

All the vessels in the harbour presented a gala appearance. Colonel Stone has written:

"Every ship in the harbour was gayly dressed for the occasion except the *Galveston*, a Spanish man-of-war, which lay at anchor, displaying only her own proper colours. The contrast which she presented when compared with the splendid flags and streamers floating from every other vessel in the bay, especially the government ship, the *North Carolina*, was universally observed, and the neglect was beginning to occasion unpleasant remarks, when as the barge of the General came abreast, in an instant, as if by magic, the Spaniard exhibited every flag and signal known among nations."

All ships in the harbour gave the salute of thirteen guns.

Arriving at the landing, which was carpeted in crimson, with its rails hung with the same, the party was met by Governor Clinton and a vast throng of officials and citizens. Indeed, it seemed as though the entire city had turned out to greet the beloved Washington. A passage through the crowds was made only with the greatest difficulty, by which the weary traveller was escorted to the house prepared for his reception. This was the property of an official of the Treasury Board and had been used by the presidents of the Continental Congress. It was located on the corner of Cherry Street and Franklin Square.

In the evening Governor Clinton gave a magnificent banquet in the General's honour, which was long remembered among the great occasions of the city.

John Adams had received his notification earlier than Washington and had reached New York two days ahead of him, taking his place as President of the Senate at that time and making a beautiful tribute to the character and ability of his chief.

Leaving his home in Braintree on April 12th, his journey to Boston was made under escort of a troop of horses. The people of Boston gave him a flattering reception and Governor Hancock entertained him with a collation and a reception. His arrival and departure were marked by salutes at all of the places through which he passed with his retinue. Hartford manufacturers presented him with the broadcloth for a suit of clothes, and the city fathers of New Haven, the freedom of the city. From the state line of Connecticut, the Westchester Light Horse formed his escort to King's Bridge, where he was met by a delegation of members of Congress, city and state officials, military officers, and citizens, who attended him to the home of John Jay.

With the hope of New York becoming the permanent capital of the nation several of the city's patriotic citizens had contributed $32,000 for the purpose of remodelling, repairing, and suitably refitting the old City Hall at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, later the site of the Custom House, to accommodate Congress. Already nearly a century old the building had been used for the sessions of the Provincial Assembly, the Supreme Court, the Admiralty Court, and the Mayor's Court, also the city prison, while near by stood the whipping post and the pillory. The centre of all important business, in politics, legislation, and city government, it was also the home of the Public Library and was naturally conceded to be the most appropriate home for the seat of the national government. When completed it was named Federal Hall and

placed by the City Council at the disposal of the Congress.

Most imposing in appearance for the period, it was so designed as to give outward expression of the fact that it was set apart for national purposes. The basement story in Tuscan style had seven openings and four massive pillars in the centre support, above which rose four Doric columns. The cornice was divided to admit thirteen stars in the metopes, which, with the eagle and other insignia in the pediment and the sculptures of thirteen arrows over each window surrounded by olive branches, at once set it apart from buildings of commercial or private nature. The Broad Street entrance opened into a large, plainly furnished room or general hall beyond which was the vestibule, which led in front to the Hall of Representatives, and through arches on each side, by a public stairway on the right and a private one on the left, to the Senate Chamber and the galleries. The marble-paved vestibule was lofty and elegantly furnished. The lower part, of light rough stone, supported a handsome iron gallery, and the upper part was lighted from the ornamented dome.

The Hall of Representatives was sixty-one feet long and fifty-eight feet wide, with an arched ceiling rising from thirty-six to forty-six feet in the centre. Slightly octangular in form, with niches for statues, its windows were placed sixteen feet from the floor, the space below them being finished with plain wainscot broken by but four fireplaces surmounted by Ionic columns and pilasters. The letters "U. S.," surrounded with laurel, were carved in the panels between the windows. The Speaker's chair on its platform faced the main entrance, and each member had a desk and a blue damask-covered chair, matching the curtains. Two galleries in front of the Speaker's seat, the

upper being the smaller, were planned for the use of the friends of the members. The public was admitted only to the part of the floor outside the bar.

The Senate Chamber was reached by the stairs on the east side of the vestibule, through an ante-chamber of imposing size, for that day, though all these dimensions would be far too limited for use of some of the committees of the present Congress.

No amount of art and effort was spared in making the first Senate Chamber a worthy setting for its momentous service. Forty feet long by thirty wide and twenty feet high, it also had an arched ceiling and three windows at each end, those toward Wall Street opening into an outside gallery twelve feet deep with an iron railing. It was here the first President of the United States was expected to take his oath of office.

Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant had been called into service to put his artistic touch upon its decorations, and light and graceful pilasters with capitals composed of foliage in the midst of which appeared radiant stars and below each a small medallion with the letters "U. S." were arranged. The ceiling was light blue with a sun and thirteen stars in the centre. The huge fireplaces in both halls were of highly polished American marble, making up in beauty what they lacked in heating efficiency for rooms of such proportions.

The President's chair, with its three-foot elevation above the floor, was placed under a rich canopy of crimson damask, and this warm colour was used in the window curtains, and the covering of the floors and the semi-circle of seats for members in both houses gave the interior of Federal Hall a most businesslike air and luxurious appearance.

With all these preparations and every boat, stage, and

vehicle bringing its throngs to the city to see this epoch-marking event, all New York was tense with excitement and delight and the morning of the eventful 30th of April was announced by cannon-firing and bell-ringing.

The first ceremonies of this first inauguration began at 9 o'clock, when the clergy of the city, numbering fourteen in all, assembled their congregations to offer prayer for the blessing of Heaven upon the nation and its favour and protection to the new President and the success of his administration.

By twelve o'clock all the various military contingents in their brilliant uniforms and the joint committees of Congress had formed into a procession in Cherry Street in front of the house occupied by General Washington. No other inaugural committee is so important from a historical point of view as these men, three of whom, Ralph Izard, Richard Henry Lee, and Tristram Dalton, represented the Senate, and three, Fisher Ames, Charles Carroll, and Egbert Benson, the House of Representatives.

The procession was led by the sheriff of the City and County of New York. General Washington rode alone in his handsome coach drawn by six spirited white horses, which were led through the streets. Colonel Humphreys, his aide-de-camp, and Tobias Lear, his secretary, attended him, and the committee of Congress escorted him into the Senate, where he was met by the Vice President, and after being presented to both houses of Congress, the Vice President announced to him: "Sir, the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States are ready to attend you to take the oath required by the Constitution, which will be administered by the Chancellor of the State of New York."

The General replied: "I am ready to proceed." The Vice President led the way, accompanied by Chancellor

Livingston and followed by the President, his suite, and all the assembled dignitaries.

As the party walked on to the gallery overlooking the sea of faces in the streets, the General was a most imposing figure in his simple brown cloth suit of American make with his plain silver buckles, white silk stockings, and powdered hair, as he stood between the Chancellor and the Vice President. Mr. Otis, Secretary of the Senate, held on its crimson cushion the Bible which had been borrowed from the Masonic Hall for the purpose, the same Bible upon which President Warren G. Harding pledged his oath one hundred and thirty-two years later.

General Washington slowly and impressively uttered these words after the Chancellor:

"I hereby solemnly swear I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

As he reverently bent and kissed the open page, he added, "So help me God!"

The Chancellor immediately turned to the throngs below, exclaiming: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" Then the city burst forth into a pandemonium of cheering while all of the church bells rang and the cannon roared forth in continuous salutes and up and down the streets the criers proclaimed: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!"

Returning to the Senate Chamber, President Washington made a brief speech to the officials there assembled which established the precedent for inaugural addresses, after which the entire company attended service in St. Paul's Church on Broadway, where Bishop Provost read prayers.

The President's progress to the mansion on Cherry Street was slow and difficult because of the wild applause and celebration of the populace.

Rejoicing and celebration were the order of the day, and at night fireworks, processions of people with torches and transparencies filled the streets, while a magnificent ball furnished the precedent for such functions to form part of the installation ceremonies of a President. Then, as now, all of the distinguished citizens were out in full force.

Contemporary accounts tell us that the ladies were most tastefully and elegantly gowned, though but little jewellery was worn. Among the notables present were Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. John Jay, Mrs. Duane, the wife of the mayor, Mrs. Clinton, Lady Stirling, her daughters, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Livingston, Mrs. Montgomery, Lady Temple, Marchioness de Brehan, Lady Christiana Griffin, Mrs. Beekman, and the wife of Bishop Provost, Mrs. Tristram Dalton, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. McComb, Mrs. Houston, the Misses Bayard, Lady Mary Watts, Lady Kitty Dier, Mme. de la Forest, and Mrs. John Langdon.

A week later Count de Monstir gave a grand ball at his house in Broadway, which Elias Boudinot described as "a most splendid ball, indeed." Always fond of dancing, even to the time of his death, President Washington attended the ball and danced the minuet with Mrs. Van Zandt and the cotillion with Mrs. Livingston and other Knickerbocker belles.

Although the new President's every moment was occupied with official work, he quickly surrounded himself with old and trusted friends in his Cabinet and equally as quickly set to work to put his household upon an efficient basis, not even waiting on Mrs. Washington's arrival.

His first step was to install Samuel Fraunces as steward of his household. This man, long known to him for his experience as a tavern-keeper, and as steward to notable households and gentlemen's clubs, had put in sixty years of such service, and his installation in the Chief Executive's household in this capacity was a guarantee of the quality of the service Washington wished established. Within a few days after Fraunces had assumed service in the Cherry Street mansion, the following advertisement appeared in the papers:

"Whereas, all servants and others appointed to procure provisions or supplies for the household of the President of the United States will be furnished with monies for these purposes: Notice is therefore given, that no accounts, for the payment of which the public might be considered as responsible, are to be opened with any of them.

"Samuel Fraunces,
"Steward of the Household."

"May 4th, 1789."

The President also immediately discovered that definite rules must be established for entertaining and receiving company, and he also conferred with some of his intimate friends and his Cabinet on the matter, urging their suggestions and stating that he desired to adopt a system of social procedure that, without overstepping the tenets of republican simplicity, would best maintain the dignity of his office and secure to himself the control of his time that was so necessary to the performance of his duties. At the same time, which was within two or three days of his inauguration, he publicly announced that he would receive visits on Tuesdays and Fridays between two and three o'clock and that visits on other days than these, particularly Sundays, would not be agreeable to him.

Within a week after his request for suggestions, he re-

ceived a letter from Alexander Hamilton containing an outline of a few rules or ideas as to what he considered a wise course to follow. Most of these were adopted almost as given and they were incorporated into the official régime and thereby formed the basis of the social code which has since governed the intercourse of the presidents and society.

Then it was that the decision was made that the President should return no visits, that no formal dinner invitations be extended save to important officials and visitors of distinction, and a day was also set apart for the reception of foreign ministers. The President was always accessible to those who had matters of business with him.

Thus through necessity rather than inclination, the new executive residence was in smooth running order by the time Lady Washington arrived. Indeed, even the question of the mode of address had been made a matter for congressional action before Mrs. Washington came to share her husband's honours and problems.

Although Washington was so universally beloved, there were those who jibed and sneered, and from the beginning of his selection for the honour until the close of his eight years of presidential service, he had his full share of criticism, ridicule, and annoyance, which always have been and will continue to be meted out to those called to high places.

That the title "Excellency," so generally conceded to be suitable, had its opponents is shown by a letter written by John Armstrong to General Gates from New York before the notification of his election had been forwarded to him.

"All the world here is busy collecting flowers and sweets of every kind to amuse and delight the President in his

approach and on his arrival. Even Roger Sherman has set his head at work to devise some style of address more novel and dignified than 'Excellency.' Yet in the midst of this admiration, there are skeptics who doubt its propriety, and wits who amuse themselves at its extravagance.

"The first will grumble and the last will laugh, and the President should be prepared to meet the attacks of both with firmness and good nature.

"A caricature has already appeared called 'The Entry,' full of very disloyal and profane allusions. It represents the General mounted upon an ass, and in the arms of his man Billy—Humphreys leading the jack and chanting hosannas and birthday odes. The following couplet proceeds from the mouth of the devil—

> "'The glorious time has come to pass
> When David shall conduct an ass.'"

After many days of discussion and the adoption and rejection of a variety of titles, it was finally decided to adopt the simple form of address—"To the President of the United States." However, from a sense of respect and admiration many people continued to address the executive as "Excellency" and his stately wife as "Lady Washington."

To leave an estate of the proportions of Mt. Vernon with its army of dependents and labourers meant extensive arrangements, particularly in a period when neither telegraph, telephone, nor railroads existed to make quick communication possible. Hence Mrs. Washington was forced to forego the great satisfaction of being with her husband and witnessing the greatest honour of his life. Even had the domestic arrangements of their plantation made possible her departure with him, she was not equal to the long, uncomfortable journey as he had to make it, so she remained at Mt. Vernon another month setting her

house in order against a long absence, and finally set forth in her own imposing coach with her usual attendants and outriders on May 10, 1789, with her two grandchildren.

The first night the little party lodged in Baltimore, and as her coach approached the city she was met by a cavalcade of prominent male citizens and officials and escorted into the city, where in the evening there was a display of fireworks and a serenade of bands of music in her honour.

The long, tedious journey was broken again at Philadelphia, and here even greater homage was paid to the consort of the Chief Magistrate, who had been so loved and admired, not only for her marvellous service to the soldiers during the Revolution, but at her beautiful home for her tactful hospitality.

Ten miles out she was met by the Governor of the State, Speaker of the Assembly, a troop of Dragoons, and a large body of enthusiastic citizens. A short distance from the city limits another procession came to meet her—this time an imposing line of carriages containing a large party of the leading women. By this escort she was accompanied to Gray's Ferry, on the Schuylkill, where a collation was served with great ceremony and much jubilation.

From that point to New York, Mrs. Robert Morris occupied a seat at Mrs. Washington's side, and helped relieve the tedium of travel and the strain of the continuous receptions and ovations. When the procession reached the city, the First Lady was greeted with a salute of thirteen guns. After a brief rest she continued her journey to Elizabethtown Point, where she was met by the President, Robert Morris, and a group of other distinguished gentlemen, in the same splendid barge which

had been used to convey the General from the same place a month before. The barge was again manned by thirteen white-uniformed master pilots, and upon its approach to Whitehall landing place in New York, the crowd of citizens that had assembled in her honour greeted her with rounds of cheers, while the Battery thundered forth its welcome of thirteen guns.

Thus midst every honour that could be devised Mrs. Washington was welcomed to New York and conducted to her home, where every possible arrangement for her comfort had already been made. The presidential family soon settled down to domestic life on a much simpler scale than had prevailed among them at Mt. Vernon as independent and wealthy landowners. Mrs. Washington had many of her household treasures sent up by boat to add a home touch to the very plain and substantial furnishings of the Cherry Street house. She also brought her own silver, valued at thirty thousand dollars. This she had melted and reproduced in a more elegant form. Each piece displayed the Washington arms.

Her coach was the finest in the city and her horses in the pink of condition. Usually four drew this pretentious vehicle, but on the occasions when the President went to Federal Hall he called for six, besides which there were another half-dozen horses in his stables for various uses.

The day after Mrs. Washington arrived a formal dinner was given to about twenty of the most important public officials, and two days later she held her first levee, which was attended by the élite of the city. It was upon this occasion that she smilingly announced that "the General always retires at 10 o'clock and I usually precede him." With this statement she bowed to her guests and left the room, thus establishing the rule for the conclusion of her

evening receptions, a rule which still prevails in modified form at the White House in Washington.

She was fifty-seven years old when she became First Lady of the Land, but though past her prime and having lost much of her early beauty and vivacity, she was a most gracious hostess. She added to the skill of an accomplished housewife the dignity and tact of an accomplished hostess. Careful to the extreme to support and protect the high office held by her adored husband, she was punctilious in the discharge of her social duties, returning her calls on the third day, when she was accompanied by Tobias Lear, the President's secretary, and preceded by her footman who knocked at the door and announced the coming of "Madam, the wife of the President."

With the adjournment of Congress in September, 1789, the President decided to make a tour of New England, and set forth on October 15th accompanied by Tobias Lear and Major Jackson. The journey, which was made in his own coach, with his aides on horseback, consumed thirty days. Great enthusiasm and wild cheers greeted him at every stop, especially in the localities where he had been stationed during his Revolutionary campaigns. Receptions, dinners, banquets, processions, and fireworks were arranged in his honour. Rhode Island was omitted from the itinerary since it had not yet accepted the Constitution.

Massachusetts turned out in flattering force to greet the great man. Governor Hancock, however, was among the missing. He had extended an invitation to the President and party to dine with him and it had been accepted. Not finding him at the head of the reception committee, the President was surprised not to receive a call from him at the house where he was staying. Though the Governor sent word he was too ill to call, a story had

preceded the message which came from a most reliable source, to the effect that the Governor felt that in his capacity as Executive of the State of Massachusetts, the first call should be paid to him even by the President of the United States. Whatever the President may have thought, he made no comment, neither did he appear for the dinner. The silence on the subject was undoubtedly eloquent, for the next day the Governor paid the delayed call swathed in red flannel and had himself carried to the President's home in a litter.

The President was so pleased and delighted with the greetings and evidence of loyalty and progress that he had seen that he resolved to visit the Southern States at the earliest opportunity.

A presidential proclamation established Thanksgiving Day service as a national institution, and the New Year's Reception at the Executive Mansion was the precedent for this also to be added to the annual social programme.

The death of Benjamin Franklin in April, 1790, though expected for some time, saddened the entire nation and was the occasion of widespread mourning.

After the close of the second session of the first Congress, August 12th, the President made a trip of ten days through Rhode Island, while Mrs. Washington made her preparations to leave New York, first going to Mt. Vernon. As the next session of Congress was to be in Philadelphia, there were many elaborate arrangements to be made to transfer not only the equipment of a private home, but that of the executive office as well.

Upon the President's return and a most impressive farewell demonstration, the trip for Mt. Vernon was started August 30th. As they did not arrive in Philadelphia until late in November, both had the opportunity to rest in their beloved country home.

When it had been decided to move the seat of government to Philadelphia for ten years, the State Legislature voted a sum of money to build or buy a house suitable for the residence of the President. This was also done with the hope that the Quaker City might become the permanent capital of the United States.

The building selected—that of the University of Pennsylvania—was refused by Washington because of its size and the cost of appropriate furnishings and decorations, and also on account of the necessary upkeep. He would not live in any house not paid for by himself, nor would he be inveigled into any lavish extravagance. He therefore chose and rented a plain brick house on the south side of Market Street between Fifth and Sixth streets, owned by Robert Morris, for which he paid an annual rental of $3,000.

The President had decided ideas as to the appearance of his official home, and after refitting and refurnishing the house in what he considered a substantial and suitable fashion and enlarging the stable to accommodate twelve horses, he and Mrs. Washington took possession and prepared for the continuance of their already famous functions. The first levee, on December 25th, was largely attended, and with this as the initial entertainment, the winter's programme was fairly launched with Mrs. Washington's regular Friday evening levees and the President's even more formal Tuesday afternoon receptions. Both of these functions were extremely conventional and exclusive, being open only to people of acknowledged rank and position, and no one attended Mrs. Washington's affairs unless in full dress. These rules prevailed throughout the entire administration.

Guests arrived early and left before ten-thirty. Mrs. Washington remained seated, her callers arranging them-

selves in a circle around which the President passed to greet each one. He was less formal than at his own functions. On national holidays he would discard the elaborate black velvet clothes with the jewelled buckles and all the rest of the accompanying finery to attire himself in his continental uniform out of compliment to the soldiers. Added to his inherent English conventionality, there was the ever-present desire and set purpose to dispense a hospitality that would reflect creditably upon the nation.

Though Mrs. Washington dressed generally in the simplest, most unpretentious manner considering her great wealth, she did it as an expression of her democratic principles, for she possessed valuable jewels, splendid laces, rich satins, and heavy brocades, as the faded, age-worn frills, furbelows, and trinkets of the exhibits of Mt. Vernon and the National Museum bear witness. At one of the early receptions she is recorded as having worn a "simple russet gown with a kerchief about her neck." In another assemblage, she exhibited, with much pride, two dresses of cotton with silk stripes in red and brown, which had been woven at Mt. Vernon from the ravellings of old brown silk stockings and red silk damask furniture covering.

Some idea of Mrs. Washington's thrift and economy, by which she set the example to the women of the nation, may be gathered from the fact that, when at Mt. Vernon, she kept sixteen looms going all the time and spent many of her mornings working with her women cutting out the garments and other bits of sewing required for an establishment that was never without its throngs of guests.

Her own wardrobe was frequently enlarged and replenished by the remodelling of old gowns and coats, and while in Philadelphia this practical First Lady had some dressmaking done, the queer old receipted bill for which,

with its odd spelling, is now a treasured museum relic. It is dated "Philadelphia, July, 11, 1792" and opens, "Maddam Washington To F. Serre," and is receipted by Serre. Time has obliterated most of the figures and some of the wording so that the total amount of the charge is not decipherable. The bill contains an itemized account of the mending, altering, and making of 2 "dimmety habbits, 1 silk habbit," the mending of "2 pairs of stays" and the making of 1 pair; the altering of 1 "silk great coat, 1 nankeen great coat" and the making of "a great blue coat," and replacing of various "linnings, and galloon."

Though Mrs. Washington continued to economize on her clothes, in her coaches and horses and outriders she never failed to maintain a style consistent with her position. Her servants wore a striking livery of scarlet and white and orange and white and her horses were always sleek, handsome, and well groomed and very elaborately bedecked in their silver-mounted trappings.

The first winter in Philadelphia after the establishment of Congress was exceedingly gay and brilliant with social festivities. The erstwhile prudent Quaker City had broken forth into an orgy of lavish expenditure. Profiteers had sent prices of rents, food, all supplies and service skyrocketing to the highest point ever theretofore attained, and perhaps because of this a frenzy of gambling had the people in its grasp. No modern mah-jongg or bridge devotee could outdo in zeal and recklessness the loo players of that season, when it was no uncommon occurrence to hear of losses of three and four hundred dollars per sitting.

When the second session of the first Congress convened, the President prepared to attend in person to read his message. This was planned with great regard to detail, not so much from a desire for personal pomp and dis-

play as from a settled conviction that his every public act and appearance must be surrounded with such dignity of style and gravity of manner as would compel the respect of the world at large for the nation of which he was chief. Hence he rode alone in the great state coach, drawn by four horses with liveried servants, preceded by Colonel Humphreys and Major Jackson in military uniform and followed by his two secretaries in his chariot and also by Chief Justice Day, the Secretary of War, and the Secretary of the Treasury, as Thomas Jefferson had not arrived.

After reading his message to the two Houses assembled, he handed copies to the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, made a profound, all-including bow, and returned to his home attended by the same important official escort. Within a week, the members of the two Houses of Congress, preceded by the Mace and their respective leaders, arranged themselves in a line of carriages and were ceremoniously driven to the residence of the President, where they left with him their individual addresses in response to his message. These exceedingly formal and stately procedures were considered the proper form until the accession of Jefferson to the Presidency, when they were abolished, as he had always opposed all the conventional and formal ceremonials established by the first President as savouring too much of monarchical forms. Jefferson sent his message by his secretary.

With the coming of spring, the President resolved to make the long-planned tour of the South, and in March he set out in his own coach drawn by six horses and attended by Major Jackson and a couple of friends. The imagination balks at description of what that journey must have meant in fatigue to this iron-willed man. No pikes, no asphalt, up hill and over mountains, fording rivers

swollen with spring rains, mud up to the wheel hubs, sand and dust clouds through which man and beast must fairly choke their way, a rocking, jolting, pitching series of rides such as only those who have stagecoached over natural highways and primitive byways can appreciate. Doubtless, the trip would have been easier on horseback, but the first President was ever mindful of the dignity of his position and the fact that no matter how arduous or distasteful the requirements of this position might be to him personally, while he held it he must set the proper standards for the world to see.

Like the Northern trips, this was one continuous ovation and the greatest satisfaction to the people in the towns and cities all the way to Augusta, Georgia, and back. To many, the journey to the seat of government was too great for them to attempt, and to have their nation's chief come to them was the joy of a lifetime, particularly when that chief was George Washington.

To plan a trip of such length and distance bespoke not only the endurance and courage of the man himself but also of the infinite care and judgment which he exercised over his horses, for the entire journey of 1,900 miles was made with the same animals with which it was started.

Many and varied problems beset the President during the first term, and his difficulty was greater than any which has confronted his successors, in that he had no example to follow or no precedent upon which to base a decision, but must find the solution for himself. One of the most important measures was the action of Congress in the enactment of the revenue tariff placed upon foreign ships and certain imports.

By this means the national debts were assumed and diminished to the extent of $6,000,000, thus establishing the national credit at home and abroad. Fifty cents per

ton, per ship, and eighteen cents per gallon in wines, with tea, sugar, and silk at different rates, soon brought money pouring in.

The first census was taken in 1790, showing a population of 4,000,000 people, and a little more than a year later a United States Bank and then a Mint were opened in Philadelphia, thereby getting a form of coinage into circulation that was a distinct advantage over previous chaotic conditions.

The hotly debated question of the locality of the permanent capital of the United States had been settled after many long and stormy debates, in which slander and calumny were profusely hurled at the head of the President by even some of his own Cabinet.

As the first four years drew to a close, Washington's hope for a release from public life and official duties and responsibilities grew stronger, especially as his private affairs had been greatly neglected. Accepting no salary from the Government and maintaining the entire expense of the executive establishment with its entertaining, etc., even his ample fortune felt the drain. Never did lovely Mt. Vernon beckon more alluringly, nor its beauty and serenity seem more dear and desirable, but it soon became apparent that once again this man and this woman who had given again and again, at their country's call, of their service, their money, and everything they most longed and hoped to enjoy together, must put aside personal inclinations, for from every side came the arguments and countless appeals not to desert his post. The philosophers, politicians, his friends, and hosts of private citizens deluged him with the pleas that his work was as yet unfinished. They all voiced the idea that the young republic was knit together with too fragile cords to withstand a calamity, and that collapse might ensue if

the strong guiding personality of the great leader and founder were withdrawn.

The unanimity of sentiment among the Cabinet and great statesmen on this matter was marked, and Jefferson, so many times at variance with the President's official policies and practices, nevertheless believed that his wisdom and hold on the people's devotion were absolutely necessary for the safety of the country and he expressed this idea most forcefully in a letter to the President:

"The confidence of the whole Union is centred in you. Your being at the helm will be more than an answer to every argument which can be used to alarm and lead the people in any quarter into violence or secession. North and South will hang together, if they have you to hang on; and, if the first corrective of a numerous representation should fail in its effect, your presence will give time for trying others not inconsistent with the union and peace of the States."

In reply to one of the many such appeals that came to him, the President sent the following:

". . . .With respect, however, to the interesting subject treated in your letter of the 5th instant, I can express but one sentiment at this time, and that is a wish, a devout one, that, whatever my ultimate determination shall be, it may be for the best. The subject never recurs to my mind but with additional poignancy; and, from the declining state of the health of my nephew, to whom my concerns of a domestic and private nature are entrusted, it comes with aggravated force. But as the All-wise Disposer of events has hitherto watched over my steps, I trust that, in the important one I may soon be called upon to take, He will mark the course so plainly, as that I cannot mistake the way."

When finally the election was over and the ballots showed another unanimous vote for Washington, there

was greater joy than before, for now five more states added their votes and their voices to the general enthusiasm.

Executive Officers—April 30, 1789, to March 4, 1793

President—George Washington, of Virginia.
Vice President—John Adams, of Massachusetts.
Secretary of State—John Jay, of New York (Secretary of Foreign Affairs under Confederation; served at Washington's request until Jefferson's arrival in 1790); Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, appointed September 26, 1789, arrived March, 1790.
Secretary of the Treasury—Alexander Hamilton, of New York, September 11, 1789.
Secretary of War—Henry Knox, of Massachusetts, September 12, 1789.
Attorney General—Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, September 26, 1789.
Postmaster General—Samuel Osgood, of Massachusetts, September 26, 1789; Timothy Pickering, of Pennsylvania, August 12, 1791.

CHAPTER II

SECOND ADMINISTRATION OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

THE second inauguration of General Washington was the first of the March inaugurals and was quite a contrast to the previous occasion. This occurred in Philadelphia, while Congress was in session, and was attended with great display.

The President's own appearance was much more elegant than at the first ceremony, for this time he was garbed in a handsome suit of black velvet, with an abundance of silver lace, diamond-studded knee and shoe buckles, a delicate white satin vest, yellow kid gloves, cocked hat, and a long sword with glittering steel belt and scabbard of polished white leather.

He was driven to Independence Hall in splendid style, his great state coach having been repaired and done over in very elaborate fashion. In the Senate Chamber Judge Cushing administered the oath of office.

The reëlected President made a brief but impressive address before as large an audience of officials as could find space within sound of his voice. While expressing gratitude and pleasure at the demonstration of faith and loyalty of the people as expressed in his reëlection, he also referred to his ardent desire for retirement:

". . . but influenced by the belief that my conduct would be estimated according to its real motives, and that the people would support exertions having nothing personal for their objects, I have obeyed the suffrage which

commanded me to resume the executive power, and I humbly implore that Being on Whose will the fate of nations depends, to crown with success our mutual endeavours for the general happiness."

Dearly as Washington was loved and highly as he was trusted and respected, practically every act of his administration was bitterly attacked by the group that had opposed the Constitution and that later made up the Anti-Federalist or Republican party. With part of his tiny Cabinet advocating the concentration of power in the national government and part of it clinging to state sovereignty, Washington could not fail of meeting grave problems. Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, was the leader of the Federalists, while Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State, was the head of the Republican contingent. The division of political adherence in the Cabinet was bad enough, but along came Freneau, recently made translator of French for the State Department, to add to the disruption with his radical Republican doctrines which he kept constantly circulating through the columns of the *National Gazette.* Wielding a vitriolic pen, he was a disturbing element while in New York as editor of the *National Advertiser*, but in Philadelphia he kept his paper bristling with anathemas and arraignments of the President and his advisers and the most lavish praise of Jefferson's acts and theories. Freneau's publication was the forerunner of the "party organ" which, in lauding its friends and vilifying its foes, became the greatest weapon of the respective parties.

But with all the vexing situations in our national affairs another great storm cloud gathered and rolled itself across the world's horizon, threatening to embroil the United States as well as England in the maelstrom of war and disaster. France was in the throes of a Revolution.

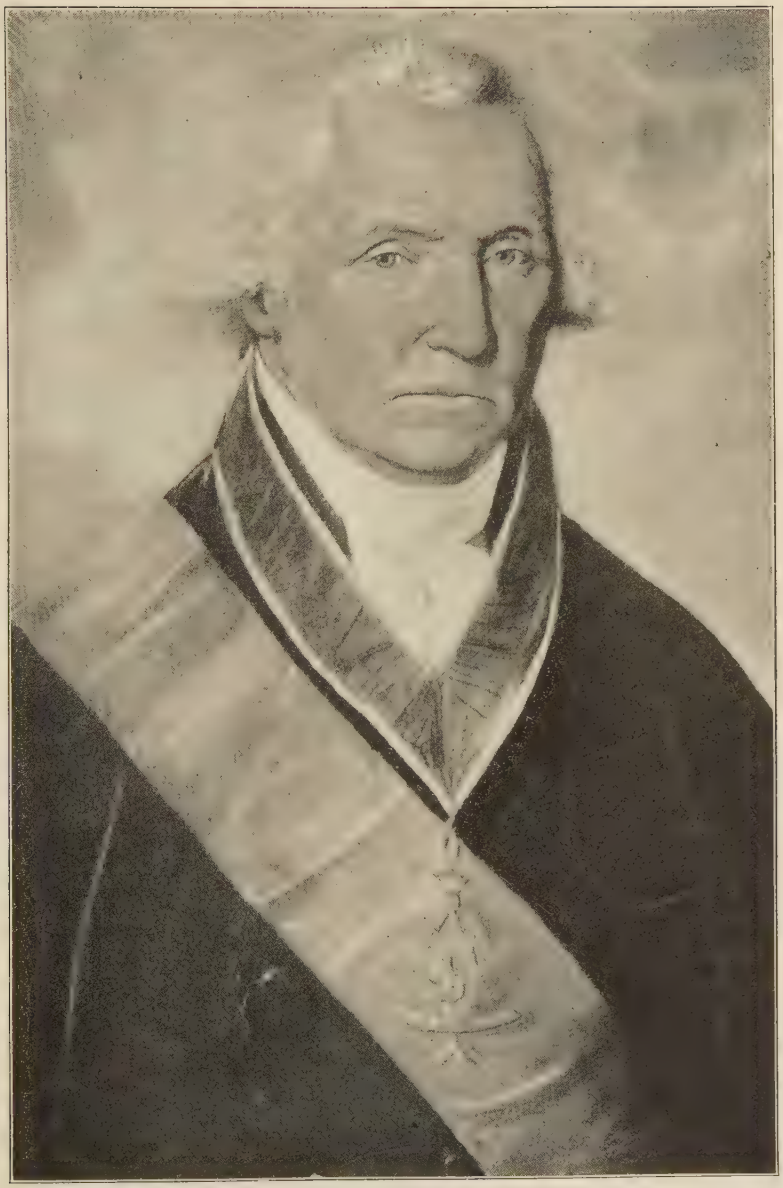
Its monarchy had been destroyed and its king and queen and all that belonged to their régime had met the violent death of the guillotine.

All America was fired to the highest pitch of sympathy for her former ally in the attempt of her people to erect above the funeral pyre of its hapless rulers a new republic, similar to our own, in the cause of which so many Frenchmen had served.

Especially difficult was the task of the Executive when the interest and enthusiasm of the American people carried them to the point of demanding that all our resources be placed to the aid of the hysterical element in France that daily kept the world gasping with horror over the orgies of murder and destruction in Paris, where eighteen hundred were slain in one night.

Despite his love for the country of his friend and comrade, Lafayette, and the gratitude which Washington always felt toward France for her timely assistance, he felt it his duty to turn a deaf ear to all pleas that would involve the United States in any war. Upon the declaration of war between France and England, M. Genêt, the first minister of the new French Republic, arrived in the United States, prepared to obtain recognition for his government and money and men from our people. Without waiting until he should be presented to the President and his credentials accepted, he started propagandist operations among the French sympathizers, and accordingly so annoyed the President that his recall was requested.

One of the interesting events in the first year of the second term—September 18, 1793—was the laying of the corner stone of the United States Capitol—at Washington, D. C.—by President Washington with Masonic ceremonies. The Maryland *Gazette* of September 26, 1793, published



GRAND MASTER PRO TEMPORE,
BROTHER GEORGE WASHINGTON

and Worshipful Master of No. 22 of Virginia, robed for the Masonic ceremonies at the laying of the cornerstone of the National Capitol.

a detailed account of the imposing Masonic ceremonial which attended the laying of that stone:

"Gen. Washington had long been a member of the Masonic fraternity, and it was but natural in his difficult rôle of first President to an infant nation, when among other duties it fell to him to dedicate buildings and the like, that his mind turned to the solemn rites of this order as the most suitable with which to conduct the official dedication of new landmarks in the nation's life and history.

"Therefore, on September 18, 1793, he arrayed himself in the regalia of the order, including the Masonic apron worn by him when Grand Master and presented to him by Gen. Lafayette as the handiwork of Mme. Lafayette, and combined his Masonic duty with his responsibility as the nation's chief."

According to the newspaper accounts the ceremonies were as follows:

"On Wednesday, September the 18th, one of the grandest Masonic processions took place, for the purpose of laying the corner stone of the Capitol of the United States, which perhaps was ever exhibited on the like important occasion. About 10 o'clock, Lodge No. 9 was visited by that congregation so graceful to the craft, Lodge No. 22 of Virginia, with all their officers and regalia, and directly afterward appeared on the southern bank of the grand river Potomack one of the finest companies of volunteer artillery that has been lately seen, parading to receive the President of the United States, who shortly came in sight with his suite, to whom the artillery paid their military honours; and His Excellency and suite crossed the Potomack, and was received in Maryland by the officers and brethren of No. 22, Virginia, and No. 9, Maryland, whom the President headed, preceded by a band of music, the rear brought up by the Alexandria Volunteer Artillery, with grand solemnity of

march, proceeded to the President's Square in the city of Washington, where they were met and saluted by No. 15 of the city of Washington, in all of their elegant badges and clothing, headed by Brother Joseph Clarke, Right Worshipful Grand Master, *pro tempore*, and conducted to a large lodge prepared for the purpose of their reception.

"After a short space of time, by the vigilance of Brother Clotworthy Stephenson, Grand Marshal *pro tempore*, the brotherhood and other bodies were disposed in a second order of procession, which took place amid a brilliant crowd of spectators of both sexes, according to the following arrangement, viz.:

The Surveying Department of the City of Washington.
Mayor and Corporation of Georgetown Virginia Artillery.
Commissioners of the City of Washington and their attendants.
Stonecutters and Mechanics.
The Swordbearers.
Masons of the first degree.
Bible, etc., on grand cushions.
Deacons with staffs of office.
Masons of second degree.
Stewards with wands.
Masons of third degree.
Wardens with truncheons.
Secretaries with tools of office.
Past Masters with their regalia.
Treasurers with their jewels.
Band of Music.
Lodge No. 22 of Virginia, disposed in their own order.
Corn, Wine, and Oil.
Grand Master *pro tempore*, Brother George Washington, and Worshipful Master of No. 22 of Virginia.
Grand Sword Bearer.

"This imposing procession marched two abreast in the greatest solemn dignity, with music playing, drums beating, colours flying, and spectators rejoicing, from the

President's Square to the Capitol, in the city of Washington, where the Grand Master ordered a halt and directed each file in the procession to incline two steps, one to the right and one to the left, and face each other, which formed a hollow oblong square, through which the grand sword bearer led the van, followed by the Grand Master *pro tempore* on the left, the President of the United States in the centre, and the worshipful master of No. 22, Virginia, on the right.

"All of the other orders that composed the procession advanced in the reverse of their order of march from the President's Square to the southeast corner of the Capitol site, and the artillery filed off to a destined ground to display their maneuvers and discharge their cannon.

"The President of the United States, the Grand Master *pro tempore* and the worshipful master of No. 22 taking their stand to the east of a large stone, and all of the craft forming a circle westward, stood a short time in solemn order. The artillery discharged a volley.

"The Grand Master delivered to the Commissioners a large silver plate with an inscription thereon, which the Commissioners ordered to be read, and was as follows:

> "'This southeast corner stone of the Capitol of the United States of America, in the City of Washington, was laid on the 18th day of September, 1793, in the thirteenth year of American independence, in the first year of the second term of the Presidency of George Washington, whose virtues in the civil administration of his country have been as conspicuous and beneficial as his military valour and prudence have been useful in establishing her liberties, and in the year of Masonry 5793, by the President of the United States in concert with the Grand Lodge of Maryland, several lodges under its jurisdiction, and Lodge No. 22 from Alexandria, Va.; Thomas Johnson, David Steuart, and Daniel Carroll, Commissioners; Joseph Clarke, Right Worshipful Grand Master *pro tempore;* James Hoban and Stephen Hallette, architects; Collin Williamson, Master Mason.'

"The artillery discharged another volley and the plate was then delivered to the President, who, attended by the Grand Master *pro tempore* and the three most worshipful masters, descended into the cavazion trench and deposited the plate and laid it on the corner stone of the Capitol of the United States of America, on which were deposited corn, wine, and oil, when the whole congregation joined in reverential prayer, which was succeeded by Masonic chanting honours and another volley from the artillery.

"After the President and the dignitaries who assisted him ascended from the trench to the east of the corner stone, the Grand Master *pro tempore*, elevated on a triple rostrum, delivered an oration fitting the occasion, which was received with brotherly love and commendation. At intervals during the oration several volleys were discharged by the artillery. The ceremony ended in prayer, chanting Masonic honours and fifteen volleys from the fifteen different states of the Union by the artillery.

"The whole company retired to an extensive booth, where an ox weighing 500 pounds was barbecued, of which the company generally partook, with abundance of other recreation. The festival concluded with fifteen successive volleys from the artillery, whose military discipline and maneuvers merit every commendation.

"Before dark the entire company had departed with joyful hopes of the production of their labour."

Washington never wavered in his determination to avoid being drawn into the French-British quarrel, for with a marvellous vision of the future he saw that the hope of American progress and power lay in a policy of strict neutrality in all European entanglements. Regarding his attitude in this matter, in which his friendship for Lafayette, and his anxiety over his plight, caused him such real, personal suffering, he wrote to Patrick Henry:

"I persuade myself, that it has not escaped your observation that a crisis is approaching which must, if it cannot be arrested, soon decide whether order and good

government shall be preserved, or anarchy and confusion ensue. I most religiously aver that I have no wish incompatible with the dignity, happiness, and true interest of the people of this country. My ardent desire is, and my aim has been, as far as depended upon the executive department, to comply strictly with all our engagements, foreign and domestic, but to keep the United States free from political connections with every other country, to see them independent of All and under the influence of None. In a word I want an American character, that the powers of Europe may be convinced we act for ourselves, and not for others. This, in my judgement, is the only way to be respected abroad and happy at home."

Under the influence of French agitators the opposition of the two parties assumed more virulence than had ever before existed, for class and education also created barriers that separated people into decided groups, for the Republicans based their claims on the same principles that had made the term "citizen" the only acceptable mode of address in France, insisting that all titles and ceremonial forms were but the panderings to kingly governments. Naturally this party was in constant and open opposition to all of the policies advocated by Washington, Adams, Hamilton, and Knox.

Washington did not let this matter gain much headway, for he issued a Proclamation of Neutrality early in this term, warning all citizens of the United States not to engage in the kindling war in Europe. For this determined stand to hold to this policy against all argument, Washington and his followers were abused intensely and called monarchists and accused of intriguing to set up a despotic kingdom.

Other causes contributing to the national unrest were the dissatisfaction over the inefficacy of the treaty of 1783 with England, and the tax imposed upon domestic

distilled liquors which produced the Whisky Rebellion among the distillers in the Pittsburgh locality, so successfully quashed by the appearance of General Henry Lee, with his body of militia.

England still molested our sea trade, impressed our seamen into her service, and kept some of her troops in our far frontier forts. She, in turn, had grievances against the United States, and in the general turmoil it looked for a time as though war was again imminent.

Washington's calm statesmanship again averted trouble, as he suggested sending over an envoy to discuss the disputed points. John Jay reached England in June, 1794, was most courteously received, and in the following November had succeeded in bringing about the completion of a new treaty, in which both nations made compromises and which, though far from what had been desired, was better than a continuance of old harassments or the recourse to war.

As the opposition party had resolved to condemn any treaty made, they at once attacked the President and John Jay. The President received the document in March, 1795, but as the Senate did not meet until June, he desired the provisions to be kept within the secrecy of the cabinet circle until that time. Mr. Randolph, who had succeeded Jefferson, disregarded these injunctions and disclosed enough of the provisions to incite vicious attacks. These were not confined to scathing editorials, for Hamilton was stoned in a public meeting and Jay was burned in effigy in several cities, while the British Minister was insulted and wild excitement prevailed.

Under the President's steadfast guidance the treaty was ratified by the Senate.

Randolph resigned his office after being confronted

with the evidence of his action, and afterward issued an abusive and slanderous statement about the President, in a pamphlet on the vindication of his resignation, which was given circulation about the time of Washington's return to private life.

This seemed the last straw, since in this document Randolph declared that the location, on the Potomac, of the permanent seat of Government, advocated by Washington, had no other excuse than a definite purpose to enhance the land value of his relatives, the Custis and Carroll families; that from a military standpoint it was the worst possible place to be fortified and defended; that large ships could never get up into the Eastern Branch, where the Navy Yard is, on account of the lowness of the tides, and if they could manage to get through, they could easily be stopped by small batteries erected on the banks overlooking the shallow and crooked channels; that no commerce could come to Washington, and that, therefore, there could be no other motive than a corrupt one to influence the President to place the capital where he did. This charge naturally brought forth a reply, ostensibly by Major L'Enfant, undoubtedly directed by Washington himself. It was calm, dispassionate, and complete, with not a single personal allusion to the cabinet member who thus slandered his chief. However, Washington's anger rose to a point of fury and was expressed in no uncertain terms in the presence of his assembled family and a number of officials when the Secretary of War inquired of him if he had seen Randolph's pamphlet. "I have! and by the Eternal God he is the damnedest liar on the face of the earth!" He later expressed his bitterness at the storm of discussion which the controversy brought forth, by declaring, "I had rather be in my grave than in the Presidency!"

The relations between Washington and Jefferson were terminated in 1796 when the President sent the following letter to his former Secretary of State:

"Until within the last year or two I had no conception that parties would or even could go the length I have been witness to; nor did I believe, until lately, that it was within the bounds of probability, hardly within those of possibility, that, while I was using my utmost exertions to establish a national character of our own, independent as far as our obligations and justice and truth would permit, of every nation of the earth, and wished, by steering a steady course, to preserve this country from the horrors of a desolating war, I should be accused of being the enemy of one nation and subject to the influence of another; and to prove it, that every act of my administration would be tortured, and the grossest and most insidious representations of them made by giving one side only of a subject, and that too, in such exaggerated and indecent terms as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket. But enough of this. I have already gone further in the expression of my feelings than I intended."

A few months later, about six months before the actual end of his last term, Washington prepared his Farewell Address to the People of the United States, which was regarded as not only a marvel of political sagacity and statesmanship but a classic in American patriotic literature. This he delivered to the two Houses of Congress in December, and in concluding, he said:

"The situation in which I now stand for the last time, in the midst of the representatives of the people of the United States, naturally recalls the period when the administration of the present form of government commenced; and I cannot omit the occasion to congratulate you and my country on the success of the experiment, nor

to repeat my fervent supplications to the Supreme Ruler and Arbiter of Nations, that His care may still be extended to the United States; and that the virtue and happiness of the people may be preserved; and that the government which they have instituted for the protection of their liberties may be perpetual."

Washington had persistently refused to consider a third term, despite the pressure brought to bear upon him, thereby setting an example which no successor of his has ever set aside.

The final formal levees were packed with admiring friends and eminent men who seemed loath to lose a moment of his society, and within a few days of the inauguration of John Adams, he and Mrs. Washington took their departure for Mt. Vernon, so long desired and so often denied. His administration was in many respects most remarkable for the wisdom and skill with which he handled the problems that presented themselves in a perpetual stream for solution.

In 1793, the first balloon ascension in the United States called forth the President, Cabinet, and the entire Congress to witness Blanchard make the experiment. The same year was almost epochal in that it marked the invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney, which was to revolutionize the cotton industry.

The shifting of the presidential burden to other shoulders gave General Washington at last the often longed-for opportunity to get back to the seclusion and enjoyment of his Mt. Vernon estate, in itself a small but busy commercial settlement.

Like all the big estates and plantations of its day it had to produce its supplies and equip itself. A large force of workmen was always required for the operation of the grist mills, blacksmith shop; wood burners, to keep the

mansions and shops supplied with charcoal; masons, carpenters, shoemakers, and gardeners.

Not only was an active still maintained, but coopers made all of the barrels in which farm produce was packed and shipped, and a regular schooner belonged to the estate which conveyed much of the produce to market. Mt. Vernon flour achieved fame even in England. It was Washington's ambition to be considered the best farmer in America.

His voluminous and painstakingly written correspondence contains many references to his home life at Mt. Vernon and his enjoyment thereof. However, quite a modern note creeps in toward the last, when he, in one letter, is recorded as complaining that the "running away of my cook has been such an inconvenient thing to this family, and what has rendered it more disagreeable is that I had resolved never to become the master of another slave by purchase, but this resolution I fear, I must break. I have endeavoured to hire black or white, but am not yet supplied."

On another occasion he wrote to his agent that his "wife's distresses for want of a good housekeeper are such as to render the wages demanded by Miss Forbes, though unusually high, of no consideration."

So seldom were he and his wife alone, that a diary notes this fact:

"Dined alone to-day with Mrs. Washington, which, I believe, is first instance of it since my retirement from public life."

His utter reluctance to emerge from the peaceful, congenial atmosphere of Mt. Vernon is noted in a letter which he wrote in July, 1799, to Dr. James Anderson, who was engaged in a monthly publication on agriculture and natural history, as follows:

"I little imagined when I took my last leave of the walks of public life that any event could bring me again on a public theatre."

He continues with a statement that the conduct of France has been so unjust that it must be opposed by a firm resistance. He concludes:

"With what sensations, at my time of life—now turned of sixty years—without ambition or interest to stimulate me thereto, I shall relinquish the peaceful walk to which I had retired and in the shades of which I fondly hoped to spend the remnant of a life worn down with cares in contemplation of the past and in scenes present and to come of rural enjoyment, let others decide."

Washington planned an elaborate system for introducing rotation of crops on his whole estate, carrying his schedule as far ahead as "1803 and so on," but it was never put into operation, for within a few months after it was finished, death removed him from his loved Mt. Vernon.

Of all of the documents penned by Washington's hand, none are so interesting or so truly and genuinely typical of the man as the one to which he gave the most serious and thoughtful attention—his last will and testament. Throughout its entire twenty-four pages it is the most perfect reflection of him as a man of affairs, of business and family. This was about the last document to which he put his hand before his untimely death but five months later.

Some idea of his business acumen and the extent of his possessions may be gathered from the fact that in 1774 he paid tithes on 135 slaves, besides the dower slaves of his wife, which brought the number of Negroes on his estate up to 300. In 1793 Mt. Vernon's stock was numbered at 54 draught horses, 317 head of cattle, 634

sheep, and a large number of hogs. Although he had a large dairy, he frequently had to buy butter, because Mt. Vernon was always full of visitors—as he once aptly described it to a friend, "more like an ill-assorted inn."

When this estate came to him from his brother, it consisted of 2,500 acres which he increased to 8,000, from time to time, by buying adjoining land, and during his lifetime he put 3,200 acres under cultivation. He also owned thousands of scattered acres elsewhere, and was considered the largest landowner in America. His wealth steadily increased, for his tobacco and flour were well known abroad and his still returned a good revenue, while at Mt. Vernon he constantly kept a large force of men at work, not only in supplying all of the needs of his estate but in shipping his own produce.

At his death, his wealth, exclusive of the Mt. Vernon estate and his wife's property, was estimated at $530,000. Mrs. Washington's share of the Custis property was valued at more than a hundred thousand dollars, which was increased in 1773 about fifty thousand dollars through the death of her daughter Patsy Custis, a girl in her teens.

His will, up to the time of its restoration, had a most eventful career. It disappeared for a long period and returned in an equally mysterious fashion, and after all sorts of mishaps it was at last mended and saved to posterity by being safely deposited in a steel vault in Fairfax Court House, where it was presented for probate in 1800.

The perusal of a few pages of some of his carefully written letters and papers shows Washington to have been a vigorous, red-blooded, all-around sportsman. He loved life in its every phase and crowded into his sixty-seven years numerous and varied interests. He loved outdoor sports and was proficient in most of them. He gambled on horses, often going to Philadelphia to witness a race,

and on cards, cocks, and lotteries. He speculated in lands and stocks. He danced more or less almost until his death, one old record telling of a continuous three-hour session of dancing at some gay Williamsburg party soon after his marriage. He loved theatres, teas, receptions, gay dinners, and all social functions. He made constant use of wines on his table and upon all occasions, though moderation and method were the precept and principle upon which he conducted his public and private affairs. Every detail of his public and private life was mapped out and his establishment had its schedule.

All of these traits are forcefully illustrated in the score and more pages of his will, which he prepared without legal aid or advice.

With so much evidence of painstaking effort, one cannot but wonder that he left this duty to such a late hour in his life. The will was signed July 9, 1799, and was filed for probate at the county seat in Virginia, of the county in which he had lived and died, January 20, 1800, being presented in open court by George Steptoe Washington, Samuel Washington, and Lawrence Lewis, three of the executors. After reposing there for more than half a century it was removed to Richmond for safety during the Civil War and after the fall of the city it disappeared for a long period. All sorts of conjectures were circulated as to its fate, but it eventually turned up in Fairfax Court House again, much the worse for its travels. Repeated handlings, pinning together of the sheets, and the wear along the folds and creases of the pages made it difficult to decipher connectedly, especially as nearly every page was severed completely through the middle. Good intentions and poor judgment decreed that some kindly interested woman be permitted to mend the document.

This she did literally, and most disastrously, with a coarse needle and heavy thread, sewing the sections together. Naturally the riddling of needle holes and pulling of the strong thread on aged paper reduced the document to tatters. Great gaping holes appeared, and with no other protection than a glass cover and a wooden box, its total destruction by fire or theft was merely a matter of luck.

All efforts to have the paper turned over to the Government so that paper experts of the State Department should have the chance to repair it were frustrated, even though these efforts were headed by Lawrence Washington and other descendants of the family. The Virginia authorities refused to allow the will to leave Fairfax Court House. So great became the agitation over the repair of the paper that there was talk of asking the Virginia Legislature to pass an act allowing the temporary removal of the will from the state for the purpose of restoration.

In the meantime appeals had been made to the Division of Manuscripts of the Library of Congress, where a force of paper experts are constantly at work on the restoration of historic papers, etc. Arrangements were finally completed and the library's most expert paper surgeon, William Berwick, set out for Fairfax armed with considerable equipment, including a heavy press.

To put the ragged wreck of a document into good condition required sixteen days of almost constant work of the most careful, painstaking kind on the part of the expert, who made daily trips to the little courthouse. First each of the tattered pages was photographed in its rags and holes. Next the ink had to be set against further fading. Then each sheet was backed or mounted upon crepeline, a sort of transparent durable silk gauze, strong enough to permit a reasonable amount of handling.

After this came the real art of paper surgery, learned only by practice and long experience. An endless amount of cutting, scraping, patching, and pasting was required which only the deftest, most skilled fingers could do. Even then the results would not have been nearly so satisfactory but for a happy circumstance.

The greatest stumbling block to good results lay in the need of grafting new material into the gaps and holes and of finding paper of colour and texture to match that on which the will was written. Mr. Berwick was in despair when lucky chance led him to an old second-hand book shop where he found a number of sheets of blank writing paper which Washington had had made for himself and which were watermarked with his name. This was exactly what was needed and made the work much simpler. Now, unless the pages are held to the light there is no way of telling where the old part, or rather the original part, leaves off and the new begins. When this labour of love was completed (it cost Fairfax County nothing) the sheets of the repaired will were mounted on cardboard bound in the form of a book, mounted with a handsome red levant cover, and placed in a steel fireproof and burglar-proof safe constructed especially for this purpose.

The will opens as follows:

"I, George Washington of Mount Vernon, a citizen of the United States and lately President of the same, do make, ordain, and declare this instrument, which is written with my own hand and every page thereof subscribed with my name, to be my last will and testament revoking all others.

"To my beloved wife, Martha Washington, I give and bequeath the use and benefit of my entire estate, real and personal, for the term of her natural life, except such parts thereof as are specifically disposed of."

He also directed that his body be interred "in a quiet manner, without parade or funeral oration."

One clause which has been extensively quoted is thus expressed:

"Upon the decease of my wife it is my will and desire that all slaves which I hold in my own right shall receive their freedom."

Upon the disposition of his slaves, the General devoted more space and specific attention than to any other possession or portion of his estate. Their future seemed to weigh heavily upon his mind and he expressly ordered that none of them should be sold outside of Virginia.

He directed that his debts which he said were "few and none of great magnitude, be punctually and speedily paid."

He calls attention to the fact that so many young men of the United States were being sent abroad to be educated and thereby contracting habits of dissipation and principles unfriendly to republican government. To aid in stopping this he gave fifty shares in the Potomac Company toward the endowment of a University within the District of Columbia under the auspices of the general government.

Provision was made for the construction of a new family vault at Mt. Vernon in which might be placed the remains of himself and Mrs. Washington and other near relatives of both.

A considerable portion of the will was devoted to descriptions of town lots which he bequeathed to his nephews, nieces, and other relatives. Canes, spyglasses, chairs, shaving and dressing tables, Bibles, and other personal mementoes were given to personal friends, and to his devoted friend Marquis de Lafayette was bequeathed a

National Photo

MRS. MARTHA DANDRIDGE CUSTIS

(Mrs. George Washington), as she looked when Colonel Washington wooed her. "With her youthful beauty, popularity, and immense wealth and unsurpassed social position, she was as great a prize in the matrimonial market as was Colonel Washington. . . . Martha Custis in the full tide of young matronly charms, pétite and patrician in form and feature, vivacious, impetuous, and ardent by nature, was the most courted and admired widow in the state."

finely wrought pair of steel pistols taken from the enemy in the Revolutionary War.

To his nephew Bushrod Washington, and specially to Eleanor Parke Custis Lewis and George Washington Parke Custis, various parts of the Mt. Vernon estate were bequeathed. He also ordered the sale of some of his land holdings so that proceeds might be divided among the host of relatives, but he charged his executors "not to be precipitate in disposing of landed property, if from temporary causes the sale thereof should be dull."

Attached to the will was a lengthy detailed schedule of Washington property. There was a separate valuation for each item and the total showed him to be possessed of a fortune of $530,000.

This schedule became separated from the will and was also lost to all knowledge until recently, when the owner gave it a limited publication.

Since its restoration the will may be seen through a glass side of the vault in which it is deposited. A green curtain hangs before the glass to exclude the light.

Fairfax Court House is now doubly rich in view of the fact that it also treasures the recovered will of Martha Washington, returned to its jurisdiction after many years of wanderings. This quaint paper was signed September 22, 1800. It is not nearly so long nor so involved as that of the General. It was probated in 1802 by George Washington Parke Custis and Thomas Peter, two of the executors.

In it Mrs. Washington disposed of the household effects and gave bequests to friends and made provision for the education of her relatives.

Among people mentioned in her will were her four nieces—Martha W. Dandridge, Mary Dandridge, Frances Lucy Dandridge, and Frances Henly; George Washington

Parke Custis, her grandson; Eleanor Parke Lewis, her granddaughter; Ann Maria Washington, a grandniece; Mrs. David Stuart, "my neighbour"; Benjamin Lincoln Lear, Bartholomew and Samuel Hendley, John Dandridge, nephews. To these she gave town lots, pictures of herself and the General, and furniture, and to nearly all she gave either five or ten guineas "to buy a ring."

One of the odd provisions reads as follows:

"It is my will and desire that Ann Maria Washington, daughter of my niece, be put into handsome mourning at my death at the expense of my estate and I bequeath her ten guineas to buy a ring."

Another quaint instruction reads:

"It is my will and desire that all of the wine in bottles in the vaults be equally divided between my granddaughters and grandson, to each of whom I bequeath ten guineas to buy a ring."

All the family pictures except a few especially mentioned were left to George Washington Parke Custis, and to him went the large collection of household furniture, including beds, water coolers, china, and furniture.

Special provision was made for the education of three nephews, who were "to be fitted in some useful trade," and to insure them a good start she made additional provision that one hundred pounds be given each of them to set them up in a trade.

No story of Washington's public career is complete without an account of his wedding, the affair to which such a large share of his later successes must be attributed. Not even the illustrious Father of His Country could have

attained the pinnacle of fame which crowned his life without the full measure of sympathetic understanding and loving help which Martha Dandridge Custis gave so unreservedly to her adored husband.

She not only shared his joys and triumphs but also was at his side through all of his darkest moments, and to her presence in camp and on battlefield, her unfailing courage and cheerfulness in face of every hardship, and her tireless personal efforts, much of the suffering of the Revolutionary campaigns was lightened for the men. She is quoted as having once stated that she had heard the opening and closing gun of every campaign of the Revolution.

With her youthful beauty, popularity, and immense wealth and unsurpassed social position, she was as great a prize in the matrimonial market as was Colonel Washington, the most eligible bachelor in the commonwealth and the despair of the match-making mothers.

Much has been written of the first meeting of this couple who were physically so entirely in contrast. Martha Custis in the full tide of young matronly charms, petite and patrician in form and feature, vivacious, impetuous, and ardent by nature, was the most courted and admired widow in the state. Her wit, executive ability, and gracious manner were a common boast. Married at seventeen to Colonel Daniel Parke Custis, distinguished and courtly and twenty years her senior, her life had been placid and sheltered. Death claimed two of her children and her husband in quick succession, leaving her two children and a vast plantation to manage.

Washington's name and exploits were upon every tongue, and though he had been reported in love many times and was always susceptible to feminine charms,

when he first beheld the "handsomest young widow in all Virginia," he lost his heart instantly and at once began a whirlwind courtship that in a day swept her into his arms out of the pensive calm of her year's widowhood. It was a case of love at first sight with both of them, and his impetuous wooing met a response that pushed the memory of eight years of serene married happiness far into the background. Both were twenty-seven, when impressions were the strongest, and this mutual attraction was destined to burst forth in the one great lifetime romance for each of them, and from the hour that he was presented to her until death no other woman ever usurped her place, and throughout his life he constantly wore the miniature of his "dear Patsy" and made her comfort and happiness his first care. When he died the light of life went out for her and she withdrew from all other interests and activities to spend the remaining two years of her existence in gazing upon his tomb.

Over their first meeting generations have smiled in appreciation of the speedy capitulation of the stern, vigilant soldier who had never let pleasure interfere with duty, ever so slightly, until he found himself bowing over the hand of the fascinating widow, and posterity must ever love his memory for this, the most human episode of his eventful life.

Colonel Washington was travelling in such haste to reach the Council at Williamsburg, with his special message to stir up aid for the army, that he consented to accept Mr. Chamberlayne's cordial invitation to stop for dinner only to avoid being discourteous, but he did not become impressed with the danger of discourtesy until after he had been told that "the handsomest young widow in all Virginia" was a member of the gay house party.

His complete surrender to Cupid, his utter forgetfulness of the passing hours and of the faithful Bishop on duty at the gate with the horses all of the morning and afternoon, the unconcealed amusement and delight of the host and the rest of the party, who finally insisted that the soldier remain overnight and the weary Bishop be released from his vigil, are all familiar history.

So also is the story of the belated journey to Williamsburg, delayed until late the next afternoon, when an accusing conscience finally prodded him into the saddle. Once his mission was completed he again hastened to Mrs. Custis, this time at her own beautiful home, the White House on the Pamunkey in New Kent County. Tradition claims that upon his arrival he met an old darkey on the grounds, of whom he inquired if Mrs. Custis was at home.

"Yas, sah. I reckons you is de gemman wot's 'specting," was the reply.

There was no doubt of his welcome, and when he took his departure to take part in the campaign which resulted in the capture of Fort Duquesne and the end of French dominion on the Ohio, he had gained her promise for an early marriage.

Explaining to a friend her sudden resolve to marry again, Mrs. Custis said: "My dear, the truth is my estate is getting in a bad way and I need a man to look after it."

Their engagement, of eight months, during which time the courtship was of necessity conducted by correspondence, was an anxious vigil for Martha which was sometimes relieved by letters whose every word breathed the great devotion she had inspired, and like most of the other documents penned by Washington are models of expression. One of these is as follows:

"July 20, 1758.

"To Mrs. Martha Custis:

"We have begun our march to the Ohio. A courier is starting for Williamsburg and I embrace the opportunity to send a few words to one whose life is now inseparable from mine. Since that happy day when we made our pledges to each other, my thoughts have been constantly going to you as another self.

"That an all-powerful Providence may keep us both in safety is the prayer of your ever faithful and affectionate friend."

The Colonel saw his fiancée but twice before their marriage on January 17th, or January 6th, 1759, according to the old reckoning, when it was solemnized at St. Peter's Church in New Kent County, by the Reverend Mossum, an English clergyman. Jewelled engagement rings were not the fashion, as the Colonel's diary records in May, 1759, "one engagement ring—two pounds sixteen shillings."

No wedding of to-day can compare with the elegance and brilliance of this affair, when the finery of the men rivalled that of the women in gay colours and costly fabrics.

Colonel Washington, with his six feet two of athletic perfection, in his elegant suit of royal blue, with its trimmings of silver and its linings of red silk, was an imposing and handsome figure of a bridegroom of whom any bride might well be proud. His white satin, gold-embroidered vest, smallclothes of velvet, elegant gold shoe and knee buckles, elaborate white leather-covered dress sword, and fashionably powdered hair, were all in accordance with the latest London fashion requirements. His stately appearance was emphasized by his spirited horse, bequeathed to him by General Braddock when he lay dying after the Battle of Monongahela.

Mrs. Custis had arrayed herself with becoming bridal elegance in heavy white satin, embroidered in silver, with rich point lace ruffles and long train, a puckered petticoat, without which no lady of fashion considered her wardrobe complete, pearl necklace, earrings, and bracelets; ornaments for her hair and high-heeled shoes of white satin with diamond buckles completed her beautiful costume.

Colonel Washington had a distinguished party of friends to ride with him. The Governor of Virginia was a most important and exalted dignitary, and some idea of the high standing of the young master of Mt. Vernon may be gathered from the fact that Governor Francis Farquier attended him in all of his gorgeous regalia of scarlet embroidered in gold, and with him also were a number of officers in His Majesty's service in their full-dress uniforms. They made a brilliant cortège about the huge white coach of Mrs. Custis, drawn by six richly caparisoned white horses with her liveried servants. Besides her two children, she was accompanied by a bevy of women all richly attired in the extravagant style of the day.

In keeping with the custom then prevailing in the colonies, this grand wedding of the "quality" was attended by all of the élite of Virginia, and the reception that followed at the Custis home was long remembered for its gaiety and lavish hospitality. Here for three months the young couple remained, enjoying to the fullest extent the gay social life of the waning winter. Then they took up their abode at Mt. Vernon and began the elaborate and stately hospitality that gave to that home a world-wide fame, and later to the infant nation its baptism of social dignity.

One of the first duties the young husband took upon

himself was the guardianship of the two Custis children, John Parke and Martha, aged eight and four.

Through this marriage, Colonel Washington, though already in possession of a splendid property, increased his wealth about three hundred thousand dollars, which he invested with great wisdom and care.

Though later on, with the advent of the Revolution, neither Washington nor his wife would wear any clothing not of American make, they were both fond of dress and indulged this taste without stint. Some idea of the attention paid to these matters may be gathered from the following list sent to London, in which Colonel Washington ordered clothes for himself, his wife, and the two Custis children.

For Colonel Washington:

"A superfine velvet suit, with garters for the breeches; riding gloves, worked ruffles, at twenty shillings a pair; hosings of fine cloth edged with embroidery; plain clothes with gold or silver buttons."

All of the instructions sent for the making of the garments were that they were

"to be for a man six feet high and proportionately made; if anything rather slender for a person of that height."

For Mrs. Washington:

"A salmon-coloured tabby velvet, with satin flowers, ruffles of point lace or Brussels, to cost twenty pounds, fine silk hose, white and black satin shoes, six pairs of mitts, six pairs of the best kid gloves, one dozen most fashionable pocket handkerchiefs, a puckered petticoat, six pounds of perfume powder, handsome breast flowers [*bouquets de corsage*] and some sugar candy."

For little Miss Martha Custis:

"Coat of fashionable silk, with bib apron, ruffles and lace tucker, four fashionable dresses of long lawn, fine cambric frocks, a satin hat and white kid gloves, silver shoe buckles, sleeve buttons, aigrettes, 6000 pins, a fashionable doll to cost a guinea and another for every-day usage to cost five shillings, sugar images, toys, and a prayer-book and Bible."

For Master Custis, and his liveried servant, aged fourteen, there were long orders. Some of the items for the former were:

"Silver laced hat, neat pumps, silver shoe buckles, and knee buckles, genteel attire, a small Bible, neatly bound in Turkey and 'John Parke Custis' wrote in gilt on the inside of the cover, and a prayer-book to match."

At the same time he ordered several busts for the embellishment of the family mansion—Mt. Vernon:

"One of Alexander the Great, another of Julius Cæsar, another of Charles XII of Sweden, and a fourth of the King of Prussia."

Later on this same king of Prussia, the great Frederick, sent a portrait of himself with the message: "From the oldest general in Europe, to the greatest general in the world." Still another order calls for scent by the pound, lace ruffles, and hair powder.

After these two concluded to show their patriotism by wearing only material of American make, an idea of Mrs. Washington's thrift and economy may be drawn from the fact that her husband's first inaugural suit of fine cloth was altogether the work of the Mt. Vernon estate and its staff of artisans.

An order sent to London by the young revolutionary Colonel in 1759 called for the following necessities and luxuries.

1 Cap, handkerchief and tucker.
2 Fine lawn aprons.
2 Double handkerchiefs.
2 Pairs white silk hose.
6 Pairs fine cotton hose.
4 Pairs thread hose.
1 Pair of black satin shoes of the smallest fives.
1 Pair of white satin shoes.
1 Pair calamanco shoes.
1 Fashionable hat or bonnet.
6 Pairs of kid gloves.
6 Pairs of mits.
6 Breast knots.
1 Dozen silk stay laces.
1 Black mask.
1 Dozen fashionable cambric handkerchiefs.
2 Pairs neat small scissors.
1 Pound sewing silk.
1 Box of real miniken pins and hair pins.
4 Pieces of tape.
6 Pounds of perfumed powder.
1 Piece narrow white satin ribbon.
1 Tucked petticoat of a fashionable colour.
1 Silver tabby petticoat.
2 Handsome breast flowers.
9 Pounds of sugar candy.

Executive Officers—March 4, 1793 to March 4, 1797

President—George Washington, of Virginia.
Vice President—John Adams, of Massachusetts.
Secretary of State—Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, continued from last Administration; Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, January 2, 1794; Timothy Pickering, of Pennsylvania (Secretary of War), *ad interim*, August 20, 1795; Timothy Pickering, of Pennsylvania, December 10, 1795.

Secretary of the Treasury—Alexander Hamilton, of New York, continued from last Administration; Oliver Wolcott, Jr., of Connecticut, February 2, 1795.

Secretary of War—Henry Knox, of Massachusetts, continued from last Administration; Timothy Pickering, of Pennsylvania, January 2, 1795; James McHenry, of Maryland, January 27, 1796.

Attorney General—Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, continued from last Administration; William Bradford, of Pennsylvania, January 27, 1794; Charles Lee, of Virginia, December 10, 1795.

Postmaster General—Timothy Pickering, of Pennsylvania, continued from last Administration; Timothy Pickering, of Pennsylvania, recommissioned June 1, 1794; Joseph Habersham, of Georgia, February 25, 1795.

CHAPTER III

ADMINISTRATION OF JOHN ADAMS

THE inauguration of John Adams, March 4, 1797, was the last one to occur in the Quaker City, and this was conducted in the same manner as before. A grateful people would have kept Washington in control indefinitely, but it was the opinion of the Father of His Country that control should pass from man to man so as to get away from the suggestion of a monarchy.

So John Adams was picked for the second man to have the high honour of administering the affairs of the nation.

Adams had no great personal following. He was recognized as a patriot, but he came from New England, and the country, only lately banded together in a republic, had not yet completely overcome all the sectional prejudices that had been so persistent even during the war, and that had so sorely tried the patience of Washington and the other generals who had borne with him the brunt of the struggle in the field. Hence the inauguration of Adams was no great triumph for him. Much more attention centred around the retiring chief than was given to the small drab-suited figure of the new President, because the people realized that they were bidding a final farewell to their beloved Washington. Therefore, gloom and sorrow prevailed to dampen the joy of the new President.

Moreover, Adams suffered in comparison with Washington in all the externals. The Father of His Country was

six feet two inches tall, and every contemporaneous record comments on his superb, serenely dignified face and his impressive bearing. Adams, while not insignificant, yet completely lacked the heroic appearance of the outgoing President. It is said that he took somewhat to heart the very mild welcome accorded to him on the greatest day of his life. Adams was sworn in in the House of Representatives instead of in the Senate, as Washington had been. Chief Justice Ellsworth gave the oath in Independence Hall, after which the new ruler held a reception.

In the evening, the merchants of Philadelphia gave Washington an elaborate farewell banquet, the remains of which were sent to the hospitals and jails.

In a letter President Adams wrote to his wife, following his installation into the Presidency—a letter which is still preserved—he gives his impression of the event very clearly.

"Your dearest friend never had a more trying day than yesterday. A solemn scene it was, indeed, and it was made more affecting to me by the presence of the General, whose countenance was as serene and unclouded as the day. He seemed to me to enjoy a triumph over me. Methought I heard him say: 'Ay! I am fairly out, and you fairly in! See which of us will be happiest!' When the ceremony was over he came and made me a visit, and cordially congratulated me, and wished my administration might be happy, successful, and honourable.

"In the Chamber of the House of Representatives was a multitude as great as the space would contain, and I believe scarcely a dry eye but Washington's. The sight of the sun setting full orbed, and another rising, though less splendid, was a novelty.

"Chief Justice Ellsworth administered the oath, and with great energy. Judges Cushing, Wilson and Iredell were present. Many ladies. I had not slept well the night

before, and did not sleep well the night after. I was not well, and did not know whether I should get through or not. I did, however.

"All agree that, taken altogether, it was the sublimest thing ever exhibited in America."

Mrs. Adams did not attend her husband's inaugural ceremony, but sent him a letter, from which the following extract is taken:

"You have this day to declare yourself the head of a nation. 'And now, O Lord, my God, Thou has made Thy servant ruler over the people. Give to him an understanding heart, that he may know how to go out and come in before this great people; that he may discern between good and bad. For who is able to judge this Thy so great a people!' were the words of a royal sovereign; and not less applicable to him who is invested with the Chief Magistracy of a nation, though he wear not a crown nor the robes of royalty."

John Adams began his business life as a school teacher, getting about one hundred and fifty dollars a term and his board. He taught three years. His father had intended him for the ministry but the entry in his diary on his twenty-first birthday gives his decision against that career:

"The pulpit is no place for you, young man, and the sooner you give it up, and all thoughts of it, the better for you, though the worse for it and all such as look up to it."

For a time he gravely considered the study of medicine, then felt the lure of military life, and eventually concluded to immerse himself in law—a decision which kept him at decided disadvantage with the family of his future wife. He studied two years in Worcester, after admission

to the bar, returned to Braintree, and practised before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

Talented as was John Adams, his wife stands out as the attractive figure of his administration. Mrs. Adams, formerly Abigail Smith, daughter of a clergyman, was a woman of wider experience in some respects than her predecessor, for she had been trained in the school of adversity beginning with her marriage to Adams, which was vigorously opposed by her family.

An amusing anecdote, well worthy of repetition, is told in connection with Mrs. Adams's marriage. Her father was the Rev. William Smith, a Congregational clergyman who had a penchant for carrying his family sermons to the pulpit, and after the wedding of his first daughter, whose marriage to young Cranch was very pleasing to the family, he preached to his people a sermon from the text, "And Mary has chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." But Abigail's marriage was a very different affair, as the whole Smith connection was outspoken in opposition to John Adams. This event occurred October 25, 1764.

At this time in New England there was a great prejudice against the profession of the law. In addition to being a lawyer Adams was the son of a small farmer in Braintree, and was not considered good enough to mate with the minister's daughter, who was descended from a long line of clergymen in the colony. Her father opposed the match and treated young Adams with marked discourtesy, but in spite of all opposition, the marriage of Abigail Smith and John Adams took place, and on the following Sunday Parson Smith preached a sermon in which he made pointed allusions to the objections of the community to lawyers. His text on this notable occasion was, "For John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine and ye

say, he hath a devil." His daughter Abigail, with her high sense of humour, found this amusing rather than the cause of offence at her father.

Mrs. Adams made no claim to learning or great diction, but her reading had been extensive, and like all self-taught persons with strong intellectual qualities, she imbibed knowledge freely. She wrote in the latter part of her life:

"My early education did not partake of the abundant opportunity which the present day offers, and which even now our common schools afford. I was never sent to school. I was always sick."

Through the vicissitudes of obscurity, poverty, affliction, and long-continued separations from her husband at the most perilous times, she had acquired an indomitable courage that never faltered. Backed up by a buoyant optimism, her cheerfulness met each fresh trial with a Christian fortitude that made her an inspiration to her family and friends. That blitheness of spirit wove a thread of lightness through her correspondence.

Deeply religious, though neither fanatical nor bigoted, Mrs. Adams's clear-sighted wisdom in all matters was of greatest value to her husband in his public career. She was his only real confidante, and understood his weaknesses and the rare qualities of his mind as no one else did.

During his absence, she found time among all other duties to study French with her girls, and when later she went to France with her husband, her culture and charm won her a host of friends.

In 1784 John Adams was sent by the United States as its first Minister to England, and in the course of time his devoted wife followed him. Keen-sighted, clear-headed,

MRS. JOHN ADAMS

"Deeply religious, though neither fanatical nor bigoted, Mrs. Adams's clear-sighted wisdom in all matters was of the greatest value to her husband in his public career. She was his only real confidante, and understood his weaknesses and rare qualities of mind as no one else did."

with ready tongue and pen, she evidently took pleasure in sending across the water to her sisters, cousins, and friends, now and then, the account of some new fashion, a minute description of some special dress, or a detailed account of a grand function so dear to the heart of a woman.

In her account of her presentation to the English Court she graphically describes her dress:

"I directed my mantuamaker to let my dress be elegant, but plain as I possibly could appear with decency. Accordingly it is white lute-string, covered and full trimmed with white crêpe, festooned with lilac ribbons and mock point lace, over a hoop of enormous extent. There is only a narrow train of about three yards in length to the waist gown, which is put into the ribbon on the left side, the queen only having her train borne. Ruffle cuffs for married ladies, treble lace ruffles, very dressy cap, with lace lappets, two white plumes, and a blond lace handkerchief. This is my rigging. I should have mentioned two pearl pins in my hair, earrings and necklace of the same kind."

Keeping up proper appearances with the ministerial salary, which evidently was too small to meet the requirements made upon it, was a problem indicated by an extract from a letter, in which Mrs. Adams says:

"What makes it so very expensive is that you cannot go twice the same season [to court] in the same dress, and a court dress you cannot make use of anywhere else."

When she arrived in the straggling village of Washington, she had to muster up all her natural optimism in order to evolve order out of chaos, which was aptly described by the distinguished statesman, Gouverneur Morris. In writing to a personal friend, in facetious tones, he dwelt upon some of the vicissitudes of Washington during the Adams administration. He writes:

"We want nothing here but houses, cellars, kitchens, well-informed men, amiable women, and other little trifles of the kind to make our city perfect, for we can walk here as if in the field and woods, and considering the hard frost the air of the city is very pure. I enjoy more of it than any one else, for my room is filled with smoke whenever the door is closed."

Mrs. Adams herself wrote of the city:

"Alexandria is in full view from my window, and I see the vessels pass and repass. The house is on a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order and perform the ordinary business of the house and stable. An establishment very well proportioned to the President's salary. The lighting of the apartment from kitchen to pantry, parlour and chambers is a tax indeed, and the fires we are obliged to keep up to secure us from daily agues is another cheering comfort. Bells are wholly wanting, not one thing hung through this whole house, and promises are all you can obtain."

John Adams found himself confronted with a grave problem in the threatening war with France. She had never forgiven the United States for failing to come to her support in her embroilment with England and proceeded to harass our ships, capture and sell them, openly insult our representatives to her government, and finally reached the point where we were ordered to pay heavy tribute to avoid war. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina, who had been sent to succeed James Monroe, was ordered by the French Directory to leave the country, so that when Adams took the presidential chair the United States was without representation at the French Capital; and the French being highly disgusted that Adams instead of Jefferson, whom they regarded as a French sympathizer, had been elected, became even more insolent.

Bringing forth Pinckney's famous challenge—"Millions for Defence but not one cent for Tribute!"—Adams called for an extra session of Congress, with the result that after six weeks of debate and legislation, two eminent patriots, John Marshall, a Federalist, and Elbridge Gerry, Democrat, were sent to join Pinckney, and the three were to make every effort to settle honourably all disputes between the two nations. Congress also provided for the calling out of eighty thousand militia, created a small naval establishment, and enacted laws against privateering.

The envoys were most discourteously received and practically expelled from the country, and conditions became so aggravated that President Adams in 1798 asked Congress to provide for war. By this time a common danger minimized party differences and the country was ready for war. The office of Secretary of the Navy was added to the Cabinet with Benjamin Stoddert of Maryland as its first head. In July of that year, Washington was appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the forces raised, with the commission of Lieutenant General, which was carried to him at Mt. Vernon by the Secretary of War personally. Though he was sixty-eight years of age and revelling in the pursuit of the life of ease and quiet independence for which he had so longed, he at once recognized the call of his country, agreeing without reserve that he might be called upon; but he expresed the hope that he might not be called into active service until the public need should demand it, and requested that Hamilton, who was much younger, be appointed acting General-in-Chief. Washington also journeyed to Philadelphia to confer with all officers of the army with a view to putting all forces immediately upon a war basis. However, he did not believe that France would force matters to the point of actual clash of arms.

Napoleon's triumphal progress had been materially checked by Nelson and some of the smaller English victories, and when the news of Washington's command of the army reached them there was a sudden change of attitude on the part of the Directory. New envoys were appointed for arbitration, and by the time they arrived, Napoleon was in power and his influence was potent enough to induce Talleyrand to arrange for an amicable settlement of all difficulties.

Adams's policy in the French tangle in appointing the envoys without waiting for proper advances from the French Directory had aroused great indignation in the Federal party and its collapse as the dominant factor in the Government was charged against Mr. Adams's lack of statesmanship. Unlike Washington, he had not been able to keep his personal prejudices from influencing his actions. Naturally the opposition party took every opportunity to widen the breach in the Federalist camp, with the result that not only was Adams defeated of reelection but his party was likewise wiped out of its power for all time.

The chief event in the Adams administration was the death of General Washington, which occurred in December, 1799, and which threw a gloom over the whole country.

The manner in which the news of the death of George Washington was received in the House of Representatives, December 18, 1799; the resolutions adopted by the House and the eulogy pronounced by Representative Marshall of Virginia at the time of the announcement of Washington's death, are quaintly described in the *Annals of Congress*, as the publication corresponding to the *Congressional Record* of to-day was then called.

Although Washington died at his home, Mt. Vernon.

on December 14th it was not until December 19th that the news of his death was actually confirmed in Philadelphia, where Congress was sitting. The *Annals* for December 18th and 19th read in part as follows:

"Wednesday, December 18, 1799.
"DEATH OF GEN. WASHINGTON.
"Mr. Marshall, in a voice that bespoke the anguish of his mind, and a countenance expressive of the deepest regret, rose and delivered himself as follows:
"'Mr. Speaker: Information has just been received that our illustrious fellow citizen, the commander-in-chief of the American Army and the late President of the United States, is no more!
"'Though this distressing intelligence is not certain, there is too much reason to believe its truth. After receiving information of this national calamity, so heavy and afflicting, the House of Representatives can be but ill fitted for public business. I move you, therefore, they adjourn.'
"The motion was unanimously agreed to and then the House adjourned till to-morrow morning, 11 o'clock.

"Thursday, December 19, 1799.
"DEATH OF GEN. WASHINGTON.
"Mr. Marshall addressed the Chair as follows:
"'Mr. Speaker: The melancholy event which was yesterday announced with doubt, has been rendered but too certain. Our Washington is no more. The hero, the sage and the patriot of America—the man on whom in times of danger every eye was turned and all hopes were placed—lives now only in his own great actions and in the hearts of an affectionate and afflicted people.
"'If, sir, it had even not been usual openly to testify respect for the memory of those whom heaven had selected as its instruments for dispensing good to men, yet such has been the uncommon worth, and such the extraordinary incidents which have marked the life of him whose loss we

all deplore, that the whole American nation, impelled by the same feelings, would call with one voice for a public manifestation of that sorrow which is so deep and so universal.

"'More than any other individual, and as much as to one individual was possible, has he contributed to found this our wide-spreading empire, and to give to the western world its independence and its freedom.

"'Having effected the great object for which he was placed at the head of our armies, we have seen him converting the sword into the plowshare and voluntarily sinking the soldier in the citizen.

"'When the debility of our federal system had become manifest, and the bonds which connected the parts of this vast continent were dissolving, we have seen him the chief of those patriots who formed for us a Constitution, which, by preserving the Union, will, I trust, substantiate and perpetuate those blessings our revolution had promised to bestow.

"'Having been twice chosen the chief magistrate of a free people, we see him at a time when his reëlection, with the universal suffrage, could not have been doubted, affording to the world rare instance of moderation by withdrawing from his high station to the peaceful walks of private life.

"'However the public confidence may change and the public affections fluctuate with respect to others, yet with respect to him they have in war and in peace, in public and in private life, been as steady as his own firm mind, and as constant as his own exalted virtues.

"'Let us then, Mr. Speaker, pay the last tribute of respect and affection to our departed friend; let the Grand Council of the nation display those sentiments which the nation feels.

"'For this purpose I hold in my hand some resolutions, which I will take the liberty to offer to the House.'

"Mr. Marshall having handed them in at the table, they were read, and unanimously agreed to by the House, in the words following:

"RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED

"The House of Representatives of the United States having received intelligence of the death of their highly valued fellow-citizen, George Washington, general of the armies of the United States, and sharing the universal grief this distressing event must produce, unanimously resolve:

"1. That this House will wait on the President of the United States, in condolence of this national calamity.

"2. That the Speaker's chair be shrouded with black, and that the members and officers of the House wear mourning, during the session.

"3. That a joint committee of both houses be appointed to report measures suitable to the occasion, and expressive of the profound sorrow with which Congress is penetrated on the loss of a citizen first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen.

"4. That when the House adjourns, it will adjourn until Monday next.

"5. Ordered, That Mr. Marshall and Mr. Smith be appointed a committee to wait on the President of the United States, to know when and where he will receive this House for the purpose expressed in the first resolution."

Following the custom set by Congress, all people in official life wore mourning for a month, the ladies of the President's Cabinet as well as their husbands.

Just a few days before his death, General and Mrs. Washington paid a visit of inspection to the new President's Palace, as it was first called, then well under construction. It fell to Mrs. Adams's lot to set the example of energy and resourcefulness for her successor to follow in the service of the people. How thoroughly she performed the Herculean task of transforming an unfinished, unheated, huge, barn-like edifice into a home and also prepared it for public levees is one of the many treasured stories of the capital.

Without even sufficient wood to secure a small amount of comfort, since labourers could not be hired to chop any wood from the surrounding trees, no grates to be found anywhere, no bells to call servants, no mirrors, not nearly enough candles to furnish light, and a distressing scarcity of servants, Mrs. Adams set about making the President's Palace habitable and prepared to gratify the ladies of Georgetown and the Capitol by holding a drawing room. Before the six completed rooms could be made comfortable, wood had to be brought from Philadelphia to supply the twelve fires necessary to keep the family from suffering from the cold.

The main stairway was not put in until a year later, and the big East Room was used as a drying room for the family washing. The imperfect condition of the roof admitted the wind and rain into the bedrooms to add to the general discomfort.

In spite of all these drawbacks, Mrs. Adams held her first reception on New Year's Day in 1801, using the oval room on the second floor, now the Library. There is but little recorded of the events of this momentous affair. The President closely followed both the manner of dress and the form of ceremonials of his predecessor and arrayed himself in black velvet with silk stockings, silver knee and shoe buckles, white waistcoat, powdered hair, and light kid gloves. He, too, followed the custom of the times and rode in state with liveried attendants to the Capitol when opening Congress. Notwithstanding the scattered homes and frightful condition of the roads, called streets through courtesy, Mrs. Adams is recorded as having made fifteen visits in one day.

The attendance at the first assemblies was very uncertain and the journeys often disastrous. There were only about fifty houses, all far apart, and a footpath about

six feet wide leading from the Capitol to the President's Palace, which was then located in a vast swamp. Coaches and carriages were compelled to travel over cowpaths in their progress, frequently being overturned or stuck fast in the mire. When calling, the ladies usually carried along little gifts of baskets of fresh vegetables, bundles of hops, bottles of yeast and milk, and on leaving a place would receive some similar token of housewifely industry and neighbourly feeling.

Late hours were not fashionable.

Both Adams and his wife were people of quiet tastes, but they were careful to follow the social dictates of their day in their dress and ceremonial observances.

Though but four months in the President's Palace, Mrs. Adams endeared herself to all classes of people. She was the only woman to whom was given the double honour of being the wife and the mother of a President.

While Adams left the capital city soon after dawn on the inauguration morning, full of bitterness and humiliation at his failure of reëlection and the success of Jefferson, from whom he was estranged, he did not long indulge in idle regrets, but devoted himself to writing history and reëntered public life. He lived to see his son become President, and died July 4, 1826, at the age of ninety-one, on the fiftieth anniversary of American Independence, just a few hours after Thomas Jefferson had breathed his last.

Mrs. Adams died October 28, 1818, after fifty-four years of wedded life—leaving three sons and a daughter to solace her venerable husband's last days.

Executive Officers—March 4, 1797, to March 4, 1801

President—John Adams, of Massachusetts.
Vice President—Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia.
Secretary of State—Timothy Pickering, of Pennsylvania, continued from last Administration; Charles Lee, of Virginia (Attorney General), *ad interim*, May 13, 1800; John Marshall, of Virginia, May 13, 1800.
Secretary of the Treasury—Oliver Wolcott, Jr., of Connecticut, continued from last Administration; Samuel Dexter, of Massachusetts, January 1, 1801.
Secretary of War—James McHenry, of Maryland, continued from last Administration; Benjamin Stoddert, of Maryland (Secretary of the Navy), *ad interim*, May 6, 1800; Samuel Dexter, of Massachusetts, May 13, 1800; Samuel Dexter, of Massachuetts (Secretary of the Treasury), *ad interim*, January 1, 1801.
Attorney General—Charles Lee, of Virginia, continued from last Administration.
Postmaster General—Joseph Habersham, of Georgia, continued from last Administration.
Secretary of the Navy—Benjamin Stoddert, of Maryland, May 21, 1798.

CHAPTER IV

FIRST ADMINISTRATION OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

MARCH 4, 1801, was the first inauguration in the District of Columbia. Thomas Jefferson, the great Democrat, rode alone from Monticello, arriving on the morning of the 4th. With a party of political friends, he walked from his boarding house to the Capitol, to the room now occupied by the Supreme Court, and there took the oath of office administered by Chief Justice Marshall. Vice President Aaron Burr, contrary to precedent, had been sworn in before Jefferson's arrival.

In his inaugural address he gave the memorable definition of "good government" which was in part:

"Still one thing more, fellow citizens—a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labour the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government, and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities."

Upon concluding his address he proceeded to the President's Palace, where a reception was held in the evening.

Because of partisan bitterness, President Adams did not participate in the inaugural ceremonies. The presidential election of November, 1800, was a period of great excitement owing to the strife between the two parties, the Federalists headed by Adams who sought reëlection,

and the Republicans, or Democrats, with Jefferson and Aaron Burr both aspiring to its leadership. Each of the latter received 73 electoral votes, while Adams got but 65. In this situation the House of Representatives had to decide the matter. It voted in favour of Jefferson, and he was declared President, with Burr for Vice President, according to the law then in operation.

During the eight years of his presidential incumbency, he had no presiding lady, as President Jefferson had long been a widower, and neither of his daughters, Mrs. Eppes nor Mrs. Randolph, was able to leave her home for any length of time. Both paid him long visits, and James Madison Randolph was born in the President's Palace on one of these visits.

Romance ended for Jefferson with the death of his idolized and gifted wife. At the age of twenty-three, Martha Wayles Skelton, widow of Bathurst Skelton, one of the most accomplished young women of her day, became the bride of Thomas Jefferson after a long courtship. So many of Mrs. Jefferson's talents fitted in so admirably with those of her brilliant husband that their love increased with the years of their lives together. At the time of their marriage Jefferson owned nineteen hundred acres of land, fifty slaves, and had an annual income of about two thousand dollars a year. To this his bride added about four thousand acres of land and one hundred and thirty-five slaves.

Like Washington's, Jefferson's other love affairs faded into insignificance before the great passion of his life, inspired and fanned into flame while his violin kept tune and time with her spinet.

Martha Wayles Skelton, daughter of John Wayles, legal light of Williamsburg, was noted for her beauty and social graces, possessing all the accomplishments of the

young women of her day and an even better education than the average.

Their courtship was rather prolonged, but culminated in their marriage on January 1, 1772, at her father's home, "The Forest," after which they at once set forth on a honeymoon journey to Monticello, which began with a flurry of snow and wound up in a blizzard through which they rode horseback nearly twenty miles before reaching their shelter, only to find their home cold, dark, and servants gone to bed in their quarters. Some stale biscuits and a bottle of wine had to serve as the bridal supper, but the romance that transformed the cold discomfort of that arrival into a lark cast its golden glow over their ten years of married devotion, and not even the loss of two of their five children or Mrs. Jefferson's invalidism dimmed its glamour or lessened their mutual idolatry.

When her health failed, he remained at her bedside for months, and he insisted upon giving her medicines himself. At her death, he fainted and was prostrated for nearly a month to a degree that caused alarm for his own life.

Just before her death, Mrs. Jefferson exacted a promise from him that he would never re-marry—a promise which he faithfully kept.

When a hostess was a necessity, President Jefferson depended upon Mrs. James Madison, the wife of his Secretary of State, to do the honours. Mrs. Martha Jefferson Randolph, by virtue of her foreign education, advantages of travel, and cultured mind, would have been a brilliant social leader for her father but for the claims of a family of twelve children.

So much has been written about Jeffersonian simplicity that a dislike for the formalities of fashionable society together with a natural reserve is construed to indicate

lack of refinement and even vulgarity. Jefferson was never familiar or vulgar. He was a Democrat in practice but an aristocrat in every fibre of his personality. He was unceremonious, but never crude. His dignity with strangers often gave the impression of arrogance when only reserve existed.

He rode horseback to the President's House and walked from his boarding place to the Capitol on the day of his inauguration because his son-in-law, Jack Eppes, failed to arrive in time with the handsome coach and four-in-hand which he had been sent into Virginia to purchase at the cost of $6,000. Storms and bad roads had delayed him, and the same conditions prevented the arrival of a handsome suit of velvet clothes intended for the inaugural ceremonies. Therefore, deprived of his turnout and his clothes, Jefferson donned his gray homespun suit and walked. This suit, consisting of gray waistcoat, red under-waistcoat, green velveteen breeches, and gray woollen stockings, was considered very neat and appropriate at that time.

With an independence of prevailing custom and a disregard of precedent, Jefferson instituted many changes in the accepted order of presidential conduct of affairs. He completely abandoned the plan of personally opening Congress, sending a written message instead.

Another radical change was in his refusal to permit any celebration of his birthday, a custom much in vogue in that period, and then, too, he discontinued the awe-inspiring seclusion with which the former occupants of the office had surrounded themselves. He made himself accessible to all who desired to see him. His guests were of every class of society and their presence at his board a daily matter thus involving him in lavish expenditure for hospitality. The wines alone for his two administrations

cost him more than ten thousand dollars. For the upkeep of the Mansion he brought eleven servants from Monticello.

It is a notable fact that Jefferson, while in France, negotiating treaties for the new republic, spent not only his salary of $9,000 a year, but his own revenues from his Virginia plantation, in fashionable living, to make a good impression for his struggling country.

No man ever became Chief Executive who possessed a more complete understanding of culture, or was more familiar with the fine points of official etiquette. His anti-Federalist doctrine which he had imbibed abroad was responsible for much of the crudity with which he was charged, though he did abandon the levees of the Adams régime and did scandalize the wives of his officials and foreign representatives by his disregard of matters of formal dress and audience.

A White House story about Jeffersonian simplicity is to the effect that when Mr. Jefferson abolished all other ceremonious events the decision did not suit a majority of the women in the official or resident society of that time. They thought to change his views and arranged a surprise by meeting at the Mansion during the contemplated absence of the President and proceeded to make themselves very merrily at home. When Mr. Jefferson returned he is said to have entered the parlours where the happy party was in possession, booted, spurred, and dusty after his long ride, but he received and entertained his self-invited guests with particular courtesy. The incident, however, did not change his plan of social affairs, and the "levees"—the word generally used in social descriptions of that time pertaining to the President's House—were not resumed.

An incident which caused no little comment in the

capital city was the arrival of the Turkish Minister, who came during this term and who applied to the President to be furnished with a number of wives for his establishment during his stay in the city. The President declined to aid him.

His home life in the President's Palace was simple of necessity, being without family. He used the same red damask furniture purchased by Washington, which was extremely worn and shabby. He derived much pleasure tinkering with gardening and carpenter tools, keeping some of each in the drawer of the cabinet table. Many lonely hours were cheered by his violin, flowers, and mocking bird, which was unusually tame and had the freedom of the room. The double row of Lombardy poplars which once lined Pennsylvania Avenue were set out under his direction, and he not only started the beautification of the grounds around the Mansion, but distributed seeds among those of the citizens who were interested in horticultural pursuits.

An interesting description of President Jefferson, and of the City of Washington and its people, is preserved through the letters of Thomas Moore, the Irish poet. He came to Washington in the spring of 1804, when he was twenty-five years old, to pay a visit to the British Minister and Mrs. Merry, then leading members of society here. He at first expressed delight and admiration for everything he saw, and was charmed with the people there. However, soon after his arrival he was presented to President Jefferson at a large reception, and that worthy gentleman, looking down from his height of six feet two and a half inches on the perfumed little Adonis, spoke merely a word of greeting to him, and gave him no further notice.

This at once aroused the ire of the famous Irishman,

MRS. MARTHA JEFFERSON RANDOLPH

Daughter of Thomas Jefferson. During the eight years of his presidential incumbency, President Jefferson had no presiding lady, as he had long been a widower, and neither of his daughters, Mrs. Eppes nor Mrs. Randolph, was able to leave her home for any length of time. Mrs. Randolph, by virtue of her foreign education, advantages of travel, and cultured mind, would have been a brilliant social leader for her father but for the claims of a family of twelve children.

who did not realize that at that time few of his verses were well known on this side of the Atlantic, and he at once began to lampoon the President and everything American. Some of his attacks fell into the hands of Mr. Burwell, who was former private secretary to the President, and he placed them before Jefferson, who merely laughed. Years after, when a volume of Mr. Moore's poems was handed to him for inspection, he remembered how Moore had satirized him, but paid the foreigner the compliment of saying he was a "true poet."

Moore's letters on Washington City and the society of that long-ago period make interesting reading—particularly the letter in which he treats of the personal appearance of Thomas Jefferson, the President of the United States, and a levee, which he attended at the Mansion in the company of the British Minister. Of Jefferson, the poet says:

"He is a large man; in fact, I never met a man of loftier stature. He has a noble face, with a Scotch-Irish cast of feature, and with curly hair of a reddish tint, although greatly mixed with gray. His mouth is large and firm set, while his nose is of the true Scottish type and unusually wide at the nostrils. As to his eyes, I would say that they are of a grayish and light blue tint mixed, and steely in expression. His brow is broad and white and very free from wrinkles. His whole appearance denotes a man of vigorous actions, and did I not know that he was President of the United States I would judge him to be a gentleman of landed property, with all the inclinations of a fox-hunting squire.

". . . These rude looking statesmen are insufferable, both in manner and appearance, and the noise they make when greeting friends would not be tolerated in any other community except this much yawped-of 'land of the free.' This coarse familiarity is something unheard of; for instance, when I was introduced to several of them they

deliberately clapped me on the back and squeezed my hand with so villainous a grip that I was fain to scream out at the torture. Needless to state, there is no poetry in the souls of these fellows, and they did not know that I wrote verse, even after they had heard my name called out."

In another part of this letter Moore writes of the President's House as it appeared to him, and says that it is a square, unostentatious structure, and little befitting the dignity of the office it is used for.

That Moore spared no criticism when writing about the people of Washington City may be gathered from a letter to his mother, dated in the latter part of May, 1804. In this epistle he says:

"This Capital is the strangest place ever seen. Nothing but dogs and negroes, and the few ladies who pass for white are the most unlovely pieces of crockery I have ever seen. Oh! if you could but see the vehicles the people drive about in here—white coaches with negro servants and horses of no colour at all! Poor Mrs. Merry, the wife of the ambassador, has been as badly treated by the mosquitoes as she has by every one else. I have this instant received an invitation to dine with one of the Yankees here. If the ambassador goes, of course, I will too."

Again the Irish poet assails the American people with the following diatribe:

"If there is less barrenness of soil here, there is still more of barrenness in intellect, taste, and where heart is concerned. The only gentlemen that I have met in America are the Indians, who are far less savages than their (supposed) white conquerors."

In his epistle to Thomas Hume, of Philadelphia, he gave his idea of the city in prose and verse.

"Most of the public buildings have been utterly suspended. The hotel is already a ruin, a great part of the roof has fallen in, and the rooms are left to be occupied gratuitously by the miserable Scotch and Irish immigrants.

"The President's House, a very noble structure, is by no means suited to the philosophical humility of its present possessor, who inhabits but a corner of the mansion himself and abandons the rest to a state of uncleanly desolation. The grand edifice is encircled by a very rude paling through which a common rustic stile introduces the visitor to the first man in America.

"The private dwellings exhibit the same characteristic display of arrogant speculation and premature ruin."

To this same Philadelphia physician he sent the following lines:

> Even here already patriots learn to steal
> Their private perquisites from public weal,
> And guardians of the country's sacred fire,
> Like Africa's priests let out the flame for hire.
>
> In fancy now beneath the twilight gloom
> Come let me lead thee o'er this modern Rome!
> Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,
> And what was Goose Creek once is Tiber now!
> This famed metropolis, where fancy sees,
> Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
> Which travelling fools and gazetteers adorn
> With shrines unbuilt, and heroes yet unborn,
> Though naught but wood and—they see,
> Where streets should run and sages ought to be.

The custom of holding religious services in the Hall of Representatives was begun during Jefferson's administration, and he was a regular attendant.

According to the letters of Margaret Bayard Smith, whose graphic descriptions of people and events of her day are such valuable contributions to the history of our

land, the Hall of Representatives was the favourite resort of the youth, fashion, and beauty of the city.

Ladies were not only permitted on the floor of the House, but the members gave up their seats to them while they lounged about the lobby, collected around the fires or beside the ladies they knew. As much ceremony and gallantry was displayed in escorting these belles to their seats as if the place had been a ballroom instead of the legislative hall of the nation.

When the ladies became chilly they would leave these seats and move closer to one of the large open fireplaces. The place did not afford sufficient space for the crowds that thronged it daily throughout the sessions.

Just at 12 o'clock, an officer of the House would struggle through the throng to the box for letters. This always directed the attention from the preacher when religious services were in progress.

The Marine Band was not in accord with devotional services, any more than the place was, and the attempts to accompany psalm-singing were complete failures, and were soon discontinued, though the glittering instruments and brilliant scarlet uniforms made a dazzling appearance.

For a time the idea of Frederick the Great was tried out in the Capitol: having it serve as a temple or general house of worship where at different hours the public services of all Christian denominations might be performed.

This was carried out without any difficulty or attempt to enforce universal toleration of any particular creed, as Congress was composed of Christians of all beliefs, and each sect has in its turn supplied chaplains to the two Houses of Congress. They preached alternately in the House of Representatives.

Executive Officers—March 4, 1801, to March 4, 1805

President—Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia.
Vice President—Aaron Burr, of New York.
Secretary of State—Levi Lincoln, of Massachusetts (Attorney General), *ad interim*, March 4, 1801; James Madison, of Virginia, March 5, 1801.
Secretary of the Treasury—Samuel Dexter, of Massachusetts, continued from last Administration; Albert Gallatin, of Pennsylvania, May 14, 1801.
Secretary of War—Henry Dearborn, of Massachusetts, March 5, 1801.
Attorney General—Levi Lincoln, of Massachusetts, March 5, 1801.
Postmaster General—Joseph Habersham, of Georgia, continued from last Administration; Gideon Granger, of Connecticut, November 28, 1801.
Secretary of the Navy—Benjamin Stoddert, of Maryland, continued from last Administration; Henry Dearborn, of Massachusetts (Secretary of War), *ad interim*, April 1, 1801; Robert Smith, of Maryland, July 15, 1801.

CHAPTER V

SECOND ADMINISTRATION OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

OF HIS second inauguration history records nothing unusual. Jefferson, then in his sixty-second year, delivered to the two Houses of Congress an inaugural address somewhat longer than his first one.

Toward the latter part of his régime, the President's Palace assumed more pretentious furnishings, and though Jefferson disliked ceremony and abolished the New Year receptions, he was observant of the official affairs of this nature and we, therefore, now have a canon of etiquette arranged by him.

While Jefferson's régime was not distinguished for its social triumphs it left its mark in history through the radical policies that came into life and operation during that period. Already immortal through his work on the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson's name must continue through the ages to be associated with the Louisiana Purchase and the Decimal Currency System, as well as for the fact that the nucleus of our wonderful Library of Congress was the marvellous private collection of this man who spent a lifetime gathering choice and valuable books. His library was purchased by Congress after the burning of the Capitol by the British in 1814.

The Sage of Monticello loved horses, and kept the finest of them in his stables, paying the highest prices for them. He was a bold and fearless rider, and complete master of a horse. While President he rode horseback

every day from one to three o'clock, usually alone by choice. He wore his hat well down over his eyes and a blue double-breasted coat with gilt buttons. This practice he continued regularly until within a month of his death.

Music was another hobby. He loved his "fiddle," having learned to play through practising from three to five hours daily for years, and it helped to pass many lonely hours. All his life he had musical associations, as he was one of eight children, all of whom were musical.

Pennsylvania Avenue in those days boasted of no paving, and Tiber Creek pursued its impudent way at the foot of the Capitol and, when rains were heavy, offered serious interference to the progress of pedestrians. Great sycamores grew along the banks, their sturdy roots offering fine moorings for boats. The footways of the roads—hardly to be called streets—were first made by cutting down bushes, weeds, and briers with scythes and then upon the stubble piling the chips and discarded débris from the buildings and gravel. The middle of the street designed for vehicles was levelled off afterward and between walking the rocky paths and riding through the holes and over the humps of the roads there was but little choice from the standpoint of comfort; a cloud of dust or a shower of mud was certain, dependent upon the weather.

During Jefferson's first term, a freshet in the Potomac swelled Tiber Creek and it flooded Pennsylvania Avenue so furiously that labourers going home from the Capitol, in trying to wade the torrent, were swept off their feet and carried downstream, where they caught on to bushes and tree branches and held themselves, through the entire night, from being swept away. President Jefferson rode the Avenue on horseback and offered fifteen dollars per

head for each man saved and the use of his horse to anybody who would undertake the rescue. Only one man earned the reward.

Jefferson's attitude as a parent, and some of his ideas of life before he became President, may be gathered from the following record of his instructions to his little daughter, and also to a young boy in whom he was interested:

Little Martha Jefferson had lost her mother by death, and duty to his country called her father to Annapolis, so she was placed under charge of teachers in Philadelphia, as Jefferson rather pathetically writes her:

" . . . . because of the conviction you would be more improved in the situation than with me. My love for you has rendered the parting from you a difficult thing. I have placed my happiness on seeing you good and accomplished, and no distress the world can now bring on me would equal that of your disappointing my hopes. If you love me, then, strive to be good under every situation and to all living creatures.

"With respect to the distribution of your time the following is what I should approve: 8–10 practice music. 10–1 P. M. dance one day, and draw the next. 1–2 draw on the day you dance and write a letter next day. 3–4 read French, 4–5 exercise yourself in music. 5 till bedtime read English, write, etc.

"I expect you to write me by every post, inform me of what books you read, what tunes you learn, inclose me the best copy of every lesson in drawing. Write also one letter a week to each of your three aunts and always put the letter you write under cover to me; take care you never spell a word wrong. Always before you write a word consider how it is spelled and if you do not remember it turn to a dictionary. It produces great praise to a lady to spell well."

Jefferson must always have taken a deep interest in those younger than himself, for not two years later, in the

midst of Paris life, he pens a wordy epistle to his young boy friend, Peter Carr, dealing with almost every subject that could influence a developing youth. Jefferson was evidently of the school that believed in the reverse of coeducation, for, starting with the platform that "A strong body makes a strong masculine mind," he declares that:

"you must give two hours a day to exercise, for health must not be sacrificed to learning. . . . As a species of exercise, I advise the gun. While it gives a moderate exercise to the body it gives boldness, enterprise, and independence to the mind. . . . Games played with the ball are too violent for the body and stamp no character on the mind."

One other bit of advice that Jefferson gives is worth individual acceptance:

"Never think of taking a book with you when you go to walk. You should never even allow yourself to think as you move along, but divert yourself with the objects around you, with what the eye chances to rest upon."

Among the treasures of the Public Library at Washington is an odd little volume more than a century old, faded, yellowed, and so fragile with age that it is kept wrapped and tied as a precaution against the further ravages of time. It was written by David Bailie Warde, of the French Consular Service, whose hobby was the collecting of American libraries.

In this book—a chorographical and statistical description of the District of Columbia—he gives an insight into customs and social conditions during Jefferson's and Madison's rule:

According to the author, the population of the city

proper in 1810, nine years after it had become the permanent seat of government, was 8,208, exclusive of Georgetown, which numbered 4,948. Of this number one half were of Irish birth, most of whom spoke no English. He describes a signboard on one of the streets of the city with the following inscription: "Peter Rodgers, sadler, from the green fields of Ireland and tyranny, to the green streets of Washington and liberty." As foreign tradesmen, artificers, and manufacturers who took the oath of citizenship were freed from taxation for five years, one can readily comprehend why it was such a Mecca for the oppressed from the Emerald Isle.

The inland trade was carried on at Georgetown. Thirteen hundred boats were engaged in transporting down the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers, which had lately been rendered navigable by the Potomac or George Washington Canal, sugar, flour, whisky, wheat, maize, bar and pig iron, castings and ship timber. War vessels were constructed of live oak and white pine. The lead used at the Navy Yard, which then employed from 60 to 150 men, was brought in wagons from Illinois and Pennsylvania, and cost $7.50 per hundredweight. The pay of a shipwright was $2 a day.

Flour was $9.50 per barrel, ice 50 cents a bushel, and wood, which was used exclusively for fuel, brought $4 a cord. Bricks were from $5.75 to $6.50 per thousand. A good bricklayer was paid $3 for laying each thousand bricks.

The coachman who drove the chariot, post chaise, or coach, was paid $9 per month, a labourer 50 to 75 cents a day, woman servants $2 to $4 a month, and seamstresses $4.50 a month. These wages were considered high.

. . . . . .

In those days the modern shoe factories of Massachusetts and New Jersey were undreamed of. A shoemaker

who was able to make a pair of shoes a day could earn $1.50, as the leather cost $1 and the shoes sold for $2.50.

Three sources of great concern to the inhabitants of the District were wolves, squirrels, and crows. Two hundred pounds of tobacco was the reward for a wolf's head, while the master or mistress of a family or single taxable person was obliged to bring to the justice of the county three squirrel scalps or three crow heads, the penalty for failing to fulfil the latter requirement being three pounds of tobacco.

Such a personage as a poundmaster was unheard of, and the destruction of stray canines was a sort of community affair. All dogs were taxed $1 a year and required to wear a collar marked "City of Washington." Any one who found a dog without a collar of this description was rewarded for killing and burying it.

Churches were few in number. The annual salary of a clergyman was about $1,000, with small house and lot, which even at this early date was considered inadequate for a minister with a family.

Although there were eleven reputable physicians, two of whom were also druggists, there was no medical society or any regulations for practice; any one could exercise this profession, and as a consequence the poor and ignorant of the population were often the dupes of medical quacks, who made use of amulets, charms, and other superstitious practices. The fee of a doctor was $1 a visit; when called into the country he received one shilling per mile, but was enabled to make additional profit from the sale of the drugs, which he carried in his saddle bag.

In those days, the author states, teaching was looked upon with some degree of contempt, as persons who were unfit for any other business usually adopted that calling. All that a teacher was required to know was arithmetic,

which was considered the most desirable qualification to possess. The children of the poor were educated from the proceeds of taxes on slaves, dogs, taverns, hack drivers, hucksters and peddlers, wines and liquors, theatres and billiard tables.

In 1806 the inhabitants contributed a sum of money and the corporation appropriated $1,500 from the tax receipts on shops and hackney coaches to found two schools, which were known as the Eastern and Western academies, for the education of a certain number of poor boys and girls. The headmaster of each was paid an annual salary of $500 and privileged to take in as many paying scholars for his own profit as he could manage. The education of the poor pupils was restricted to the three R's, unless they showed extraordinary intelligence, in which case they were allowed to continue their studies beyond the two-year limit. These two schools were intended to be the foundation of a national university in accord with the plan laid down by Washington in his last will.

In 1812 the first free school in Georgetown, known as the Georgetown Lancaster School Society, was incorporated with twelve prominent citizens as trustees. The children who attended the school were bound or apprenticed, according to law, to the society. They were fed, clothed, lodged, and taught to read, write, and cipher, and were placed in service with some fit person competent to instruct them in a trade or employment that would make them self-supporting.

Georgetown College was, at the time this book was written, entering upon its third decade of existence, and the dress of its students of that period is described as consisting of "a plain coat and pantaloons of blue cloth with yellow buttons and a red waistcoat of cloth or kerseymere."

Social and fraternal organizations were few in number. There were two Masonic lodges, which assembled in a building on the borders of the river; a Humane Society and an association known as the Columbian Agricultural Society, for the promotion of rural and domestic economy. This body gave substantial sums in premiums for articles manufactured in homes in the District, such as stockings, cotton cloth, hempen or flaxen sheeting, table linen, and material for shirts and vests.

During the author's residence here the first public library was established, through the generosity of 200 citizens, who contributed $2,400.

There were no public monuments and people were just beginning to complain about there being no memorial to General Washington. An anecdote was told by Mr. Custis, the grandson of Washington, of an old soldier of the Revolution, who, visiting the tomb of the first President at Mt. Vernon, exclaimed: "If it is here my country has buried my general, where would they bury me!"

There was one daily newspaper, the *National Intelligencer*, although there were other publications which appeared weekly or semi-weekly. One was issued in Georgetown and called the *Spirit of '76*, another was known as *The Hive.*

Under the head of Peculiar Customs, one comes upon such comment as this:

"Both sexes, whether on horseback or on foot, wear an umbrella in all seasons; in summer, to keep off the sunbeams; in winter, as shelter from the rain and snow; in spring and autumn, to intercept the dews of the evening. Boarders, in taverns or boarding houses, sometimes throw off the coat during the heat of summer, and in winter the shoes for the purpose of warming the feet at the fire—customs which only the climate can excuse."

One of the evils greatly lamented at that time by the youth of Washington was that as soon as a young lady reached marriageable age she was carried off in triumph by a member of Congress or some foreign wooer. Another custom which if prevalent now would bring disappointment to many a girl and dismay to young chaps inclined to liberality in the way of flowers, bonbons, and theatre tickets, is this one:

"Any particular attention to a lady is readily construed into an intention of marriage."

When it comes to shaving and hair cutting, how different the lot of the citizen of to-day from the inhabitant of a century ago, when as the author states:

"The barber arrives on horseback to perform the operation of shaving, and here, as in Europe, he is the organ of all news and scandal."

Thomas Jefferson's two administrations were also notable for the events that transpired and the effect upon our national life.

Almost at once he found himself involved in a war with the Mohammedan pirates of Algiers and Tripoli to whom the United States, like the powers of Europe, had been paying heavy tribute for the privilege of allowing our merchant ships to sail the Mediterranean. Twenty thousand dollars a year had at one time been paid to the ruler of Tripoli to insure peace to our ships. Immunity was not certain even then, and the Government with the aid of the people had collected vast sums of money aggregating a million dollars to secure the liberty of seamen seized and held as slaves.

In order to force a larger tribute the governor of Tripoli declared war in 1801 against the United States. But he reckoned without the American President, who sent our

tiny fleet of warships under Bainbridge, Decatur, and Preble. With their Yankee courage and resourcefulness they soon put a stop to piratical depredations, and a new treaty was made with this country assuring immunity to our ships and seamen without any money concessions for so doing.

But the greatest event of the Jefferson régime was the purchase of the territory of Louisiana from France for $15,000,000, by which the area of our country was doubled and an addition of more than six hundred million acres obtained at the rate of about two and a half cents per acre. By this great stroke of business statesmanship, Jefferson removed the possibility of dispute with France over any settlement or legislation of the tract. The territory gave complete control of the great Mississippi, opened the way to the possession of the great West to the Rocky Mountains, and also made it impossible for England to acquire it. This new territory strengthened the power of the United States gradually until the prophecy of Napoleon, made when the bargain was concluded, was fulfilled. He said:

"This accession of territory strengthens for ever the power of the United States; I have just given to England a maritime rival that will sooner or later humble her pride."

The same year the Lewis and Clark expedition set forth to explore the continent from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean. The party, numbering about thirty persons, returned after twenty-seven months with the first reliable information of the vast tract of land over which they had travelled.

All the nation was shocked and angered at the death of the brilliant Alexander Hamilton in the useless duel with Aaron Burr in the summer of 1804. The circumstances

surrounding the duel were of such an abhorrent nature as to make Burr practically a social outcast, and he was not renominated with Jefferson.

With England and France continuing their war, the ships of the United States were continually being forbidden by one nation to deal with those of its enemy. This practice became injurious to our commerce, but the trouble did not end there, for England decided that it was her privilege to stop our ships on the ocean and search them for British sailors. This finally brought matters to a climax when the British man-of-war *Leopard* stopped our *Chesapeake* when she was not able to make resistance, seized four of her men, and hanged one of them as a deserter. This brought the enactment of the Embargo Act in the last term of the Jefferson régime, which put a stop to these annoyances but at the same time injured our foreign trade to an alarming degree, and when it was shown that our exports had been reduced to the extent of about forty million dollars in a year, the act was repealed and the Non-Intercourse Act substituted, which prohibited trade relations with the two warring nations but left us free to pursue our trade with others.

By the time the new law was operative, many men had turned from commerce to manufacturing.

Among other events of the Jefferson administrations were the invention of the steamboat by Robert Fulton, the practical demonstration of navigation by steam on the Hudson River, and the trial of Aaron Burr for treason, because the former Vice President had attempted to set up an independency in the Southwest with himself as ruler. Wily, clever, and unscrupulous, his guilt could not be proved and he escaped punishment.

Congress also stopped the importation of slaves into the United States.

Executive Officers—March 4, 1805, to March 4, 1809

President—Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia.
Vice President—George Clinton, of New York.
Secretary of State—James Madison, of Virginia, continued from last Administration.
Secretary of the Treasury—Albert Gallatin, of Pennsylvania, continued from last Administration.
Secretary of War—Henry Dearborn, of Massachusetts, continued from last Administration; John Smith (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, February 17, 1809.
Attorney General—John Breckenridge, of Kentucky, August 7, 1805; Cæsar A. Rodney, of Pennsylvania, January 20, 1807.
Postmaster General—Gideon Granger, of Connecticut, continued from last Administration.
Secretary of the Navy—Robert Smith, of Maryland, continued from last Administration.

CHAPTER VI

FIRST ADMINISTRATION OF JAMES MADISON

VIRGINIA scored another point as the mother of presidents when, on March 4, 1809, James Madison took the oath of the highest office within the gift of the people. Throngs of people and the roar of cannon proclaimed the day, and in the Hall of the House of Representatives Chief Justice Marshall again administered the oath after the delivery of the address. From the Capitol the presidential party returned to the house which the Madisons had occupied during Jefferson's time, and here they received the congratulations of their friends.

Mr. Madison was a man of small stature but possessed of fine wit and conversational powers, and fully twenty years older than his charming wife, whom the populace affectionately dubbed "Queen Dolly."

Mrs. Madison, born Dorothy Paine, of Quaker parentage, was the widow of John Todd, and in her twenties when the romance, started by Aaron Burr's request for permission to bring the "great little Madison" to call, culminated in her happy marriage to the bachelor statesman, Madison, already a national figure. Though so entirely opposite in most respects, these two were really remarkably congenial and devoted, so much so that when apart they wrote each other love letters.

Born, according to best authority, in 1767, of an English father and Irish mother and with a Scotch grandmother, the little Quaker girl inherited a gift of grace from each, which combined to give her, with the laughing eyes

and winning smile, that great charm which made her the most popular mistress the White House has ever known.

Mrs. Dolly Todd's husband died of the yellow fever which played such havoc in Philadelphia in 1793. That John Todd had a premonition of his coming death in the plague seems proved by the will he made just as the illness overwhelmed him:

"I give and devise my estate real and personal to the dear wife of my bosom and first and only woman upon whom my all and only affections were placed, Dolly Payne Todd, her heirs and assigns for ever, trusting that as she has proved an amiable and affectionate wife to her John, she may prove an affectionate mother to my little Payne and the sweet babe unborn. My last prayer is, may she educate him in ways of honesty, though he may be obliged to beg his bread, remembering that it will be better to him than name and riches."

For a time following his death she was desperately ill, having also lost an infant son, William Temple Todd, at birth, and then for the sake of distraction from her grief and a living for her boy and herself she returned to the city and with her mother conducted a select boarding house, much patronized by the members of Congress and officials, among them the dapper Aaron Burr, who paid long and ardent court to the fair young widow and who was Madison's most dreaded rival, although it was Burr who introduced them.

According to the tales that surrounded this romance, Madison's first vision of Mistress Dolly Todd was one to remember. Never a strict Quaker, for she loved pretty clothes too well, she was always gowned in the most attractive style, and one windy, icy day she sallied forth to market with her trim little feet and pretty ankles daintily shod in white silk hose and shining new high-heeled slip-

pers with glittering buckles. A loose bit of ice, an ankle turned on treacherous heel, a flash of lacy draperies and silk, and Dolly lay for a minute in the strong clasp of a strange man whose admiring glance was not wholly submerged by the sympathy he was expressing. The man was Madison, and after assisting the limping lady home, he made haste to be presented properly and thereupon lost no time or effort in winning her hand, even enlisting the interest of Mrs. Washington in his cause and defying Aaron Burr and all others to take her from him.

To the inaugural ceremonies at the Capitol when her husband was sworn in she wore a "plain cambric dress with a long train." The customary handkerchief about the neck was omitted, the dress being plain to the extreme. Her bonnet was of purple velvet and white satin with handsome white plumes.

Her inaugural ball dress was rich enough to make up for the plainness of the day dress, for it was a handsome long-trained robe of light yellow or buff velvet, with a Paris turban of the same material combined with white satin and a bird of Paradise. Her jewels were pearls.

At the ball, Mrs. Madison led the way to supper with General Turreau de Garambouville, the French Minister. Extra fiddlers were brought from New York for the event, a journey then of seven days each way by stage.

The table was a crescent at which the French and British ministers were placed on each side of the President's gracious wife.

Through Mrs. Madison's able management the President's Mansion soon assumed a most pretentious aspect, largely due to the efforts of the new master of ceremonies, Jean Pierre Sioussant, of Paris, who had escaped the Revolution and had been in the employ of the British Minister, Mr. Merry. This unusual man, with his polished

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manners, Old World poise, and tact and good education, was of the greatest assistance to Mrs. Madison.

The first year, Congress appropriated $5,000 for further furnishing and decorating. Later, $6,000 more was spent on the house, of which half was expended in fittings for the drawing room. It is said that the old carpet was sent to the House of Representatives when the general house-cleaning began. This was not unlikely, since Mrs. Madison was a skilled housekeeper and an economical manager who let nothing go to waste.

Bells were installed in every room, thirty servants hired to care for the Mansion, and handsome yellow satin upholstery, yellow damask draperies, and festoons of the same colour in a pattern called "rising sun," with the large mirrors, gave the drawing room a most gorgeous appearance.

The building was enclosed by a high post and rail fence which, though rude, gave it an air of privacy. The beautification of grounds started by Jefferson continued. The front door in those days was on the south front. Most of the neighbourhood around the Great House or Palace, then of brown sandstone, was waste land, and just in front of the Palace entrance was one of the worst mud holes in the town. The city had neither street lamps nor pavements.

Mrs. Madison departed far from the ways of the Quakers in her style of living and dressing, for she wore the gayest, most elaborate and costly garments she could buy in Paris and New York, and when she rode she used a chariot costing $1,500, drawn by four horses handsomely caparisoned. Her special hobby was turbans, headdresses, and jewellery. The turbans she wore constantly all her life. They were made of finest materials matching her dresses, and cost her at the rate of $1,000 a year.

Another extravagance was her footwear. Gold and silver slippers elaborately beaded and buckled were the rule for evening wear and, like the turbans, they came from Paris.

Still another costly fancy was her love of jewels, of which she had a large variety, sometimes wearing great earrings of amethysts hung in chains in the shape of the letter M, and necklace, bracelets, etc., to match.

Card games were the pastime everywhere, loo being the fad of the ladies. Mrs. Madison eventually gave up cards and expressed regret at ever having indulged in them. She dipped snuff and used rouge, to the intense disgust of some ladies who remembered her Quaker origin.

A letter written in November, 1811, to Mrs. Joel Barlow, then in France, gives an idea of her tastes:

"I ask the favour of you, to send me by safe vessel, large head dresses, a few flowers, feathers, gloves, stockings, black and white, with anything else pretty for an economist."

After they arrived she wrote:

"All the articles are beautiful: the beads I could not get on, being a little tight, so I shall lay them aside until next winter when I can have them enlarged to fit. The flowers, trimmings and ornaments were enchanting."

Some of the city's puritanical residents were not overpleased with Mistress Dolly's doings, as evidenced from an item in the *City Gazette* of September 19, 1814, following the destruction of the Capitol and other buildings by the British:

"The destruction of the President's House cannot be said to be a great loss in one point of view, as we hope it will

put an end to drawing rooms, and levees; the resort of the idle, and the encouragers of spies and traitors."

Quite imposing were the New Year receptions, then the great event of the winter, which every one attended. Madison had observed and participated in this ceremonial in New York and introduced it into the President's Mansion as a regular function, to the delight of the populace. Here, particularly, did Mistress Dolly shine.

Washington Irving attended the one of 1811—and history tells us that that of 1813 was a brilliant affair, as an account of the day portrays it. The clothing of both men and women was rich and elegant, and the affair widely attended.

Mrs. Madison looked the queen in her rose-coloured satin with its ermine trimmings and her turban of rose velvet with its jewelled crescent holding the splendid white ostrich plumes in place.

The French Minister came in a glittering golden coach that seemed like a great gold ball on wings, his footmen resplendent in gold tinsel and cord, and gilded swords.

Mrs. Madison, with a wisdom born of wide experience, drew a little from each of the administrations that preceded hers, and welded for herself a social policy that was a modification of the stately formality of Washington, the strict conventionality and culture of Adams, and the Jeffersonian equality of class. Thus she bade all comers and goers a genial welcome, yet a certain formality gave tone to her levees, and at the same time there was a delightful freedom that was devoid of familiarity or license. She ruled her court with her charm, desiring to please and be pleased. The embodiment of tact and courtesy, her rare memory for names and faces strengthened her popularity.

Her table had the appearance of a harvest-home supper in its variety and abundance. It is said that the President's steward drove early each morning to Georgetown to market and that the daily supply of provisions averaged fifty dollars. The magnitude of the daily supply for President Madison's table may be better appreciated in noting the prices that prevailed in the markets of that day, and those now. Fifty dollars a day must surely have purchased a huge amount of provisions with turkeys at seventy-five cents apiece; canvasback ducks, fifty cents; a whole hog, three dollars; Potomac shad in season, two for a quarter, and potatoes, fifty cents a bushel.

Servants were plentiful and cheap. Mrs. Madison's dinners were not served in courses, after the modern fashion, but everything, even to the dessert, put on the table at once.

For each guest there was always a waiter, it being customary to hire the necessary extra ones for every function. Slave-owners in and near the city rented out either men or women servants by the day or for the job. The usual price for a waiter for an evening party was thirty-five cents.

So great were the social attractions at the Capitol that many ladies made journeys of great length and hardship to be present during the winter sessions of Congress. A daughter of a Senator rode 500 miles on horseback with her father, and the wife of another matched her lord in endurance by accompanying him 1,500 miles, passing through vast forests, primeval wildernesses, and several Indian settlements on the way.

The President's House was then the people's palace. The weekly levees were open to all who chose to come. But on Independence Day and New Year's not only the whole rambling city turned out, but for days before, from

the towns and villages of the surrounding countryside, the sturdy patriots poured forth in their best garments, to see and be seen, and to render homage not to the Chief Executive alone, but to the head of the new Government, whose infantile struggles were so dear to the hearts of the early patriots.

One of the early writers gives this account of the social functions of the President's House:

"About noon company began to wait upon the President and in the course of a short time his spacious rooms were filled with a numerous assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, including officers of the Government, strangers of distinction and citizens, among whom refreshments were liberally distributed. The President received the congratulations of his fellow-citizens on the return of the anniversary of their freedom with the satisfaction which naturally flowed from a recollection of the interesting scenes through which his country had passed, from realizing in their full extent the blessings of self-government and from a consciousness of his own agency in establishing and securing the national liberties.

"Every one present exhibited lively interest at the return of this great day and circumstances so honourable to the character and so conspicuous to the happiness of his country; feelings which were heightened by the happy effect of a powerful band of music playing patriotic airs at short intervals. At one o'clock the militia passed in review and saluted the President."

Mrs. Seaton, wife of the editor of the *Intelligencer*, writes in a letter to her family in South Carolina of the etiquette under the Madisons:

"It is customary, on whatever occasion, to advance to the upper end of the room, pay your obeisance to Mrs. Madison, curtsey to his highness and take a seat; after this ceremony being at liberty to speak to acquaintances, or amuse yourself as at another party."

This clever woman also remarks that:

"Comment on the quality of the wine seems to form the chief topic after the removal of the cloth and during dessert, at which, by the way, no pastry is countenanced."

Mrs. Madison possessed the ready wit and type of humour which enabled her to appreciate a joke even when turned against herself. One of the stories illustrative of this quality harks from a celebration or festivity at which toasts were being given. Mrs. Madison, always a leader in the merriment, offered a parting toast to an old Philadelphia Quaker friend who was a guest: "Here's to thy absent broad brim, Friend Hallowell!" Without trace of embarrassment, the Quaker gentleman instantly replied, with a glance at her neck and shoulders: "And here's to thy absent kerchief, Friend Dorothy!"

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS—MARCH 4, 1809, TO MARCH 4, 1813

President—James Madison, of Virginia.
Vice President—George Clinton, of New York. (Died April 20, 1812). President *pro tempore* of the Senate, William H. Crawford, of Georgia.
Secretary of State—Robert Smith, of Maryland, March 6, 1809; James Monroe, of Virginia, April 2, 1811.
Secretary of the Treasury—Albert Gallatin, of Pennsylvania, continued from last Administration.
Secretary of War—John Smith (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, continued from last Administration; William Eustis, of Massachusetts, March 7, 1809; James Monroe, of Virginia (Secretary of State), *ad interim*, December 14, 1812; John Armstrong, of New York, January 13, 1813.
Attorney General—Cæsar Rodney, of Pennsylvania, continued from last Administration; William Pinckney, of Maryland, December 11, 1811.
Postmaster General—Gideon Granger, of Connecticut, continued from last Administration.
Secretary of the Navy—Robert Smith, of Maryland, continued from last Administration; Paul Hamilton, of South Carolina, March 7, 1809; Charles W. Goldsborough (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, January 7, 1813; William Jones, of Pennsylvania, January 12, 1813.

CHAPTER VII

SECOND ADMINISTRATION OF JAMES MADISON

WRITERS take pleasure in giving to "Dolly Madison," as she was universally called, credit for keeping her husband from the extremes of Jefferson's beliefs and by her tact and diplomacy gaining for him a reëlection. It is said that but for her De Witt Clinton would have been chosen President in 1812.

The second inaugural of Madison was not eventful, being a simple affair of which the main events were the delivery of his address to a large crowd and the reception which followed it. As upon all occasions he wore his small clothes, and his hair elaborately powdered and tied.

The ball was held at the Davis Hotel, on the site of which stands the Metropolitan Hotel, near Sixth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, and as before "Mistress Dolly" was belle of the ball.

Along with mutterings of discontent over the reelection of Madison, who was not popular and who would have lost to De Witt Clinton but for the powerful influence of Mrs. Madison, came the increasing menace of another war.

Washington danced and dined and pursued its merry social round of gaieties while the war clouds hung lower and lower over the head of the nation. The straggling little City of Magnificent Distances remained passive until the storm broke, and then terror and panic banished all power of resistance.

Despite various timely warnings this disaster overtook

the nation with the suddenness of a thunderbolt, for the spirit of the Revolution still hovered over the land and the glorious mantle of the illustrious Father of His Country still rested upon the shoulders of American arms, while the marvellous exploits of the intrepid Decatur made the country so secure that it never dreamed its patriotic pride could suffer such a tremendous fall as when this same soldiery became panic-stricken at the first shock and suffered utter and ignominious defeat. For the Battle of Bladensburg, on August 24, 1814, was a complete victory for the English forces, who immediately followed up their advantage and marched on to Washington to capture and destroy it.

Many weeks before, General Winder had sounded the note of warning to the President and his Cabinet in the following words:

"The door of Washington stands wide open and I cannot shut it with the few troops under my command."

So also had the English Admiral boasted that he would dine at the banquet table of Mrs. Madison and make a bow in her drawing room.

But no one, from the President down to General Winder himself, seemed to possess the characteristics of a military strategist, or even to have the courage to make a proper defence, for, before abandoning the city, the Secretary of the Navy instructed Commodore Barney to blow up his ships and retreat, so that when the British landed at Benedict, about thirty miles from the capital, they marched for three days serenely, meeting no opposition whatever, and at Marlboro the flotilla of gunboats were blown up at their approach. Commodore Barney's marines retreated to join Winder's and they alone gave a good account of themselves at the battle, but they were vastly outnum-

bered, as the infantry gave way at the first onslaught of the enemy, and following the example of the Commander-in-Chief and other leaders, scurried out of danger.

Judge Cranch, an eyewitness of the invasion of Washington, described the event as follows:

"A wound has been inflicted which age will not cure; and a scar has been left which time will scarcely efface."

With the news of the defeat, and the sound of the battle in their ears, the onrush of fleeing men and women, half crazed with fright, grew apace, and none had thought to make a stand to save their homes. Of the pitiful 8,000 people that made up the city's populace all but a tenth fled.

Mrs. Madison felt bitterly the desertion of friends and the animosity toward her husband which was growing upon every side, and while she watched and waited in the Executive Mansion for the return of the President and his friends, for whom a dinner party had been planned for the afternoon, she penned the following letter to her sister which reflects the horror and anguish she endured, as well as her bravery. This letter has found its way into the works of many of the early writers.

"Tuesday, August 23, 1814.

"Dear Sister:

"My husband left me yesterday morning to join General Winder. He inquired anxiously whether I had courage and firmness to remain in the Presidential House until his return, and on my assurances that I had no fear but for him and the success of our army, he left me, beseeching me to take care of myself and the cabinet papers, public and private.

"I have since received two dispatches from him written in pencil. The last is alarming, because he desires that I shall be ready at a moment's warning to enter my carriage and leave the city, that the enemy seemed stronger than

had been reported, and that it might happen that they would reach the city with the intention to destroy it. . . . I am accordingly ready. I have pressed as many cabinet papers into trunks as to fill one carriage. Our private property must be sacrificed, as it is impossible to procure wagons for its transportation. I am determined not to go myself until I see Mr. Madison safe and he can accompany me, as I hear of much hostility towards him. . . . Disaffection stalks around us. . . . My friends are all gone; even Col. C. with his hundred men who were stationed as a guard over this inclosure. French John (a faithful domestic) with his usual activity and resolution offers to spike the cannon at the gate, and to lay a train of powder which would blow up the British should they enter the house. To this last proposition I positively object, without, however, being able to make him understand why all advantages in war may not be taken.

"Wednesday morning, Twelve o'clock.

"Since sunrise I have been turning my spyglass in every direction and watching with unwearied anxiety, hoping to discern the approach of my dear husband and his friends; but alas! I can descry only groups of military wandering in all directions as if there was a lack of arms or spirit to fight for their own firesides!

"Three o'clock.

"Will you believe it, my sister, we have had a battle or skirmish near Bladensburg and I am still here within sound of the cannon.

"Mr. Madison comes not. May God protect him!

"Two messengers covered with dust come to bid me fly, but I wait for him. . . . At this late hour a wagon has been procured. I have had it filled with the plate and the most valuable portable articles belonging to the house. Whether it will reach its destination, the Bank of Maryland, or fall into the hands of the British soldiery, events must determine.

"Our kind friend, Mr. Carroll [Daniel Carroll] has come to hasten my departure and is in a very bad humour with me, because I insist on waiting till the large portrait of General Washington is secured, and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall. This process we found too tedious for these precious moments, so I have ordered the frame broken and the canvas taken out. It is done and the portrait in the hands of two gentlemen from New York for safe keeping.

"And now, dear sister, I must leave this house or the retreating army will make me a prisoner by filling up the road I am directed to take. When I shall write again to you or where I shall be to-morrow I cannot tell."

The portrait and the wagon load of portable articles was at the last given over to the care of French John, the doorkeeper of the Mansion, and Magrau, the gardener, who took them to a house near Georgetown.

Mrs. Madison's departure was made only in company with her servant girl and Mr. Daniel Carroll, who escorted them to a tavern two or three miles over the river, where, upon learning that this house was overflowing with fugitives, Mrs. Madison went to another place and called in and went upstairs. The woman upon learning her identity immediately ordered her in insulting terms to leave at once, which she did, seeking shelter a few miles farther on.

At daybreak the little party set out again to meet the President at the place agreed upon, and after travelling many weary hours through the intense heat they finally reached the tavern, only to meet a most unfriendly reception. The landlord and a large party of Washingtonians, many of whom had partaken of the hospitality of Mrs. Madison and received favours at her hands, determined to refuse her shelter, to show their disapproval of her husband's course with regard to the war. Here, the

First Lady of the Land had to appeal for admittance and submit to the insults of former friends, because she was loath to leave the place, fearing to miss her husband. Finally she was admitted, just in time to escape the wild fury of one of the worst electrical storms the country had ever known. Toward night the weary President arrived and had scarcely settled down to rest when a messenger brought word that his hiding place was known to the British and that they were on their way to capture him, whereupon he at once escaped and hid in the woods, intending to make his way to the Virginia shore of the river.

Mrs. Madison in disguise set out again early in the morning to join her husband, and on the road met another messenger bringing word that through their fright at the tornado, the like of which they had never seen, and the rumours of the approach of a large force of Americans, the British, after ransacking the President's House and feasting upon the good things in the larder, set fire to the building and beat a hasty retreat to their boats, burning all public buildings as they went.

With the good news of their evacuation of the city, Mrs. Madison started on her twenty-mile journey to Washington, and upon reaching the Long Bridge found it burned at both ends, so that in order to get across she had to abandon her disguise to induce the boatman to admit her to his ferry.

Returning, forty-eight hours after her hurried flight, she found the Presidential House a smouldering ruin and had to go to her sister's home for a temporary residence. All the city suffered at the hands of the invaders. One authority in describing these perilous times says that only houses showing barred doors and shuttered windows were fired.

One of the traditions of the day claims that Admiral Cockburn, entering the halls of Congress, sprang into the speaker's chair and shouted, "Shall this harbour of Yankee Democracy be burned? All for it will say 'Ay.' The Ays have it. Light up." Thus the capital was given over to the flames, and through the streets the wrecked and burning homes looked as though fire and lightning might have played a game of tag in a mad orgy of destruction. The office of the *National Intelligencer* received special vengeance at the hands of the raiders.

Though many offers of residence were made to the President and his wife, they preferred to rent an establishment for themselves, and of the few pretentious houses left unharmed, none seemed so suitable or well adapted for their needs as the beautiful Tayloe mansion, called the Octagon House, at Eighteenth and New York Avenue. This was by far the most elegant private residence in the city. It had been built by Col. John Tayloe as a winter home, through the advice of General Washington, who used his privilege as an old and intimate friend to overrule the decision to erect a winter home in Philadelphia. The house was begun in 1796 and was completed in 1800, with the distinguished Dr. Edward Thornton, the architect of the Capitol, as the designer.

Colonel Tayloe came of distinguished lineage. His grandfather, William Tayloe, emigrated from London to Virginia in 1650 and John Tayloe, his son, a member of the House of Burgesses, founded the noted estate of Mt. Airy, Virginia. He had twelve children, one of whom, John, commissioned by Washington in the Revolutionary War, built the Octagon House, so named for its shape.

The Tayloes intermarried with most of the prominent families of Maryland and Virginia. Colonel Tayloe's mother was the daughter of Governor Plater of Maryland,

and his wife the daughter of Governor Ogle, also of Maryland.

Colonel Tayloe was a wealthy man according to the standards of his day, for at the time he built the Octagon he was enjoying a yearly income of $75,000. His house was most substantially built, being of imported brick trimmed with Aquia Creek sandstone, with mahogany woodwork which is to-day in excellent preservation. Being a famous turfman, his kitchen, slave quarters, outhouses, and stables were constructed to accommodate a large number of servants and racing horses.

Here, the popular Dolly Madison established her home and held magnificent court, dispensing the same type of hospitality as had been the rule under the régime of the Tayloe family. All the names famous in the annals of the nation of that period resounded through the splendidly proportioned rooms and floated up to the eaves above the spiral stairway around whose windings so many tales of tragedy and romance have been woven.

This house, to-day, is in far better condition than many of less than half its age. It stands upon a triangular lot fenced in by a high brick wall, and has the pillared portico of old Colonial style.

The interior is a marvel of fine workmanship. The doors of the first floor are of mahogany, and all the work in the circular vestibule coincides with the circumference of the tower, the doors, sash, and glass being made on the circle, and all are in perfect working order. The drawing-room mantel is made of a fine cement painted white, still showing a faint tracery of gold leaf. Leading back into the dining room are two secret doors, in which the washboards and chairboards, etc., run across the doors, being ingeniously cut some distance from the actual doors. No keyholes, hinges, or openings show on the blind side.

The knobs and shutter buttons are of brass and evidently of a special pattern, and, like the nails, are hand-made. Two old cast-iron wood stoves still stand in the niches prepared for them in the vestibule, and one has only to close one's eyes to see in imagination the elegant powdered, bewigged, and beruffled procession of old-time celebrities warming their frosty fingers over these quaint old sentinels of a past grandeur. One can picture the buxom Dolly toasting her numb toes in the costly gold-and-silver slippers, one of her many Parisian vanities, in the genial warmth of these ugly little stoves, then the greatest innovation of the age and only to be found in the homes of the wealthy.

All the rooms surround the circular central hall and all connect, some by concealed doors and secret closets. Egress to the street was provided through the dining room by means of a secret door into a closet and out to the sidewalk, or roadway as it was then, by a basement window. Unexpected closets, secret doors, subterranean passages leading in two different directions, cellars and sub-cellars have all added to the weird history of the handsome old place, which lost its festivity and well-kept prosperity with the death of Colonel Tayloe in 1828, and gradually became saddled with such a shivery reputation of ghostly occupancy that no one would or could live in it any length of time. Later on, some Sisters of Charity tried to dispel the ghostly visitors by sprinkling holy water liberally over the entire building, but this did not avail. During the Civil War, it was used as a storehouse for records and documents, and from time to time has had a variety of tenants, none of whom lingered very long until the American Institute of Architects bought the property and converted the second floor into offices. Through their interest in preserving the history and traditions of the place, the

visitor may wander through the various rooms and stand in hushed reverence in the second-story circular room where President Madison's Cabinet gathered around the same old mahogany table that is still in place and upon which the Treaty of Ghent was signed December 14, 1814.

One may peep into Mrs. Madison's bedroom and boudoir, while fancy takes a flight that bridges the years and brings a faint perfume and a fleeting vision of the charming chatelaine of a century gone, before her dressing table, deftly adjusting her famous turbans, and skilfully touching up smooth cheeks with Paris rouge. One may likewise hear the snap of the silver snuff-box, the rustle of her voluminous silken garments, and the click of her heels as the spirit of the past carries the enchanted visitor down the broad stairway into the drawing room to listen to the merry chatter and the shuffle of the cards as the maids and matrons assemble for the games of loo; or perchance 'tis the measured tread of beaux and ladies in a stately minuet, so pregnant is the place with the atmosphere of the past.

To-day, the old Octagon stands a monument to the old-time integrity of workman and material, its walls and floors unharmed by the touch of time, and its memories of romance and history as vivid as if only months instead of a century had rolled over its vine-covered face and effaced most of the pristine beauty of the old-fashioned box-bordered walks and flower beds. And another century may roll up its record of lives and events, and fill up its pages with the romance, history, and tragedies of other celebrities of the nation and once more the hand of Time may check off the landmarks, and the Octagon may be—no doubt will be—found standing solid and serene, basking in the mellow sunlight of a sound, ripe old age, the like of which belongs to the generation of its builders.

Within a few weeks the burning of Washington was

avenged by the death of the invading commander, the American victory at Baltimore, which gave birth to "The Star-Spangled Banner," the defeat of the British at Plattsburg, and the surrender of the fleet on Lake Champlain.

At the Octagon House, peace was celebrated by a series of joyful assemblies and fêtes. In the universal rejoicing all parties buried their animosities, and the blunders of the President and his Cabinet were forgotten. There, the "Peace Winter" was the gayest for many years.

In the wake of the brief war came the destitution and needs of the families of soldiers and sailors, and, as after every other war of our land, the citizens promptly started relief measures, chief of which was the plan to found an orphan asylum for the children of the men of the service.

The leading spirit in this worthy project was Mrs. Van Ness, formerly Marcia Burns, daughter of one of the original proprietors of the District of Columbia, who gave the ground for the site. The Van Ness Mansion was a near neighbour to the Octagon.

Mrs. Van Ness not only had the wealth with which to fill the rôle of a benefactress, but temperamentally she was always the friend of the poor and needy. Her husband, General John Peter Van Ness, member of Congress, was four times mayor of Washington and first president of the bank now known as the National Metropolitan.

Mrs. Madison evinced her deep interest in the success of the plan by donating twenty dollars and a cow, and later cut out all the garments for the little orphans.

Then, as now, charitable affairs found money-raising uphill work, so the élite of Washington banded together and planned a fair to secure funds. Most of the meetings were held at the home of Surgeon General Lovell on Pennsylvania Avenue, now the famous Blair Mansion.

There, willing fingers dressed dolls and put together all the other penny-catching devices which have been part and parcel of fancy tables since fairs were first devised.

This orphan asylum, which started out with such a simple endowment as the good ladies of the little capital gave to it, has continued to grow and prosper, and is today one of the leading institutions of the city, occupying its original site at Fourteenth and S streets, N. W.

Many distinguished men visited the country during this administration: Jérôme Bonaparte, Talleyrand, General Moreau, Volney, and Chateaubriand.

With all of the facilities and advantages of the Tayloe House, the Madisons did not remain there more than a year, moving to a smaller and newer brick building on the corner of Nineteenth and Pennsylvania Avenue, which is best known to history as one of the Seven Buildings, built by Elbridge Gerry of Boston. Though considered a most elegant residence, it was located on the outskirts of the city, but still only about four blocks from the burned Executive Mansion.

Here, though weary of the exactions of official life, Mrs. Madison continued to live up to and even surpassed her régime of the Octagon. Her ideal of hospitality made the nation's guests her guests.

While residing in the Gerry House, President and Mrs. Madison gave the famous levee in honour of General Jackson, whose brilliant victory at New Orleans had set the country wild with joy. This house remains but little changed from its original appearance, except that its first floor now accommodates a drug store and a tailor shop. In point of preservation, it compares favourably with the Octagon and is another lasting testimonial of the substantial workmanship of the artisans of a hundred years and more ago.

In 1817, the Madisons returned to Montpelier and in 1819 they bought the house at Sixteenth and H streets, afterward known as the Cosmos Club.

Here Mrs. Madison returned after the death of her husband and the loss of Montpelier and held court in her customary gracious manner until her death in 1849.

Her house rivalled the President's in its popularity. Her last public appearance was at a reception given by President Polk. Congress bought from her for $20,000 the valuable historical manuscripts of her husband's, a sum sufficient to maintain her declining years, and also granted to her the franking privilege and for the first time in its history voted her a seat upon the floor of the House.

Mrs. Madison in her last years, though unostentatious, was much of a personage and a law unto herself as regarded her manner of dress. To the day of her death she followed the styles she had chosen to follow in the heyday of her power, and upon all occasions appeared in handsome black velvet with its full-gathered skirt and the short waist open at the front and filled in with white tulle, its soft tissues making a soft frame for her face. The same mutton-leg sleeve was retained, and the ever-present turban. With the black velvet she chose a white satin turban, shrouded in filmy white tulle, and about her shoulders with charming grace was usually worn a Roman striped silken scarf.

For all functions she deemed this her dress of state, and so garbed, at the age of eighty, she did the honours at the wedding of a favourite nephew—Richard Cutts.

Regal and charming as in her youth, she and Henry Clay and Daniel Webster met at the English Embassy just across the street from her home, and there enjoyed a hand of cards in memory of auld lang syne.

Beloved beyond the usual degree, she died at the age of eighty-two.

Executive Officers—March 4, 1813, to March 4, 1817

President—James Madison, of Virginia.

Vice President—Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts (died November 23, 1814); President *pro tempore* of the Senate, John Gaillard, of South Carolina.

Secretary of State—James Monroe, of Virginia, continued from last Administration; James Monroe, of Virginia (Secretary of War), *ad interim*, September 30, 1814; James Monroe, of Virginia, February 28, 1815.

Secretary of the Treasury—Albert Gallatin, of Pennsylvania, continued from last Administration; William Jones, of Pennsylvania (Secretary of the Navy), *ad interim*, performed duties of Secretary of Treasury during absence of Mr. Gallatin in Europe in 1813; George W. Campbell, of Tennessee, February 9, 1814; Alexander J. Dallas, of Pennsylvania, October 6, 1814; William H. Crawford, of Georgia, October 22, 1816.

Secretary of War—John Armstrong, of New York, continued from last Administration; James Monroe, of Virginia (Secretary of State), *ad interim*, August 31, 1814; James Monroe, of Virginia, September 27, 1814; James Monroe, of Virginia (Secretary of State), *ad interim*, March 1, 1815; Alexander J. Dallas, of Pennsylvania (Secretary of the Treasury), *ad interim*, March 14, 1815; William H. Crawford, of Georgia, August 1, 1815; George Graham (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, October 22, 1816.

Attorney General—William Pinkney, of Maryland, continued from last Administration; Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania, February 10, 1814.

Postmaster General—Gideon Granger, of Connecticut, continued from last Administration; Return J. Meigs, Jr., of Ohio, March 17, 1814.

Secretary of the Navy—William Jones, of Pennsylvania, continued from last Administration; Benjamin Homans (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, December 2, 1814; Benjamin W. Crowninshield, of Massachusetts, December 19, 1814.

CHAPTER VIII

FIRST ADMINISTRATION OF JAMES MONROE

ONCE more Virginia was represented when James Monroe, called "the last of the cocked hats," Secretary of State in Mr. Madison's Cabinet, became the nation's chief in 1817. Prosperity was again upon the land and a large concourse of people came to the inaugural. This was called the "Era of Good Feeling."

The President planned to take the oath and make an address in the open air before the populace because both Houses of Congress had been at loggerheads over which should be thus honoured. To settle the matter satisfactorily a platform was erected in front of the east portico of the Capitol and here Chief Justice Marshall received the pledge of office.

This ceremony was announced by the firing of a signal gun and was followed by salvos of artillery.

The new President was saluted also with military honours upon his arrival at the Capitol and upon his return to the Executive Mansion. In the afternoon many citizens and eminent personages called to pay their respects to the retiring as well as the incoming Chief Magistrates, and in the evening a splendid ball was given at Davis's Hotel, and attended by all the dignitaries in the city. The day was mild and radiant. The Washington weekly paper of that date said:

"Such a concourse was never before seen in Washington, the number of persons present being estimated at from 5,000 to 8,000!"

The new President's house was as yet unfinished, and the Monroes solved the problem of a residence by taking possession of the one the Madisons were leaving at Nineteenth and Pennsylvania Avenue, and conferred upon this quaint old structure the added prestige of being the abiding place of two Presidents.

Here the inaugural was celebrated with gay festivities, ending with the ball at Davis's, where the Metropolitan Hotel now stands. For the fitting up of the burned Executive Mansion with new furnishings when it should be ready for occupancy, Congress appropriated $20,000 on the day before Monroe was inaugurated. President and Mrs. Monroe thereupon sent to France for new furniture and sold their own to the Government, and also their silver, much of which bore their initials.

To the social distinction the Executive Mansion had already acquired under the queenly Mrs. Madison was added that given it under the rule of Mrs. Monroe, said to be the most stately lady ever to fill that position.

British-born was Mrs. Monroe—the daughter of a wealthy English army officer who took up his residence in New York, becoming head of the Chamber of Commerce there. To the father and sisters Elizabeth Cortright degraded herself and her family in her marriage to the rather obscure young Virginia lawyer, as it had nothing but romance to recommend it. However, later years placed her far above her relatives in position.

Royally she assisted her husband in the discharge of his ambassadorial duties at the court of France. There her popularity with the French people gained her the title of "La Belle Américaine."

Her eldest daughter had been a schoolmate and chum of Hortense, the daughter of Josephine Beauharnais, at Madame Campan's School.

When Madame de Lafayette was imprisoned in the Bastille and expecting execution, the visit to her by Mrs. Monroe produced such an impression upon the authorities that the French lady was liberated almost immediately after her friend's departure.

Upon assuming the duties of First Lady of the Land, Mrs. Monroe sought to restore the formality of the Washingtonian régime to her drawing rooms, and was exacting both as to the people admitted and as to the costumes worn to her functions. No one was ushered into her presence without the proper credentials and attired in the small-clothes, silk hose, etc., the court dress of the times.

She never returned calls, and, imbued with the ideas prevalent at foreign courts, her levees were the extreme of formal ceremony.

To illuminate her drawing room according to her taste she spent $100 per night on wax lights alone, and her refreshments and service displayed her foreign culture, as French cookery prevailed, much to the disgust of many of the prominent officials.

Mrs. Monroe watched the completion of the new Executive Mansion with great interest and anticipation, as she was to have the honour of enjoying all of its new beauty.

She made many trips of inspection and upon one occasion had some of the larger pieces of the broken mirrors, of which there were quantities in the débris, gathered up and made into small hand mirrors, then so useful to the dressing table of the period. One of these may be seen in the National Museum in the case with one of the costumes of that administration.

As the vengeance of the British had left nothing of the President's House but the blackened walls, these were painted white in the restoration to conceal the fire stains and then the exterior was made white to correspond,

to which fact the building owes the name, White House. To preserve the unity of the name and the condition the building is given a coat of white paint each year.

Though entirely rebuilt, no change was made in the original plan, and when finished it stood forth once more to the adoring gaze of the nation a duplicate of its original shape and size, which it retained until the Roosevelt administration.

To the restored White House Mrs. Monroe brought her splendid personal collection of rare and beautiful works of art gathered in her foreign travels. During the autumn of 1818 the President and she took up their residence in the new mansion. It was thrown open to the public on January 1, 1819.

The *National Intelligencer*, January 2, 1819, says:

"The charming weather of yesterday contributed to enliven the reciprocal salutations of kindness and good wishes which are customary at every return of New Year's Day.

"The President's House for the first time since its re-edification was thrown open for the general reception of visitors. It was thronged from 12 to 3 o'clock by an unusually large concourse of gentlemen and ladies, among whom were to be found Senators, Representatives, heads of Departments, foreign Ministers, and many other distinguished citizens, residents, and strangers. It was gratifying to be able once more to salute the President of the United States with the compliments of the season in his appropriate residence, and the continuance of this truly Republican custom has given as far as we have heard very general satisfaction.

"The Marine Corps united on the occasion and made a fine appearance."

In 1820, their younger daughter, Hester Maria, had the distinction of being the first daughter of a President to

be married in the White House. Her marriage to her cousin, Samuel L. Gouverneur, occurred but a week prior to the death of Stephen Decatur, at whose house a ball was to be given to the young couple.

This wedding, with its select invitation list, and Mrs. Monroe's refusal to make calls on the wives of diplomats and residents, created such a tempest in the social teapot that both President Monroe and his much-badgered Secretary of State, J. Q. Adams, were at a loss to know how to bring about peace and friendly relations.

Miss Monroe was married quite privately, only attendants, relatives, and a few old friends of both the young people being invited. Great plans for brilliant festivities had been made in honour of the first bridal of a White House daughter, but the untimely and shocking death of Decatur in his duel with Barron put a check to all social functions. The Decaturs held such a prominent place in the social firmament that his death came as a personal grief to the whole official set.

When the victorious Decatur returned to the United States laden with honours, among the many visitors who went to Hampton Roads was Mayor Wheeler of Norfolk and his young daughter, already a famous belle, whose hand the fickle royal exile, Jérôme Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon, had sought before he ever met Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, whom he later married and abandoned.

Though Miss Wheeler failed to see Captain Decatur at the time she visited his ship, she was much impressed with his miniature which she noticed in his cabin. In the evening of the same day he was a guest at a ball given by her father and then began the romance that culminated some years later in their marriage.

When Decatur came to Washington to take up his

duties as one of the board of Navy Commissioners he bought real estate upon a lavish scale in various sections of the city and its environs, but the most noteworthy of his investments was the purchase of the nineteen lots in President's Square, June 19, 1818, for the whole of which he paid $11,201.32.

He at once began the construction of what was then one of the handsomest residences in the city, on the corner of Jackson Place and H Street facing Lafayette Square. But whatever plans he may have had for the large slice of land adjoining his residence remain unknown, as his untimely and shocking death in the duel with Commodore Barron, March 22, 1820, occurred less than a year after he had taken possession of the beautiful new home that was already one of the most popular in the city.

This splendid mansion is still standing and is now a historic landmark, just as solid and substantial as it was a hundred years ago. To it he was brought home from the duelling ground at Bladensburg, a bleeding wreck, and a few hours later gasped out his instructions, signed the following will, and bade farewell to wife, fame, and life itself.

"I, Stephen Decatur, of the U. S. Navy, now residing in the City of Washington, do make this my last will and testament as follows—I give and devise to my beloved wife, Susan, and her heirs all my estate real, personal and mixed, wheresoever situated, and I appoint my friends, Littleton Waller Tazewell, of Norfolk, Robert G. Harper, of Baltimore, and George Bomford, of the City of Washington, together with Mrs. Decatur, my wife, to be executors of this will.

"In witness whereof I have hereto set my hand and seal this twenty-second of March one thousand eight hundred and twenty.

"(*Signed*) STEPHEN DECATUR."

Never was the city so stunned and so wrought up. Sermons were preached, speeches and addresses hurled at the senseless custom called affairs of honour, and all social affairs were cancelled while the city and its people mourned with the disconsolate widow upon whom the whole tragedy came like a thunderclap, for her husband had not taken her into his confidence in the matter.

Upon the younger crowd of the social set this death came as a personal blow, for both Decatur and his accomplished wife were young, gifted, wealthy, and popular idols, their home being the centre of the social life of the city. Mrs. Decatur's life was of course ruined, and misfortune followed her persistently until, broken in fortune and health, she retired to a convent.

Quite odd, in the light of modern ideas, seem the customs that prevailed when the stately Mrs. Monroe assumed the reins of social government. Curls and wigs were the decree of fashion and, of course, had to be procured in Philadelphia or New York at five dollars for either a wig or a set of curls. Ladies were permitted, even welcomed, on the floor of the House, and members paid their gallant attentions during intermissions, between speeches, etc. Hence the galleries were always well filled. In order to show especial solicitude for the comfort of fair favourites who looked down upon the proceedings of this august body, the members, being unable to reach up, would tie up oranges and other fruits and sweetmeats, in handkerchiefs, attach notes or cards to them, telling for whom they were intended, and then the donor would fasten his little bundle to the end of a long window pole. Walking around the floor of the House, he would hand the offerings up to the ladies in the front of the gallery. Sometimes these presentations became very frequent, even occurring during speeches.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS—MARCH 4, 1817, TO MARCH 4, 1821

President—James Monroe, of Virginia.
Vice President—Daniel D. Tompkins, of New York.
Secretary of State—John Graham (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, March 4, 1817; John Q. Adams, of Massachusetts, March 5, 1817; Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania (Attorney General), *ad interim*, March 10, 1817.
Secretary of the Treasury—William H. Crawford, of Georgia, continued from last Administration; recommissioned March 5, 1817.
Secretary of War—George Graham (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, March 4, 1817; John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, October 8, 1817.
Attorney General—Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania, continued from last Administration; William Wirt, of Virginia, November 13, 1817.
Postmaster General—Return J. Meigs, Jr., of Ohio, continued from last Administration.
Secretary of the Navy—Benjamin W. Crowninshield, of Massachusetts, continued from last Administration; John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina (Secretary of War), *ad interim*, October 1, 1818; Smith Thompson, of New York, November 9, 1818.

CHAPTER IX

SECOND ADMINISTRATION OF JAMES MONROE

MONROE was reëlected by an electoral vote that lacked but one of unanimity. This dissenting vote was cast by a New Hampshire Senator, who claimed to have done so merely to prevent Monroe from equalling Washington in respect to receiving the unanimous vote, and upon the fifth day of March, 1821, the fourth falling on Sunday, he was re-inaugurated in presence of an assemblage which completely filled the great hall of the House of Representatives. Chief Justice Marshall administered the oath, and then the President, in a somewhat lengthy address, set forth the policy he intended to pursue.

This time, the 4th of March occurring on Sunday, as mentioned above, there was an interval during which the office of President was vacant. The swearing-in services took place the following day. The President had requested the members of the Cabinet to assemble at the White House to escort him to the Capitol.

J. Q. Adams has left a record of this day's events:

"A quarter before twelve I went to the President's House, and the other members of the Administration immediately afterwards came there. The marshall and one of his deputies was [sic] there, but no assemblage of people. The President, attired in full suit of black broadcloth of somewhat antiquated fashion, with shoe and knee buckles, rode in a plain carriage with four horses and a single coloured footman. The Secretaries of State, Treasury, War and Navy followed within a carriage and

pair. There was no escort, nor any concourse of people on the way. But on alighting at the Capitol, a great crowd of people were assembled, and the avenues to the Hall of Representatives were so choked up with people pressing for admission that it was with utmost difficulty that the President made his way through them into the House.

"After the departure from the House, there was a cheering shout from the people in the galleries and the music of the Marine Band played both at his entrance and departure. I returned home, with my family, and immediately afterwards went to the President's House, where there was a numerous circle offering congratulations. I then passed a couple of hours at my office and the ball in the evening at Burn's Hall. The President and his family were there, but retired before supper."

By now, the irritation over Mrs. Monroe's new rules of etiquette had subsided and the public receptions were well attended, and the dining rooms and dinners were enjoyed by many. Among the odd visitors tendered a reception by the President was a delegation of Indians. Some of these redskins were almost naked. They represented six different tribes and for the President to learn their wants and converse with them, five interpreters were required.

The President made much of them, hanging medals about the necks of the chiefs and also giving little presents for the squaws and children.

The most notable of all visitors was the Marquis de Lafayette, whose visit lasted four days in Washington. One of the periodicals gives the following account:

"Lafayette arrived in Washington at 1 o'clock Tuesday, October 12, 1824. He left Baltimore Monday afternoon, accompanied by his son, George Washington Lafayette; his secretary, Col. Vassieur; a delegation of the Baltimore reception committee; Col. Dickerson and Col. Lloyd, aids on the staff of the Governor of Maryland, and with Capt.

Hollingsworth's cavalry troop of Grays from Elk Ridge as an escort.

"Fifteen miles out from Baltimore Lafayette and his entourage were met by the 1st Cavalry Troop of Bladensburg, under command of Capt. Sprigg, who not long before had been Governor of Maryland. At Vansville the triumphant party was joined by Capt. Snowden's company of mounted riflemen.

"The cavalcade reached Rossburg at 10 o'clock Monday night, and there Lafayette and his personal friends rested, as the accounts have it, at the Rossburg Hotel. This statement seems a little strange at the present day, for it is notorious that nearly every big or pretentious country house in Maryland and Virginia was, according to local legend, occupied by the Marquis de Lafayette on the occasion of his grand triumphal tour of the United States. It seems to be a fact, though, that Lafayette and his suite in their trip from Baltimore to Washington put up for the night at a country hotel instead of at the home of some great landholder and tobacco planter, or at the mansion of some early republican merchant prince. Lafayette and his party set out from Rossburg at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning, and, in addition to the escort troops already named, there was Capt. Clark's company of Prince George's County Mounted Rifles.

"At the District Line, the procession was met by the committee of arrangement, revolutionary officers residing in Washington and adjacent country, and by Capt. Andrews' troop of Washington Dragoons and Capt. Dunlap's troop of Montgomery County Cavalry. The old accounts dwell on the affectionate meeting between Lafayette and the surviving officers of the revolutionary army. It is mentioned that Lafayette embraced them all. From the coach in which he had travelled from Baltimore, Lafayette was transferred to a fine landau belonging to some aristocratic citizen of Washington or Georgetown, and which was drawn by four gray horses. In the carriage with the general were his son, his secretary, Maj. Gen. Brown, representing the Army of the United

States; Commodore Tingey, representing the Navy, and George Washington Parke Custis, of Arlington.

"Arriving at the east portico of the Capitol, the mayor of Washington, Roger C. Weightman, delivered an address to which the Marquis responded. The mayor of Georgetown, Col. John Cox, also delivered an address of welcome, to which Lafayette responded. John Brown Cutting spoke in behalf of the surviving revolutionary officers present, and also read a poem. After these ceremonies, the march was taken up for the President's House, and, as the procession started from the Capitol, Capt. Williams' battery of artillery from Alexandria fired the national salute."

On October 12, 1824, the *National Intelligencer* extended to the distinguished guest of the nation this welcome:

"Let this day, on which we are to receive in the capital the guest of the American people, be sacred to harmony, gratitude and unmixed pleasure. Never was there on any occasion a more emphatically spontaneous popular movement than that which the visit of General Lafayette has produced. There is nothing in history which can compare with it. All hearts are moved by the same impulse. There is but one mind among a people of 10,000,000. In lieu of any effusion of our own, we take the liberty to present to our readers the following ode on the occasion, which has just made its appearance from a gifted pen."

There followed a poem of ten verses of nine lines each by Grenville Mellen.

A splendid reception was held in the East Room, attended by all the dignitaries of the Government and a large assemblage of residents. After the White House receptions, Lafayette and his intimate party went to the Franklin Hotel, kept by Mr. Gadsby. Captain Kurtz's battery of artillery fired the national salute as the party left the White House.

A memorable dinner in honour of Lafayette began at Gadsby's Hotel at six o'clock. It must have been attended by a great number of citizens of Washington and Georgetown, and have been of great length, judging from the number of toasts and responses. Lafayette did not sit through all the speechmaking, but excused himself on the ground that he desired to make calls upon several old friends in Washington.

More than two hundred were present. Eighteen toasts were drunk. After being fêted and honoured every hour of his brief visit, General Lafayette proceeded on his tour of the country, returning to the White House, where he spent the last part of his visit.

The reunion with President Monroe's family was naturally pleasurable, for the French General never forgot the service rendered to his wife by Mrs. Monroe years before in Paris during the stormy days of the Revolution.

Later, when Monroe's family were passing through a siege of misfortune in 1828, it is said that Lafayette, hearing of it, wrote requesting to be allowed to mortgage some Florida lands in order to come to the financial assistance of his friends. His kind offer was not accepted.

Never in the history of the nation was a President surrounded by such a large number of intellectual giants as was Monroe. There were men whose attainments would have graced any period of history.

The last New Year reception was the occasion of a gathering of notables rarely since equalled. Among them were Marquis de Lafayette, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, William H. Crawford, Hayne, Harrison Gray Otis, Van Rensselaer, Edward Livingston, Thomas Benton, William Wirt, John McLean, Smith Thompson, and Daniel D. Tompkins.

The most important measures of the Monroe adminis-

tration were the securing of Florida from Spain (1819), the settling of the Slavery question for the state by the Missouri Compromise, the recognition of the independence of the Spanish-American republics, and the Monroe Doctrine:

"The American Continents are not to be considered as subjects for colonization by any European power!"

This has been a veritable rock of Gibraltar in the surging tides of international diplomacy ever since, and has become one of the cherished sacred institutions of our diplomatic and political creed.

Another notable event was the beginning of the White House musical career of the Marine Band, which began with its playing at the New Year's Reception of January, 1822.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS—MARCH 5, 1821, TO MARCH 4, 1825

President—James Monroe, of Virginia.
Vice President—Daniel D. Tompkins, of New York.
Secretary of State—John Q. Adams, of Massachusetts, continued from last Administration.
Secretary of the Treasury—William H. Crawford, of Georgia, continued from last Administration.
Secretary of War—John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, continued from last Administration.
Attorney General—William Wirt, of Virginia, continued from last Administration.
Postmaster General—Return J. Meigs, Jr., of Ohio, continued from last Administration; John McLean, of Ohio, June 26, 1823.
Secretary of the Navy—Smith Thompson, of New York, continued from last Administration; John Rodgers (Commodore U. S. Navy, and President of the Board of Navy Commissioners), *ad interim*, September 1, 1823; Samuel L. Southard, of New Jersey, September 16, 1823.

CHAPTER X

ADMINISTRATION OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

ADAMS was the second President to be selected by the House of Representatives, and in the Hall of that body, later the scene of his death, he entered upon the duties of the office held, more than a quarter of a century before, by his father. Imposing scenes attended his introduction into office.

Crowds of citizens and companies of troops thronged the avenues, and strains of martial music heightened the excitement.

At noon the procession, headed by cavalry and attended by a throng, moved to the Capitol, where the United States Marine Corps received it with military honours. The galleries and lobbies of the House of Representatives were crowded with spectators, and the Hall presented a brilliant spectacle. The Diplomatic Corps was there in costume, and many officers of the army and navy were present.

Between noon and one o'clock the marshals appeared, followed by the officers of Congress, the President-elect, the venerable ex-President Monroe and his family, the Judges of the Supreme Court in official robes, and, lastly, the Senators and Representatives.

The new President read his address in a firm voice, and then, receiving from the Chief Justice a volume of the Laws of the United States, read the oath of office amid the cheers of the multitudes and salutes of artillery.

Congratulations then began to pour in from every side,

Jackson being one of the first to shake hands with his successful rival. The day closed with an inaugural ball, attended by the President, Vice President, and ex-President, and many civil, naval, and military officers.

Never was a more bitter political fight waged than that in which four presidential candidates were involved and which resulted in John Quincy Adams stepping into the Presidency twenty-eight years after his father had filled the same position.

Jackson and Crawford were strict constructionists, adhering closely to Jeffersonian teachings, while Clay and Adams were loose constructionists. Jackson favoured a protective tariff, thereby differing from Crawford.

Four candidates in one political party meant that none could get sufficient electoral votes to give him the Presidency. By the provisions of the Constitution this state of affairs threw the election into the House of Representatives, and Henry Clay, who had received the least number of electoral votes, was out of the race, the Constitution providing that the House should choose a President from the names of those who received the three highest numbers of electoral votes. Campaign badges for the first time became popular. Numbers of fancy vests, with pictures of Adams, Jackson, Clay, and Crawford were made to order so that the voter might proclaim continually his preference.

From a letter written by Jackson to a close friend, it seems that overtures were made to him by friends of Clay, offering to vote in the states controlled by Clay in the House provided Jackson would agree to make Clay Secretary of State. Jackson refused and Clay's support was thrown to John Quincy Adams, thereby materially aiding in his election to the Presidency. Adams thereupon immediately appointed Clay Secretary of State, and

Jackson and his adherents always believed this appointment was the result of an agreement between Adams and Clay before the election. Clay denied this publicly, but Jackson never believed him, and bitter enmity existed between the two men from that time on.

During all this season of election strife Mrs. Adams, wife of the Secretary of State, managed to keep sectional bitterness out of her drawing room.

Mrs. Louise Catherine Adams was a social leader. Great as her husband was, she was the attractive figure of his term. Like her mother-in-law before her, she was a forceful character. She had been born and educated in London, where her marriage occurred.

This highly accomplished lady found the home of the Presidents a vast improvement upon the great unfinished barn in which her beloved mother-in-law had endeavoured to create a home on the inadequate salary of $25,000 per year. Congress had ordered some new furniture from Paris, and the social and political conditions were of the most promising nature. The straggling city was rapidly recovering from ravages of the late war in the enjoyment of foreign and domestic peace.

Mrs. Adams's levees were famous, and her popularity of long standing. Her ball given in commemoration of Jackson's victory at New Orleans, January 8, 1824, still lives in song and story.

Descriptions of the styles of that day are most interesting. Narrow skirts, high-waisted dresses, silk gloves of elbow length fine enough to be imported in the shell of an English walnut, and ribbon-tied slippers were correct form for the belles. Hair was elaborately dressed, combed high, and ornamented with huge tortoise-shell combs, ostrich plumes, and turbans.

The beaux, among whom may be numbered Clay,

Webster, and Calhoun, were conspicuous in blue coats and breeches with gilt buttons, buff waistcoats, white neckties and high chokers, and, of course, the customary silk stockings and pumps.

General Jackson, with Mrs. Adams on his arm radiant in a dazzling gown of steel-coloured llama cloth with cut steel ornaments, was the central figure. This affair was considered the most elegant and enjoyable Washington had ever known, and with such a hostess in the White House it is not surprising that everybody went to the New Year receptions.

Ladies kept their new winter cloaks and dresses to wear first at this function. At one of these crushes General Scott had his pocket picked of $800.

While progressing, the young city was little more than a country village. A country fair was in progress where the Smithsonian grounds now are. Pennsylvania Avenue was still a mere rough roadway in which the weeds had to be cut frequently and chips of stone from the new buildings thrown into the mud holes. Water was piped into the White House from Lafayette Square, one section of which was still a graveyard. The south door was the front entrance. Adams installed a billiard room in the Mansion and refurnished the East Room so elaborately as to draw bitter criticism.

Mrs. Adams became more exclusive as mistress of the White House. She had weathered successfully, as the wife of the Secretary of State, the social gale on the precedence and calling problems, and while her affairs were less formal than the functions of Mrs. Monroe, they bore the stamp of her refinement and were the delight of the diplomats as well as of the exclusive resident set.

The customs of the times were most unique as viewed from the standpoints of to-day.

Christmas was the popular season, and the Daniel Webster punch was so much in vogue that it abounded everywhere. Christmas carols, so lately revived, were sung in the streets by the young coloured people, and everybody burned Yule logs.

Assemblies were held once a week between Christmas Day and Ash Wednesday, when all the respectable people of the city who danced were invited. Members of the Cabinet and other high officials were expected to give at least one evening party during each session of Congress.

Guests assembled about eight o'clock, the younger portion devoting themselves to dancing, while the punch bowl attracted the older ones. A piano and two violins were considered a sufficient orchestra and one of the musicians called out the figures. At ten o'clock guests were invited to supper, which was often served on the back porches. Tables were always loaded with substantial good things, and the popular dainty reception menu of to-day would never have passed muster with either hostess or guests. Quantity and variety were the order in providing the refreshments. A roast ham was usually found at one end of the tables, with a saddle of venison or some other heavy roast at the other, roast wild ducks or poultry being placed about midway. Quantities of home-baked cakes and puddings, with plenty of punch and madeira wine, were always on hand. The diplomats served champagne. Eleven o'clock was the signal for a general scramble for hats and wraps.

In June, 1826, Congress gave a fête in honour of the Marquis de Lafayette, and the last part of his visit to the United States was spent in the White House.

July 4, 1826, was a day of great rejoicing, being the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the Republic. Both Jefferson and John Adams were to participate in the

festivities, but almost at the same hour death claimed them. In the midst of the great jubilee their earthly careers were closed.

Among the events that were notable of this most eventful period was the duel between John Randolph of Roanoke and Henry Clay. Randolph turned his art of invective upon Adams for taking upon himself the prerogative of Congress in the appointment of the Commissioners of the Pan-American Congress called to assemble at Panama. This action, in the eyes of the world, committed the United States to a union of all the American republics for mutual defence and protection against the powers of the Old World. Just about this time the question of slavery forced itself as a factor into the national politics. The proposal to exclude slavery from Missouri stirred a smouldering fire of antagonism that in later years burst forth into war. This Panama proposition was another firebrand in the tinder box of public sentiment.

John Randolph of Roanoke, in his usual style in his debate upon the Pan-American question, attacked the administration, and upon its Secretary of State he turned the batteries of his merciless vituperation, reviving the old charge of a corrupt bargain between Adams and Clay.

Clay at once wrote to Randolph asking if these epithets were calculated to apply to either his private or public life. Randolph declined any explanation and Clay promptly challenged him to a duel. The challenge was speedily accepted and the meeting arranged. Outraged honour was appeased in this instance without bloodshed. Both men were poor marksmen with pistol and each failed to hit the other.

Senator Benton characterized this affair as about the

"last high-toned duel," as well as the "highest-toned" he had ever witnessed.

Adams's life up to the time he became President was rich in experiences of travel and foreign service, much of which was shared by Mrs. Adams. As United States Senator, in Jefferson's time, filling a six-year mission to Russia during Madison's term, another to Paris until the Treaty of Ghent was signed, he saw the rise and fall of Napoleon and the exile to Elba.

Then about 1815 he was sent as Minister to the Court of St. James's, and was recalled to fill the post of Secretary of State to Monroe.

In all his adventures, which were many and varied, it is certain none ever confronted him of a more unique or disturbing nature than his treatment at the hands of Anne Royall, dubbed the "Mother of Yellow Journalism," one of the picturesque figures of history. No woman of the day was more widely known, more greatly feared or cordially hated, and more persistently persecuted than this elderly woman at the peak of her career, who alone, friendless, penniless, and unknown to the newspaper world and unversed in political intriguing, by sheer courage and force of will raised the money to start a newspaper and then kept it going continuously for a quarter of a century.

She made a place for herself in the literary world by giving the public what it wanted to read: Politics, the one subject that the other papers were afraid to handle except in the most casual fashion.

Anne Royall revolutionized the press of her day. She was the pioneer in modern journalism, introducing the interview and the liberal, more intimate, personal method of handling news. Her compatriots in the capital city were such brilliant stars in the newspaper firmament as Francis Preston Blair, the able editor of the *Globe*,

Amos Kendall, John Rives, Duff Green, Joseph Gales, and William Seaton, and her methods annoyed and irritated them, but she waked them from their age-bound somnambulism and aroused them to a realization that their sleepy mortality statistics, prosy editorials, and second- and third-hand political opinions were not filling the requirements of the reading public at a time when a four-cornered election had thrown John Quincy Adams into the Presidency through the House of Representatives; when Andrew Jackson was waging his Peggy O'Neill social war on his Cabinet and society in general and also hammering Clay and Biddle on the Bank question and Calhoun on Nullification, and when all the political and economic elements of the young republic were forcing its emergence from its swaddling clothes into a full-grown nation by the most painful and disruptive means. These were the days when each political leader raged and ranted at his adversaries through the so-called pamphleteers, and when the favourite words on every tongue were "Tyranny! Anarchy! Treason!" and on every hand could be heard the whisperings of Abolition, of Slavery, and Secession!

Anne decided that she had wasted enough time in polite appeals to be received within the portals of the Executive Office and that strategy would be required, so she set herself to watch the movements of the President. Discovering his fondness for an early morning swim in the waters of the Potomac, half a mile from the Mansion, the active old lady gathered up her crinoline, her ink horn, quill pen, and roll of copy paper, and sallied forth soon after dawn one July morning determined to end the matter once for all.

The morning was balmy and the water delightful and the President, having left dressing gown and slippers

(his usual attire at this hour to his bathing beach), was disporting himself in the water all unconscious that Nemesis was on his trail—rather his clothes—until a hail from the clump of trees from which he had made his plunge into the water disclosed to his horrified gaze this elderly figure calmly seated upon his clothes with the tools of her trade ready for use.

"Come here!" she ordered in peremptory tones. Adams knew her and, knowing her, realized his doom, so he swam in until his feet rested on bottom and he was chin deep. Being a modest man who swam before the fashion of bathing suits, he could come no farther.

"What do you want?" asked the bewildered President.

"I'm Anne Royall!" snapped the old lady. "I've been trying to see you to get an interview out of you for months on the State Bank question. I have hammered at the White House and they wouldn't let me in, so I watched your movements, and this morning I stalked you from the Mansion down here. I'm sitting on your clothes and you don't get them till I get the interview! Will you give it to me or do you want to stay in there the rest of your life?"

"Let me get out and dress," choked the Chief Executive, "and I'll promise to give you the interview. Please go behind those bushes while I make my toilet."

"No, you don't!" replied Anne. "You are President of the United States and there are a good many millions of people who want to know and ought to know your opinion on this Bank question. I'm going to get it. If you try to get out and get your clothes I'll scream and I just saw three fishermen around the bend. You don't get out ahead of that interview!"

Adams was a statesman and a diplomat, and he knew when discretion was the better part of valour, so he stood

there up to his chin in the placid river, minus all clothing, and submitted to the rapid battery of questions until he had given the first interview ever given by a President of the United States. His questioner, an old lady, wrung from him what none of the papers of either New York or Philadelphia had been able to get, the administration's ideas regarding the long and bitterly fought Bank question.

A whirlwind of invective, a firebrand of indignation, a torrent of abuse, Anne Royall was keen on the scent of every bit of news, and with her ear close to the ground and her eye ever on the alert for the new stars on the horizon, she kept prodding at the big issues with her nagging, stinging little sheet, hitting alike friend and foe when the occasion arose, and when her beloved land and its safety were involved.

In the course of her remarkable career she met and talked with every man who held the Presidency, from General Washington to Abraham Lincoln, and as author and editor she interviewed every man and woman of consequence in the United States.

Unfortunate in the choice of the name of her first paper, *Paul Pry*, its career was brief, as it was constantly confused with a scandal sheet in another city. Though *Paul Pry* was of the "yellow" type and did a certain amount of muckraking, it did not blackmail as was so often charged, nor did its editor ever publish family scandals or touch the lives of women or private individuals, but it did most pitilessly flay public men in a most offensive fashion.

Corrupt officials, institutions under bad management, and political schemes, scandals, and graft were the kinds of grist for Anne's news mill that gave her the keenest thrill in grinding to the last atom.

She called down upon her head unlimited abuse for her

friendship and defence of Mrs. Margaret Eaton (Peggy O'Neill). To her attitude in this famous case was attributed the bitterness of the clergy toward her and that several of them were instrumental in bringing about her arrest and trial on three counts: as a public nuisance, as a common brawler, and as a common scold. This trial was a great farce but was of historic interest because of the fact that it was the first of its kind to be held in an Anglo-Saxon court in nearly three hundred years and because of the prominence of the people involved. More than a dozen witnesses were called, among them a group of Senators and the Librarian of Congress. At the first examination she was discharged, as there was no law in the District of Columbia by which punishment could be imposed for the alleged offence.

While there was no proof against this sharp-tongued old lady to warrant such extreme measures, Chief Justice Cranch, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, felt the pressure of public sentiment that was howling for vengeance upon this woman who had dared to call spades spades and graft and corruption by their proper names, and who Saturday after Saturday in her paper had held up to ridicule both great and small. Those who had been pilloried in her travel series, called the Black Book, were smarting from her sharp insight and shrewd wit. So the learned judge unearthed an ancient British statute which appeared to fit the case, but even after the jury of Bladensburg men brought in the verdict of guilty, the court had not the courage to introduce the ducking-stool punishment into the Capitol. But she must be punished! She had violated the conventions in entering man's field and in doing man's work. She had offended and outraged the feelings and dignity of the cloth, so she must be made to suffer. Her friends were not among the powerful, they

were mostly the poor wretches she had befriended from her slender means, so she was fined ten dollars and ordered to give a bond of two hundred dollars and keep the peace for a year.

During the course of the trial a ducking stool had been constructed at the Navy Yard by the orders of Judge Cranch, so certain was he of her conviction and the necessity for its use, and there were hosts disappointed at being deprived of the spectacle they had anticipated.

The necessary fine was paid by two young newspaper reporters on the *Intelligencer* and the bond was furnished readily enough by two prominent officials, of whom Senator Eaton was one, but the ignominy of being so humiliated seared Mrs. Royall's soul, though to age, infirmity, poverty, and the buffetings of the world she had always turned a mask of indifference. Her comments through the columns of her paper during and after the trial were too furious and bitter to be dignified. She wrote:

"Judge Cranch has a face with a good deal of the pumpkin in it. Judge Thurston is about the same age but, if possible, harder featured. He is laughter proof. He looks as if he had sat upon the rack all of his life and lived on crabapples. The other sweet morsel of a judge who looks as though he is always sitting for his portrait has a face that resembles a country road after the passage of a troop of hogs!"

When the jury gave its verdict, she turned to the marshal, remarking, "The next time I'm tried, please summon twelve tomcats instead of Bladensburg men."

Describing the witnesses against her, she said:

"Mr. O—— of the Senate came next. He looked like Satan's walking stick. Mr. S—— who followed was a good-natured simpleton. His very countenance was a

talisman to mirth. He said he hated to tell the very worst thing I had ever said.

"'We must have it,' said one of the judges, 'it is important to get at the whole truth.'

"'I was out walking one Sunday afternoon and Mrs. Royall asked me if I was not ashamed to be seen walking with them old maids.'

"'Well, perhaps they were,' commented the judge.

"'No they wasn't,' [sic] said Mr. S——, 'for one of them was my sister.'"

She described another witness thus:

"Mr. F—— is another walking stick. His hair is macaroni, his arms five feet extended, his face a sickly pale, his nose hooked between two gray goggle eyes."

The sensation that such descriptions appearing in print must have created in those days of conservatism can better be imagined than described, especially her comments upon the verdict:

"The verdict was pumpkin pie to Judge Cranch. That sweet morsel of a judge licked out his tongue. Judge Thurston looked like Mount Etna ready to erupt so displeased were they all."

Still undaunted, Anne Royall continued to hector officials, clergy, and all anti-Masonic agencies. Her methods were not all that could be desired, for it is said that when she demanded the interview, she also demanded the subscription, and if it was produced along with the desired information, in good nature, the victim was so slathered with fulsome praise that he became just as mortified as those who refused, got on the black list, and were in consequence liberally berated.

Gradually, as her strength diminished and she was not able to solicit subscriptions and interviews as energetically

as before, her paper dwindled in size to that of a pamphlet, but from the first issue until the last there was not a political battle into which she failed to dip her ready pen.

Through her exceptional educational advantages and her keen insight into human nature and the splendid knowledge of the workings of governmental affairs and political machines, Anne usually made her shots of criticism hit the mark, and her logic and common sense never failed in the solution of the difficulty.

She obtained her news by her own efforts and by personal interviews, and made regular trips to the various departments, greatly to the annoyance of their heads, and thereby gained her information by first-hand observation.

Her resourcefulness and energy were always at their height when in search of news. She fought all her life for the entire separation of Church and State, for the exposure and punishment of corrupt officials, for sound money, the establishment of public schools everywhere free of religious restrictions, Freemasonry, justice to the Indians, liberal immigration laws, Sunday mail transportation, internal improvements, territorial expansion, just tariff laws, the abolition of flogging in the navy, no nullification, states' rights regarding slavery, and free speech. Mrs. Royall was not an infidel. She believed in the Divinity of God and sought to free religious worship of sectarian lines.

On July 2, 1854, she issued her last number of the *Huntress*, shut down her desk, and died within a few days, dropping like an old wheel horse in the harness. Her last editorial is worthy of note, for with all the power of language she possessed she analyzed the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, wrote a strong message on the tariff, and among other things said:

"We trust to Heaven for these things. First that members may give us means to pay for this paper, perhaps three or four cents a member—a few of them are behindhand in their subscriptions. Our printer is a poor man. We have only thirty-one cents in the world and for the first time since we resided in this city—thirty-one years—we were unable to pay our last month's rent—six dollars. Had not our landlord been one of the best of men we should have been stript by this time. But we shall get that from our humble friends.

"Second, we pray that Washington may escape the dreadful scourge, the cholera.

"Our third prayer is [these were her last printed words] that the UNION OF THESE STATES MAY BE ETERNAL!"

Anne Royall's life from infancy to the day of her death at the age of eighty-five was mysterious and adventurous. She was born in Maryland in 1769. Her father, William Newport, reported to be the illegitimate son of Charles II, was an unusually well-educated man, and he gave his eldest daughter an education in very early childhood that was superior to that of most pioneer children. During his lifetime his family lived in better surroundings than their neighbours, as he was supplied with means from an unknown source. But after he died Anne and her mother and sister were in constant flight from the Indians. Mrs. Newport married again and shortly after was again widowed. With her small son and Anne she wandered, always in flight from Indian raids, until she finally reached Sweet Springs, Virginia. There they fell in with Captain William Royall, elderly veteran of the French wars and of the Revolution, who was so attracted to the bright little pioneer maid that he made her education his task and in later years married her in Botecourt County, Virginia. After sixteen years of sheltered luxury, Anne found herself a widow and her husband's relatives con-

testing his will which left her practically all of his estate. For ten years this litigation continued and the case was finally decided against her and she was deprived of all her property, the legality of the marriage being the point of contest.

While the lawsuit was in progress Mrs. Royall, accompanied by three servants, travelled most luxuriously through the South and gathered material which comprised her first book, which she wrote when confronted with the question of earning her living.

Coming to Washington with a view to applying for a pension, she got as far as Alexandria when her funds gave out. There an old friend, M. H. Clagett, proprietor of the old City Hotel of that city, took her in and installed her as an honoured guest of the house for the winter, during which time she prepared her book for the press.

Her pension case dragged along through one technicality after another even after Congress declared her marriage valid, until her eightieth birthday, when it was settled in a lump sum of $1,200 cash. Because of the many debts that had accumulated, Anne got three dollars out of the amount, and her companion, Mrs. Sallie Stack, who lived with her for years, got seven. So went their dreams of provision for their last days, and once again the gallant spare little figure started her rounds begging subscriptions to keep her paper going and the very threatening wolf from the door, and for five more strenuous years she put up a valiant fight for the right to live, to think, and to speak, and finally after a career unmatched by that of any woman of her land, she found an unmarked grave in old Congressional Cemetery.

During this administration the first railroad in the United States was built. Up to this time only the most primitive modes of transportation were known. Every

official of the Government from the President down to the humblest clerk and labourer who came to contribute his talents and his services to affairs in the young capital, had to reach it either by stagecoach, horseback, rowboat, sailboat, or by walking. These were the accepted modes of travel, and even the aggressive spirit of progress motivating the young republic had not as yet produced any speedier means of locomotion. However, the mind of man had long been groping for a solution to the time-consuming, wearying succession of delays that seemed the inevitable accompaniment of any journey, no matter how short. Two weeks were often required to make the trip to New York because of the muddy swollen streams and bad roads to be encountered.

Difficult indeed to appreciate, from the luxury of the present-day express trains, the palatial comforts of the ocean liners, and the swift river steamers, are the privations, dangers, and hardships endured by our forbears in their pursuits of business or pleasure by travel.

Notable were the first attempts at railroads, and the United States fell in line close behind Great Britain in railway building, and as soon as George Stephenson's *Rocket*, the first locomotive to make its appearance with its initial trip on September 25, 1825, was found to be a success, three engines were ordered from England. These were the *Stourbridge Lion*, the *De Witt Clinton*, and the *John Bull*.

In the meantime various experiments were made to establish railways with horse-drawn cars. The first of these was three miles long and was constructed near Quincy, Massachusetts, in 1827. It was a great curiosity with its granite sleepers, pine rails, and clumsy horse-drawn cars.

Close upon its heels in the same year came the more

ambitious affair built for a stretch of nine miles from the mines near Mauch Chunk to the Lehigh River in Pennsylvania. On this an inclined plane was arranged by means of which, from the summit of the road, half a mile from the mines, the loaded cars descended by gravity to the river and were hauled up again by mules. These rails were also of wood strapped on wooden sleepers by iron bars.

The next year, 1828, saw the epoch-marking event in railroading, for the Baltimore & Ohio constructed its work, the first of its kind to attract national attention and the first actually to be able to operate. A company was formed to promote the project of connecting the waters of the East with those of the West (the West at that time meaning the Mississippi River) and a charter was obtained.

The corner stone of the new road was laid with most elaborate ceremonies on July 4, 1828, when the venerable patriot, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, laid the stone. He is reported to have remarked on this occasion:

"I consider this among the most important events of my life, second only to my signing the Declaration of Independence, if even it be second to that."

The road so auspiciously started was completed in 1852 with its Western terminus in Wheeling.

In connection with the history of the pioneer railroads it is interesting to note that in their first plans there was no idea of steam locomotives, horses and mules being the logical motive power. These were hitched to the front end or else placed inside the car where they worked a treadmill.

Still another effort to expedite movement called for the use of ship sails. The sailing cars were most uncertain,

as they required a stiff gale to start them and would run only when there was a stiff wind behind them. Head winds were disastrous, so that the "sailing on land" could be safely made only when the wind happened to be in the right direction.

The Charleston *Courier* of March 20, 1830, gives the following account of one of these sailing trips on its road which had been built between Hamburg and Charleston, for a stretch of 136 miles:

"A sail was set on a car on our railroad yesterday afternoon in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. Fifteen gentlemen got on board and flew off at the rate of twelve to fourteen miles an hour.

"The preparations for sailing were very hastily made and of course were not of the best kind, but owing to this circumstance the experiment afforded high sport. The wind blew very fresh from about northeast which, as a sailor would say, was 'abeam' and would drive the car either way with equal speed.

"When going about twelve miles an hour and loaded with fifteen passengers, the mast went by the board with the sail and rigging attached, carrying with them several of the crew. The wreck was descried by several friendly shipmasters, who kindly rendered assistance in rigging a jury mast and the car was again put under way.

"During the afternoon the wind changed so as to bring it nearly head on when going in one direction but this did not stop the sport as it was ascertained that the car would sail within four points of the wind. We understand it is intended by some of our seamen to rig a car properly, to exhibit their skill in managing a vessel on land."

The ridicule which these clumsy affairs called forth was nothing in comparison to the avalanche of scorn and criticism which descended upon Peter Cooper, the inventor of the first steam locomotive, which he called *Tom Thumb*.

Repeated and extreme efforts were made to discredit such a "fool contraption," as it was dubbed, and one of these devised by the firm holding the contract to haul the railway cars on the Baltimore & Ohio to and from Ellicott City was a race staged between *Tom Thumb* with a car, and one of the regular hauling horses with a car. This amusing event took place in August, 1830, and is described by one of the papers of the day at great length.

At Relay House, the iron monster and the handsome gray horse started even and then for a time, according to the stories of eye-witnesses, the horse began to gain. This was reasonable, as *Tom Thumb* had to wait until the rotation of the wheels could get the blower to work. When the horse was a good quarter of a mile ahead, the locomotive got up plenty of steam and soon passed it. However, just as that happened a pulley slipped from the drum and very quickly the engine was in serious trouble. Mr. Cooper, who was his own engineer on this occasion, soon repaired the mishap, but the time consumed gave the gray horse the victory. *Tom Thumb*, though the first engine built in this country, was intended only for experimental purposes and not for real hauling service. It was more like a toy in size but could run eighteen miles an hour and pull forty people.

The first honours for passenger service belong to the South Carolina road for an engine called the *Best Friend of Charleston*, built in New York City. Close upon this New York State came into line with the *De Witt Clinton* and this event truly marked the end of horse power, for the construction of railroads and the building of locomotives as an actual business began with the construction of the *Ironsides* in Philadelphia in 1832.

Executive Officers—March 4, 1825, to March 4, 1829

President—John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts.
Vice President—John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina.
Secretary of State—Daniel Brent (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, March 4, 1825; Henry Clay, of Kentucky, March 7, 1825.
Secretary of the Treasury—Samuel L. Southard, of New Jersey (Secretary of the Navy), *ad interim*, March 7, 1825; Rich Rush, of Pennsylvania, March 7, 1825.
Secretary of War—James Barbour, of Virginia, March 7, 1825; Samuel L. Southard, of New Jersey (Secretary of the Navy), *ad interim*, May 26, 1828; Peter B. Porter, of New York, May 26, 1828.
Attorney General—William Wirt of Virginia, continued from last Administration.
Postmaster General—John McLean, of Ohio, continued from last Administration.
Secretary of the Navy—Samuel L. Southard, of New Jersey, continued from last Administration.

CHAPTER XI

FIRST ADMINISTRATION OF ANDREW JACKSON

THE first inauguration of General Andrew Jackson, the hero of two wars and the idol of the people, was favoured with the fairest and balmiest of spring weather.

Large crowds thronged the streets and avenues leading to the Capitol. Campaign banners, hats, vests, and the fearful and wonderful "Jackson Calico," all bearing Jackson's features, added to the festive appearance. Cheering seemed almost involuntary, as though the people could not sufficiently express their joy over the victory of their favourite whose defeat they had mourned four years before.

Jackson was literally catapulted into the White House on the surge of popular favour. Before Adams had served a year in the Presidency, the Legislature of Tennessee unanimously endorsed General Jackson as the next incumbent of that office.

Excitement ran high during the election period, and one old newspaper account gives a peculiarly primitive incident as an illustration of the extent to which Jackson partisanship permeated the entire state. A traveller in going through one of the towns discovered great excitement and confusion, since practically the entire male population were on a man hunt for two of their number with the avowed intention of giving them a coat of tar and feathers because they had failed to cast their votes for Jackson. This offence was particularly heinous in view of the fact that the town fathers had decreed that its vote should be unanimous.

The fine weather and the fact that General Jackson was the first President to be inaugurated on the eastern portico of the restored Capitol combined to draw great crowds to the scene.

He was escorted from Gadsby's, now the National Hotel, by his comrades of the Revolution, amidst wild and steady cheering.

After he had given his inaugural address and taken the oath of office, administered by Chief Justice Marshall, he led his admiring followers to the White House. There, in their eagerness to gain admission, the crowd soon became an unmanageable rabble, creating scenes that were the scandal of the country. They demolished furniture, windows, carpets, draperies, and woodwork to the extent of several thousand dollars' damage. Many who managed to squeeze their way into the rooms, or who were carried in with the rush, had to climb out of the windows.

The President was treated to a full measure of this type of greeting for he was so pushed, pressed, and jostled that some of his soldier comrades had to form a barrier of their bodies to protect him from being literally crushed.

For this levee refreshments had been provided for 20,000, but because of the mob spirit that characterized the assemblage, these could not be served with any sort of order. Punch and lemonade were carried out on to the lawns in tubs and buckets and in the struggle and scramble for them the gathering quickly resolved itself into a fighting mob.

Judge Story, an Adams supporter, described the events of the day as follows:

"I never saw such a mixture. The reign of King Mob seemed triumphant. I was glad to escape from the scene as soon as possible.

"Jackson's inaugural address, which was ingeniously

vague, glanced at international improvements, touched favourably on the tariff, hinted at changes in office, and styled a patriotic militia, 'the bulwark of our defence and the impenetrable ægis of American Liberty!'"

General Jackson, known to his soldiers as "Old Hickory," came to the White House saddened by the death of his wife just three months before, under circumstances that accentuated his grief. He therefore had but little heart for ceremonials, but felt that his official obligations should outweigh all personal inclinations, so he permitted the festivities to go on, delegating the duties of mistress of the Mansion to Mrs. Emily Donelson, wife of Andrew Jackson Donelson, Mrs. Jackson's nephew and his adopted son, who served as his private secretary.

Among the old manuscripts, rich in historical information, the property of Mrs. Donelson's granddaughter, Miss Mary R. Wilcox, of Washington, there is a girlish letter written by this young mistress of the President's Mansion to her mother, giving an account of the journey from Nashville. It is dated "Steamboat, Pennsylvania, January 29," and is as follows:

"My dearest Mother:

"I gladly embrace this first opportunity that I have had to write since I left you. Andrew wrote to Papa from Louisville, and I suppose you will hear from us before this reaches you. I scarcely need tell you that we have been on one continual round since we started. At Louisville and every place where we have stopped, numbers crowded to see Uncle, but at Cincinnati I never saw anything to equal the crowd. We were met by two steamboats which were lashed to our boat, and in this manner we approached the city, amid the firing of cannon and the shouts of the people who literally lined the banks. He was conducted to the Hotel, which was crowded with visitors until we left at 10 o'clock at night.

"Uncle's health is much the same as it was when we left home, excepting that he complains of pains in the limbs and particularly in his right hand, owing to his shaking hands with so many. Our situation on the steamboat is not as pleasant as I anticipated. The cabin is so crowded and is so close and confined that the least exposure is apt to give one cold. I have had a very bad one. It is getting better now. Almost every one on board this morning was complaining. Jackson was not at all well this morning; he seems to have taken a bad cold. I had him vaccinated in Cincinnati, as there were several cases of smallpox there, and I was fearful lest by accident he would get it. Mary has enjoyed herself very much and is surrounded with beaux.

"You must not make yourself unhappy about us, my dear mother. We expect to arrive at Wheeling tomorrow, and we will travel from there to Washington by land, which I hope will cure the colds. It will be my greatest happiness that you both enjoy your health. Give my love to Papa and all my friends, and accept, my dear mother, the assurances of the devoted love of your affectionate daughter,

"E. DONELSON."

Mrs. Donelson's dress at the first inaugural ball is still preserved among the historic costumes of the Museum. It is of amber satin, brocaded in bunches of rosebuds and violets and elaborately trimmed in lace and pearls. It was the gift of General Jackson.

President Jackson was without doubt the most democratic of all of the Presidents. He was in reality the people's President. He made it a rule to stand and shake hands as long as there were any left in line or until he was exhausted. The East Room was always crowded at all of his receptions with a strange mixture of the aristocracy and the masses.

All during the first term the receptions were unusually well attended. Jackson reverted to Jeffersonian sim-

plicity without having that gentleman's exclusiveness and reserve to serve as a buffer between him and the curious throng. Great ridicule and endless criticism were poured forth on the head of the nation and his methods of handling his social problems. One account has left this striking picture:

"At one moment one was knocked against the wall by a sturdy hack driver and his fat spouse, and at the next pressed by a lovely creature under the protection of a foreign minister; at one moment the scent of eau de cologne and attar of roses deliciously inhaled, and the next the smell of garlic and the odour of brimstone assailed the olfactories."

Sir Charles Vaughn, British Minister, rolled up in his carriage at one of these levees, intending to pay his respects to the President; but he saw such a crowd of all sorts and descriptions pushing its way into the Executive Mansion that he cried out roughly to his coachman to drive home, adding disgustedly, "This is too —— democratic for me."

President Jackson's administration stands out so conspicuously in history for the radical policies inaugurated and the epochal events that transpired under his leadership that to gain any logical degree of understanding or appreciation of the significance of his régime, some knowledge of the early life and antecedents of this remarkable man are necessary.

"Old Hickory," so termed by his soldiers for his contempt of all discomfort and physical needs, brought to the Presidency the most unique and virile personality of any of our earlier Presidents. So remarkable was his political power and so vigorous his character that his influence even to-day serves as a traditional standard bearer for

MRS. MARGARET EATON (PEGGY O'NEILL) LATE IN LIFE

The pretty daughter of a tavern-keeper, she had served her father's patrons in the tavern. As the wife of Major J. H. Eaton, Secretary of War in Jackson's first Cabinet, she was ostracized by social Washington. Some of the results of this social tempest were the dissolution of the Cabinet, the danger of disruption of the Democratic party, a threatened rupture with a foreign power, and much other bitterness.

members of his political faith to measure their loyalty and integrity.

Born of humble Scotch-Irish parentage in Waxhaw Settlement shortly after his father's death, his greatest legacy was the teaching and example of his heroic mother, who died serving her country, after securing the release of her two young sons held as prisoners of war by the British for participation in the Revolution. Andrew was but thirteen and the scars of his wounds, incurred in rousing the ire of his captors, he carried to his death. With this baptism of fire and sorrow he grew into manhood a product of one of the strange transitional periods in our national life and standards. Left homeless and orphaned at the age of fifteen, having lost two brothers in the war, it is easy to trace in his development the qualities which made him master of his fortune. Rough, fearless frontiersman, each step in his career was an ascent on the ladder of his aspiration.

Mounting steadily, through rigid honesty and close application to such educational advantages as he could obtain, from saddler to President of the United States, being, successively, storekeeper, school teacher, constable, lawyer, prosecuting attorney, judge, soldier, congressman, governor of Tennessee, general and victor of several campaigns, each vocation added to his versatility, but took nothing away from the primitive nature of the man whose word was his bond, whose reverence for womanhood amounted to a religion, yet who held life so cheaply and honour so dear that mutiny met short shrift and his skill as a duellist made him a master of the art. His favourite pastime found its expression in all forms of gambling.

Domineering and impetuous, Jackson's will gave him power to defy his party, whip his state into obedience, and to launch with piratical boldness a spoils system which

turned about two thousand people out of office and inoculated all succeeding administrations for nearly half a century with the virus—"To the victors belong the spoils!"

Ruling supreme, brooking no interference nor tolerating opposition to his wishes, Jackson yet met his Waterloo early in his presidential career in the social rebellion which broke over his head when he sought to force social recognition from the wives of his cabinet members for Mrs. Eaton, wife of Major J. H. Eaton, his Secretary of War.

Mrs. Eaton was the pretty daughter of a tavern-keeper, and prior to her marriage to a naval paymaster named Timberlake had served her father's patrons in the tavern. Her husband later committed suicide. The opposition of the ladies of the official circle of Washington drew to her President Jackson's interest and avowed protection because of the lifetime of suffering which had been Mrs. Jackson's cross and which had caused her death.

In his early twenties, when he first went to Tennessee, he found lodgings in the home of Mrs. John Donelson and Mr. and Mrs. Robards, her daughter and son-in-law. Shortly after Jackson became a member of the household, as a boarder. Robards, always morose and suspicious, became intensely jealous of the newcomer's evident pleasure in his wife's society. As soon as he sensed the situation, Jackson found himself another boarding place, but this did not remedy matters as Robards left his wife and applied to the Virginia Legislature for an act preliminary to divorce.

Rumours of this action reached Mrs. Robards in such form as to convince her that the divorce had already been completed. Consequently she and Jackson were speedily married.

Owing to their being in the heart of the wilderness and surrounded by Indians they did not learn for two years, as

there was no means of established communication, that they had married prematurely. Immediately upon this discovery and with it the definite proof that the divorce had just been granted, they were at once remarried. But the mistake was the source of endless sorrow and annoyance to them both.

Jackson's political enemies circulated slanderous stories with such persistence that the gossip about the premature marriage became common talk. Soon after her husband's election, while resting in a hotel in Nashville, where great celebrations were in progress, Mrs. Jackson overheard the most offensive version of her early sorrow, and the knowledge that she was thus being pilloried in scorn by utter strangers was such a shock that it precipitated an illness that resulted in her death a few hours later.

Jackson admired and revered her to an unusual degree. He carried a pistol for thirty years in defence of her good name and had fought more than one duel to avenge some slight to her. He treasured her memory in like proportion, for he wore crêpe for her for seventeen years and carried her miniature about his neck until his death. Believing her an innocent victim of malicious gossip, with her death so fresh in his mind, he became at once the avowed avenger of Peggy O'Neill Eaton, toward whom he felt that society of the capital was cruel and unjust because of her humble origin. He also believed that her enemies were his political opponents trying to discredit his administration by discrediting a member of his official family.

This social cyclone was the first and the last of its kind, as never before or since has society ostracized the wife of a cabinet officer, thereby affronting alike the administration, President, Cabinet as a whole, as well as the member himself.

The details of the Peggy Eaton affair would fill volumes

and the story has been told and re-told from every angle, so that only the results need be recounted here. The most serious outcome of this tempest in the social teapot was the dissolution of the first Jackson Cabinet, the danger of party disruption, a threatened rupture with a foreign power, the bitter dissension of the entire Cabinet, to say nothing of the individual effect. The old-time enmity between the brilliant Clay and Jackson was intensified, since to the latter the President imputed the instigation of the whole trouble as a Whig move against his party. It brought about closer relations between Jackson and Van Buren and crystallized the attitude of his own family into open defiance on the part of Mrs. Donelson, which sent her back to Tennessee as the penalty for refusing to recognize Mrs. Eaton.

Not even Jackson's indomitable will could stand against a united revolt, and the total eclipse of General and Mrs. Eaton's social and official career with their departure from Washington was inevitable.

Jackson, super-tensed to spot and avenge injustice, had at once put all of his lawyer's skill to work on the facts in Mrs. Eaton's case and virtually tore to shreds all the evidence against her—all except mere rumour—which in her case was all-sufficient to damn her.

To add fuel to the scorching flames of dissension, Anne Royall, who had been keeping all officialdom on the tenter-hooks with her *Paul Pry* journal, took upon herself the duty of vindicating Mrs. Eaton.

Out of it all came finally a frigid neutrality and a second term for "Old Hickory," and Mrs. Donelson's return.

It then being the policy of Presidents to have a regular party paper or organ at the capital, Jackson persuaded Francis Preston Blair, of Kentucky, to come to Washington to be the editor of the Washington *Globe*, the Demo-

cratic organ. The other paper then flourishing was the *National Intelligencer*, of the opposing faction.

Blair was a firm believer in Jacksonian doctrines. He therefore accepted the editorship and purchased the home of former Surgeon General Lovell, just across the street, which was sold at auction with all its fittings to settle the estate. Soon the Blair family was established there—that is, all but one: General Jackson would not hear of the little eight-year-old daughter being kept at home, on account of the dampness of the cellar, so at his request she was installed in the White House along with the Donelson children, all four of whom were born in the Mansion.

With Blair's arrival at the capital the close intimacy between him and Jackson began which continued in mutual understanding and admiration throughout life.

It was to Blair that Jackson turned oftenest, and to him he left his hogshead of papers, private and public, so that his staunch friend could clear his memory of many of the calumnies heaped upon him in life. These papers, most of them, are now in the Library of Congress, to which they were given by Mr. Blair's sons.

Blair Mansion, 1651 Pennsylvania Avenue, started, under Lovell, its marvellous career of national importance, and for fifty years afterward it was the popular rendezvous of statesmen, soldiers, politicians, and literary and professional celebrities, and is more closely identified with the real political history of the nation than any other private dwelling in the national capital. It contains today more mementoes of "Old Hickory" than perhaps any other private home outside of the Hermitage.

Among the fads that made their appearance and attained popularity during the Jacksonian régime was the glider, the ancestor of the present-day bicycle. Constructed of two wheels similar to buggy wheels, connected

by an iron frame with a saddle between, it presented a strong resemblance to the most popular form of the modern machine, with the difference that the ancient glider had no pedals or propelling gear.

This odd device was constructed in 1816 by Baron von Drais, as a means of transporting him about the vast estates of the Grand Duke of Baden, to whom he was chief forester. This contrivance became established in several countries under various names and reached the United States about 1830.

The clumsiness of the machine and its absence of all operating apparatus were no drawback to its use by our forbears, as those who adopted it had not learned to manipulate anything more intricate that required their propelling themselves with their feet off the ground. To ride this proficiently all that was necessary was to get astride the saddle attached to the frame between the two wheels and pinioned on a spring shaft of about two inches play, walk rapidly along until a good start was obtained, then by lifting the feet from the ground, get the benefit of the momentum and roll along until the awkward thing began to sway and falter, when the feet would have to go down and another running start made followed by the consequent glide or coast.

This became a favourite mode of travel between plantations, and the beaux and gallants would array themselves in their brass-buttoned and befrilled finery and mount their gliders and scurry along the roads, leaving the ponderous coaches far behind. After becoming expert they could easily maintain a speed of ten miles an hour.

The fate of this contraption was virtually sealed by a jest and it literally died overnight when it was dubbed "Dandy Horse" by an envious wag of the day. For nearly half a century it and its contemporaries were con-

signed to oblivion, and then it once more blossomed forth in the various models with which this generation is familiar.

Executive Officers—March 4, 1829, to March 4, 1833

President—Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee.

Vice President—John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina (resigned December 28, 1832); President *pro tempore* of Senate, Hugh Lawson White, of Tennessee.

Secretary of State—James A. Hamilton, of New York, *ad interim*, March 4, 1829; Martin Van Buren, of New York, March 6, 1829; Edward Livingston, of Louisiana, May 24, 1831.

Secretary of the Treasury—Samuel D. Ingham, of Pennsylvania, March 6, 1829; Asbury Dickins (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, June 21, 1831; Louis McLane, of Delaware, August 8, 1831.

Secretary of War—John H. Eaton, of Tennessee, March 9, 1829; Philip G. Randolph (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, June 20, 1831; Roger B. Taney, of Maryland (Attorney General), *ad interim*, July 21, 1831; Lewis Cass, of Ohio, August 1, 1831.

Attorney General—John M. Berrien, of Georgia, March 9, 1829; Roger B. Taney, of Maryland, July 20, 1831.

Postmaster General—John McLean, of Ohio, continued from last Administration; William T. Barry, of Kentucky, March 9, 1829.

Secretary of the Navy—Charles Hay (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, March 4, 1829; John Branch, of North Carolina, March 9, 1829; John Boyle (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, May 13, 1831; Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire, May 23, 1831.

CHAPTER XII

SECOND ADMINISTRATION OF ANDREW JACKSON

OF THE second inauguration of Andrew Jackson but little is recorded. As the last important act of his first term had been to veto the bill to recharter the United States Bank, his opponents fondly believed that his political career had received its death blow from his own hand. Friends and foes were alike pleased, the latter because they were satisfied that his reëlection was impossible.

However, no one, not even the most devoted sanguine Jacksonian follower, would have prophesied the outcome of the election as it really happened when he won on a vote of 219 of the 288 electoral votes—seventy-four above a majority. This was the bitterest pill an unkind fate could ever have provided for the Nullificationists and Calhoun.

As President Jackson was extremely feeble and infirm in body, though his mental powers were as keen as in his best years, the second inaugural ceremonies were very simple, there being neither military display nor parade.

Chief Justice Marshall administered the oath of office for the last time. General Jackson reversed the order of procedure as previously followed by taking the oath before reading his address.

Though a constant sufferer from an irritating cough and attacks of bleeding from the lungs, which exhausted him more and more as he grew older, he never permitted his

View of Washington, D. C., in 1830, taken from a point opposite the Navy Yard. As the city appeared in Jackson's administration. Earliest known picture of the capital city.

physical infirmities to weaken his grasp on his responsibilities, as he ably proved in quelling the turbulent Nullification storm, when he forced his native state to understand that he meant his famous toast—"The Federal Union it shall be preserved!" and also in the deliberate care with which he worked for the election of Van Buren as his successor.

An illustration of his ability to wield the sceptre over his own Cabinet, who have been called mere figureheads, is found in the following incident.

A certain navy captain, Isaac Phillips by name, had been dismissed from the service during the administration of John Adams, for permitting the commander of a British frigate to muster his crew on the deck of the American sloop of war, which Phillips commanded, for the purpose of impressing British subjects. Captain Phillips and his friends had always insisted that his dismissal was unjust, and to President Jackson he applied for an appointment as a navy agent at Baltimore.

"But there is no vacancy," said the President.

"The man who has it has held it many years," was the plea of the applicant.

"That proves him worthy of confidence," replied Jackson.

"But he is rich and does not need the office," protested Phillips.

"Then he has no inducement to be dishonest," quietly commented the President.

Feeling that he was making no headway, the applicant made a desperate effort to influence the President in his behalf.

"I have an aged wife," he said in a low voice. "We are fast declining into the valley of the shadow of death in wretched poverty; this little office would give us the

comforts of life and smooth our downward path to the tomb."

President Jackson meditated a few minutes, then laid aside his ever-present pipe, called for writing materials, and wrote a note which he handed to his caller, saying, "Here is an order for your appointment. Take it to the Secretary of the Navy. If this little office is not necessary to the comfort of its possessor and will make yourself and your aged wife happy, you shall have it."

Secretary Branch read the note but told the applicant that it was too late, that political friends of the administration had recommended the appointment of James Bealty to this office; that the nomination had already been sent to the Senate and he would not recall it.

Captain Phillips returned to the President with this news.

"He won't recall it?" stormed Jackson. "Then, by the Eternal, I will! Mr. Secretary (addressing his private secretary), fill up a nomination for Captain Isaac Phillips, carry it at once to the Senate Chamber, recall the nomination of James Bealty, and substitute the one for Isaac Phillips."

A few days later, Captain Phillips received his commission and calling at the Navy Department for instruction, returned to express his gratitude.

"You owe me nothing, sir," said the Secretary. "I did all in my power to prevent your appointment, but General Jackson rules in all and over all."

Another story which is recounted to all sightseers who comment on the location of the Treasury Department in Washington in relation to the White House is to the effect that the General, always noted for his activity and his impatience over dilatory action of any sort, had become rather irritated at the slowness in the rebuilding of the Treasury, which was destroyed for the third time by fire

during the thirty years since Washington became the capital, the last occasion being during the régime of John Quincy Adams, when that gentleman organized and directed the work of the bucket brigade in their efforts to control the flames.

While out walking one day General Jackson observed Clark Mills, the architect in charge of the work, measuring the land. His deliberation and the painstaking methods he employed completely exasperated the old warrior President, and suddenly he slammed down his hickory cane, exclaiming:

"By the Eternal, right here I want the corner stone!" His word was law and the corner stone was placed upon the spot he marked. The cane is still one of the treasured mementoes in the Blair family, since the General gave it to the distinguished editor of the *Globe* as a keepsake.

Jackson's popularity never waned, and even after his retirement from public life he was the dictator of his party.

One of the strangest functions ever held in the Executive Mansion was arranged when a devoted follower of Jacksonian rule, Colonel Meecham of New York, decided to translate his admiration into pounds of cheese that should surpass in size and quality the one the farmers of Massachusetts had sent to President Jefferson.

Accordingly a mammoth cheese weighing fourteen hundred pounds (Jefferson's tipped the scales at seven hundred and fifty pounds) arrived in 1836 at the White House. It was decked with roses and presented to General Jackson and then put away to ripen. After a year had passed President Jackson sent out an official announcement that the cheese would be cut on February 22, 1837, and the citizens were invited to come to the Palace from one to three to test the flavour of the cheese.

That communication started the excitement. The

Washington *Sun*, one of the local papers of the period, remarked editorially that "although there has been considerable excitement of late, the abolition excitement, the Texas excitement—the cheese excitement is the greatest of all."

This affair was in reality a farewell reception, if it might so be called, for within two weeks Van Buren was installed as Chief Executive.

Early in the morning the city started its march to the White House. Vehicles of all sorts, shapes, and conditions were pressed into service. Crowds from Alexandria, Baltimore, and surrounding towns who had heard of it came pouring in. The Senate caught the spirit and adjourned but the House decided that to do so was incompatible with the dignity of the body.

The scene at the White House beggared all description, and was novel beyond any comparison. Corridors were slippery with cheese, carpets and furniture were sticky with cheese ground into them by the tread of many feet. And all of the surging, scrambling throngs with knives, forks, spoons, and fingers that fought their way through with their hunks of the redolent cheese added their crumbs to the mass under foot until the floor coverings were slippery with it and absolutely ruined.

For hours men, women, and children, white and black, trooped in and slashed at the cheese, carrying away great hunks, until virtually all that remained was the scattered and trodden fragments.

The President mingled with the crowds and apparently enjoyed watching the distribution of this gigantic cheese four feet in diameter and two feet thick which bore the inscription, "For the Greatest and the Best."

It is said that Vice President Van Buren, who so soon took up the reins of government as successor to "Old

Hickory," and who was present at the "cheese excitement," was so disgusted with the condition of things and the conduct of the crowds that he decided forthwith that under his régime refreshment on such a scale should be abandoned at public functions.

One of the interesting visitors to our country during this administration was Harriet Martineau, the famous writer on political economy. She found much of interest during her stay of two years and wrote extensively of her observations. She found at that time but seven vocations open to women. At the outbreak of the late World War there were but nine of the 314 recognized vocations of men closed to women. During the war the barriers that raised the nine exceptions were swept away.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS—MARCH 4, 1833, TO MARCH 4, 1837

President—Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee.
Vice President—Martin Van Buren, of New York.
Secretary of State—Edward Livingston, of Louisiana, continued from last Administration; Louis McLane, of Delaware, May 29, 1833; John Forsyth, of Georgia, June 27, 1834.
Secretary of Treasury—Louis McLane, of Delaware, continued from last Administration; William J. Duane, of Pennsylvania, May 29, 1833; Roger B. Taney, of Maryland, September 23, 1833; McClintock Young (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, June 25, 1834; Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire, June 27, 1834.
Secretary of War—Lewis Cass, of Ohio, continued from last Administration; Carey A. Harris, of Tennessee (Commissioner of Indian Affairs), *ad interim*, October 5, 1836; Benjamin F. Butler, of New York (Attorney General), *ad interim*, October 26, 1836; Benjamin F. Butler, of New York, commissioned March 3, 1837, *ad interim*.
Attorney General—Roger B. Taney, of Maryland, continued from last Administration; Benjamin F. Butler, of New York, November 15, 1833.
Postmaster General—William T. Barry, of Kentucky, continued from last Administration; Amos Kendall, of Kentucky, May 1, 1835.
Secretary of the Navy—Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire, continued from last Administration; Mahlon Dickerson, of New Jersey, June 30, 1834.

CHAPTER XIII

ADMINISTRATION OF MARTIN VAN BUREN

MARTIN VAN BUREN, Jackson's protégé, entered into the Presidency March 4, 1837.

Accompanied by the infirm retiring President, who arose from a sick bed to go with him, he rode to the Capitol in the handsome coach, made from the timbers of the old frigate *Constitution*, which had been presented to General Jackson and which he took with him to the Hermitage, as well as the unique bark-covered hickory chariot, also the gift of admiring friends.

The day being fine—always an unusual bit of good luck for an inauguration day—a huge throng of visitors and citizens was assembled along Pennsylvania Avenue and at the Capitol.

The inaugural address was read from the east portico, after Chief Justice Taney had given the oath of office. Upon the conclusion of this, salutes were fired and the military escort, consisting of a troop of dragoons and two companies of infantry, which had accompanied the party from the Palace, escorted them back again amidst the usual cheering. "Old Hickory," unlike some of his predecessors and many of his successors, enjoyed this formal laying down of his eight-year burden of executive care. He wanted Van Buren to follow him, and as he was then, and for a number of years after, his party's dictator, he had his wish.

Contrary to the actions of other retiring chiefs, he did not at once leave the city, but remained at the Palace as Van Buren's guest for about two weeks.

Immediately upon the arrival of the presidential party at the Mansion, a levee was held and a great pushing, scrambling crowd attended, to go away more or less disappointed since no refreshments were served then or at any of the few functions given for the public at large afterward.

At four o'clock the President received the congratulations of the Diplomatic Corps in a special audience.

In the evening there were two balls, both very splendid affairs. The one attended by President Van Buren was held at Carusi's Hall and was by far the most elegant function of its type held up to that date. Here the beauty and fashion of the city foregathered to celebrate the great four-year installation of the nation's chief. About nine-thirty, the President with the heads of the departments arrived. In order that the crowds could see him and that each who desired it might shake hands and extend personal good wishes, he took his stand on a raised platform placed at one end of the room.

An elaborate and plentiful banquet had been provided with an abundance of champagne, which in a measure compensated the visitors attending the ball for some of their discomforts in lodging facilities.

Hotel conditions in Washington at that period and for many years afterward were far from being adequate to accommodate inaugural crowds.

In addition to being herded like cattle into all kinds of places to sleep with the poorest of excuses for bedding, exorbitant prices were charged for the privilege.

General Jackson did not attend the ball and the new President did not remain long after he had greeted the company.

Van Buren had been a widower for a number of years, so he moved into the Palace with only his four sons, and, as none of them was then married, the social activities

were exceedingly dull without the presence of a lady in the bachelor household.

The new President was no sooner installed than he began a thorough renovation and systematic cleaning and refurnishing of the Mansion. Being possessed of the most luxurious tastes and refined and cultured to a marked degree, he determined to bring the appearance of the residence up to his own ideas of what was suitable to the home of the President of the United States. At the same time, he was preparing the establishment for the new mistress, who was to come to preside for him close upon her marriage to his eldest son, Major Abraham Van Buren, a graduate of West Point, who was filling the post of private secretary to his father. The President looked upon this marriage with great pleasure, as Miss Angelica Singleton had won his admiration when she first came to visit her relative, Mrs. Dolly Madison, and by that charming leader of fashion had been introduced to President Jackson and his official family.

Miss Singleton was the daughter of Richard Singleton, a wealthy planter of South Carolina, of aristocratic family, and had been given unusual advantages of education, having attended Madame Greland's fashionable seminary in Philadelphia.

Already famous for her beauty and grace, Miss Singleton charmed everyone with her accomplishments and soon became a reigning belle, and Major Van Buren had many rivals. However, he outstripped them all and married the lady of his choice at her own home within the year of their meeting.

In addition to her own claims to social leadership of the most exclusive circles, young Mrs. Van Buren had an asset that few of the first ladies of the land were fortunate enough to command—the sponsorship, guidance, and

MRS. ANGELICA VAN BUREN

Daughter-in-law of President Van Buren, and a relative of Mrs. Dolly Madison. Famous for her beauty and grace, she was admirably fitted to direct the social career of the White House, for her linguistic abilities put her at great advantage with the diplomats, by one of whom she was pronounced "fit to grace any court of Europe." But notwithstanding her graciousness and tactful efforts to make friends, she came in for a great deal of criticism, particularly after her return from a trip to Europe, when she was charged with attempting to establish court airs and customs. The greatest offences were given by the wearing of three large feathers in her hair, receiving her guests seated in an armchair on a raised platform, and wearing a long-trained purple velvet gown at several of her levees.

prestige of Dolly Madison, whose popularity and fame kept pace with her years.

It is small wonder that President Van Buren, who had so long mourned his helpmate, threw all his energies into making the White House put forth its best appearance for the homecoming of its new chatelaine, who was to win back to its functions all the Madisonian brilliance and popularity to offset the troubled memories of the horrible Peggy Eaton social eruption, so fresh in the public mind.

To the eagle-eyed Whigs this refurnishing of the Palace was a choice morsel upon which to start a rumble of criticism which finally burst forth into a storm of party opposition that dragged the whole matter into Congressional investigation.

Even among his own party Van Buren had long been considered too elegant and too much of a courtier to be a good Democrat.

His personal attire, the magnificence of his olive-green coach, with its silver-mounted harness and his liveried footmen, were bad enough, but it was his elaborate household and table appointments of gold and silver that proved the last straw to the so-called "plain people." They dubbed his régime the gold-and-silver administration and voiced their indignation in Congress over the public money—$27,000—the amount of the appropriation made at Van Buren's request for the White House.

The fact that the President had imported an experienced chef from London and at once started giving sumptuous dinners to small parties of select friends created great discussion.

In the scheme of refurnishing, all carpets were renovated, hangings and draperies cleaned, all damaged and worn furniture repaired and recovered; the office was entirely done over and fitted out with new.

While the bulk of the beautiful china and cut glass purchased by General Jackson was still in good condition, President Van Buren ordered large quantities of both from abroad.

The new aspect of elegance and the spick-and-span air which the Mansion quickly assumed offered the most fertile ground in which to hatch propaganda for the Log Cabin Campaign. When a new silver service and the newest of all innovations—a billiard table—made their appearance, impeachment, in the judgment of many, was too good for the "Fox of Kinderhook."

Mr. Ogle, member of Congress from Pennsylvania, and a strong supporter of William Henry Harrison, denounced the President in most vigorous fashion for his luxurious mode of living and fought the appropriation bills long and hard, for he insisted that the President had not been practising the principles of retrenchment and reform which he had preached.

This gentleman held forth long and loudly on the vanities and pomp displayed, and the extravagant outlay of money on the Mansion, which he likened to the palaces of royalty. Among many other things he said in addressing the House:

"I put it to you, sir, and to the free citizens of this country whose servant the President is, to say whether, in addition to the large sum of $100,000 salary which he is entitled to receive for a single term of four years, they are disposed to maintain for his private accommodation, a royal establishment at the cost of the nation! Will they longer feel inclined to support their Chief Servant in a palace as splendid as that of the Cæsars, and as richly adorned as the proudest Asiatic mansion."

Mr. Ogle felt he was expressing the indignation of the masses of the people over the vast sums spent on im-

ported luxuries, and to emphasize the particular offensiveness of patronizing foreign markets, he quoted the act of ten years previous, which set forth that "all furniture purchased for the use of the President's house shall be, as far as practicable, of American or Domestic manufacture."

Doubtless a great deal of the bitterness stirred up by the pretentious surroundings of the Van Buren family was due to the fact that, coming into the office through the liberal-hearted Jackson's influence, he dispensed at once with all the usages of the leading Democrats before him. No longer were the policies of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe observed, and no longer was the public permitted access to the President's House. He likewise curtailed the morning receptions and dispensed with the weekly levees to which the public had always been encouraged to come. The citizens could no longer visit the White House at will.

One formal levee for the public on New Year's was soon all that was allowed them, and, contrary to all former precedent, no ices, wines, or refreshment of any sort were offered to his guests. No eating or drinking was permitted the populace within the Palace walls on state occasions. They had to be content to listen to the Marine Band, exchange formal civilities, and discuss the weather. Of course, such radical changes were bound to lead to the selection of another candidate for the office.

Mr. Ogle turned his bitterest invective against the President's dinner table and its golden spoons.

In contrast to his vituperative dissertations came the reply of Representative Levi Lincoln of Massachusetts, a member of the Committee that had the matter of Palace upkeep in charge. He reported some of the rooms to be in deplorable condition. The receiving room was especially deficient since there was no mirror, and an old

decrepit sofa and a battered pine table constituted the furnishings. The whole outfit at second hand, he claimed, would not bring five dollars. This was the state of the room where the President received the envoys of foreign governments.

Notwithstanding all the money that had been spent on it, the White House was neither comfortable, adequately furnished, nor sanitary. The large rooms with their high ceilings were too draughty for comfort. The wind whistled merrily down the main corridor and set at naught the heat of the wood fires. Even the huge glass screen placed across the main lobby to shut off the direct draught from the front door did not keep guests from shivering, though it did help somewhat. Furthermore, the location of the house was against its being popular in summer because of the swamps between it and the river, which were accused of being malarially infested.

The criticism of the President went merrily on gathering force, and, despite all the early political sagacity that gave him the name of the Little Magician, he did not have the wit or the skill to disarm it.

In the midst of all the turmoil of partisan attacks, the wedding of Major Van Buren and Miss Singleton was solemnized as per schedule. Upon the bride's arrival at the White House, she found that her polished and courtly father-in-law had already established a style of living and entertaining entirely in keeping with her own ideas and plans.

Mrs. Van Buren's first public appearance as mistress of the White House was at the New Year's Reception of 1838. Commenting upon the event, one of the papers made mention of the fact that she bore the fatigue of a three-hour levee with patience and grace. She was one of the few real beauties of the White House, and was admirably fitted to

direct its social career, for her linguistic abilities put her at great advantage with the diplomats, by one of whom she was pronounced "fit to grace any court of Europe."

After the young people had been married a year, they made a trip to Europe to visit her kinsman, Andrew Stevenson, American Minister to Great Britain.

With Queen Victoria in the heydey of her youth, the young mistress of the White House was received at court with pleasing honours and at a time when the Tsar of Russia and other scions of royalty were in London to add spice and festivity to the many notable functions. Major and Mrs. Van Buren were also received upon intimate terms in the household of Louis Philippe at St. Cloud.

On their return, in time for the opening of Congress, Mrs. Van Buren again assumed charge of the Mansion, and through her intellectual gifts and untiring tact saved her father-in-law's administration from social failure.

Notwithstanding Mrs. Van Buren's graciousness and tactful efforts to make friends, she came in for a great deal of criticism, particularly after her return from Europe, when she was charged with attempting to establish court airs and customs.

The greatest offences were given by the wearing of three large feathers in her hair, receiving her guests seated in an armchair on a raised platform, and wearing a long-trained purple velvet gown at several of her levees.

She also revived Mrs. Madison's custom of having guests announced. However, none escape criticism, and it often arises from an absolute misconception of the simplest incident. Only the public mind is attuned to impute evil whether evil is intended or not.

For some reason Van Buren failed to win the hearts of the people or their confidence. Adhering to Jackson's views of the Bank question did not help matters, as no

definite practical plan had ever been formulated to dispose of the deposits satisfactorily.

The Sub-Treasury bill, distribution of deposits, and other measures of his suggestion toward relief of the financial crisis only served to keep Congress embroiled in dispute and the country more disturbed and suspicious.

Had he found a feasible solution for the financial distress brought on the banks, business houses, and even the Government itself through Jackson's radical veto of the Bank Charter, he would doubtless have gone down in history with fame and would have been reëlected. To add to the troubles of the money situation, the Canadian revolt threatened to involve us in complications with England. Though merely a threatened difficulty, Van Buren forcefully put a stop to it and dispatched the redoubtable General Scott to hold things steady on the Northern boundary.

Van Buren's life offers an interesting study, particularly in his failure to fortify himself for another term, which he so earnestly desired. Past master in suave diplomacy, refraining even from turning loose the shafts of his wit and repartee, knowing that mental gymnastics at the expense of friends and associates would not do for a politician, he still failed, though he was never known to say the wrong thing.

Born of humble Dutch parentage he first saw the light of day at Kinderhook, New York. His father was a tavern-keeper, who mapped out a course for his son and saw to it that he followed it. In the boy's fourteenth year he was apprenticed to the one lawyer of the community for the remainder of his minority, putting in the final year of legal study in the office of the Van Ness who was later to be remembered as Burr's second in the duel with Alexander Hamilton.

He then opened a law office in his home town and, shortly afterward, married his childhood's sweetheart whom he had always loved.

After ten years and the birth of four boys, she died of consumption. Van Buren threw himself into politics, becoming a strong adherent of Jefferson.

One step up led to still another higher, and he filled the rôles of Attorney General of his state, also Representative, Senator, and Governor of New York.

He resigned the Vice Presidency in Jackson's second term to fill a diplomatic post as Minister to Great Britain, which the Senate did not confirm.

While President of the Senate he made most favourable impression by his patience and knowledge of parliamentary rules.

But as President he did not devise ways to ease the panic, and he lost his chance to ride back into the White House on a wave of financial readjustment.

His queer habit of slandering himself anonymously caused his family great uneasiness, and that trait, added to the reputation for slyness and intrigue, all contributed in a measure to his defeat, news of which was broken to him by Miss Violet Blair, who grew up with the Donelson children, and who had always been a favourite of his.

Too disappointed to remain to witness the honours of his successor, he retired to his estate in his native town, and was put up twice afterward as a presidential possibility, but failed of election each time.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS—MARCH 4, 1837, TO MARCH 4, 1841

President—Martin Van Buren, of New York.
Vice President—Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky.
Secretary of State—John Forsyth, of Georgia, continued from last Administration; J. L. Martin (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, March 4, 1841.

Secretary of the Treasury—Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire, continued from last Administration; McClintock Young (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, March 4, 1841.

Secretary of War—Benjamin F. Butler, of New York, continued from last Administration; Joel R. Poinsett, of South Carolina, March 7, 1837.

Attorney General—Benjamin F. Butler, of New York, continued from last Administration; Felix Grundy, of Tennessee, July 5, 1838, to take effect September 1, 1838; Henry D. Gilpin, of Pennsylvania, January 11, 1840.

Postmaster General—Amos Kendall, of Kentucky, continued from last Administration; John M. Niles, of Connecticut, May 19, 1840.

Secretary of the Navy—Mahlon Dickerson, of New Jersey, continued from last Administration; James K. Paulding, of New York, June 25, 1838.

CHAPTER XIV

ADMINISTRATION OF WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON

THE ninth President—William Henry Harrison, popularly known as "Old Tippecanoe"—was inaugurated on a particularly disagreeable day. He elected to ride horseback to the Capitol and he also refused to wear an overcoat—a piece of folly which resulted in the illness that caused his death just a few weeks later.

General Harrison was sixty-nine years old and his rugged constitution was undermined by long years of military hardships. The strain of the campaign, which was most unusual, and the long journey to Washington all helped to batter down his power of resistance. Moreover, upon his arrival in Washington, he was unable to obtain any rest. He found awaiting him the customary besieging army of office seekers, many of them with their jobs all picked out and all of them demanding recognition for their claims of campaign service.

General Harrison was a soldier, not a politician, and none but himself could realize the fatigue and weary bewilderment that closed in upon him when confronted with the problems that the President inherits.

Escorted by large numbers of veterans and many marching clubs, the progress to the Capitol was very slow, so that by the time the President arrived there he could scarcely dismount, he was so chilled and prostrated with exhaustion. He was obliged to rest and have medical attention before he could go on with the ceremonies.

After Chief Justice Taney had administered the oath, President Harrison read his inaugural address from the east portico and was escorted to the White House with great demonstrations.

The parade was unique, there being many new features introduced. Log cabins of all sizes, kegs and barrels of hard cider, typifying the simplicity of his home life, were extensively used, it being the Whig plan to emphasize throughout the contrast between the habits and style of their candidate and the Van Buren extravagances.

There were also numerous floats, canoes, and other spectacular features reminiscent of frontier life, Indian campaigns, and military service. One innovation was the reproduction of a cotton mill and a loom which operated as it was drawn along.

Though tired and ill, the President enjoyed all the noise and blare of it, for the crowds were his friends and he understood and appreciated the spirit of their rejoicing.

In the afternoon a levee was held, and once more all who desired to go found no barriers in the way of obtaining access to the Mansion and to the presence of the old hero, who shook hands until obliged to desist and give his swollen fingers a rest. Rockets, fire balloons, and torchlight processions added to the excitement of the evening.

Washington in those days ran to a multiplicity of balls, not so much from a spirit of competition as on account of the fact that the rambling city did not boast of any one hall large enough to hold the crowds since the introduction of trains had increased the travelling facilities.

The President, punctilious in his desire to do all that was expected of him, attended all three of the balls given in celebration of his honours.

The *Intelligencer* carried an account in which its reporter says:

"The Inaugural Balls were well attended and went off with great éclat. The first I attended was the Tippecanoe Ball, which was got up in superb fashion by the managers. If it was not the most fashionable as respects the company, not so thronged as it might have been, there lacked nothing to make it delightful to the highest degree. So thought Gen. Harrison and the members of the Cabinet and foreign functionaries who went early and stayed late.

"The Ball at the new Assembly Room was a magnificent affair. The two great saloons were filled to overflowing and among the company were the most beautiful and distinguished of the land.

"To-day President Harrison received the ladies. There was a large and splendid assemblage."

Mrs. Harrison was in bad health and was forbidden by her physician to make the journey to Washington in such uncertain and treacherous weather, so she remained at home intending to join her husband after spring had tempered the atmosphere. However, it seems that she held no intention of assuming the social administration of the affairs of the Palace. For this she was unfitted and she fully realized it. Her whole lifetime had been spent on the frontier, remote from all opportunity for participation in social life.

She sent to represent her as mistress of the Mansion an able substitute in her young daughter-in-law, widow of the eldest son and namesake of the President. This young woman was the niece and adopted daughter of General and Mrs. James Findlay of Cincinnati. She brought with her her two young sons.

Mrs. Findlay, a prominent social leader of Cincinnati, who had attained great social distinction in connection with the festivities given in honour of Lafayette, accompanied her young relative as chaperon and guide. Undoubtedly these two ladies would have created a social

atmosphere that would have stood the severest test had fate not shortened their term of residence in the President's home.

Quite interesting in these days of telegraph and long-distance telephones which connect remote sections of the country in a few seconds is the newspaper account of the "unprecedented time of ten hours," as expressed by Horace Greeley, in commenting on the speedy arrival of President Harrison's inaugural address delivered at the Capitol at noon, March 4, 1841, and received in the New York Post Office at 11 P. M. of the same day. Said Mr. Greeley:

"For this celerity the publishers are indebted, we believe, to the liberality of the railroad companies, who ran through extra trains in double quick time without charge. We lay the inaugural before our readers with the greatest possible dispatch. It is of unusual length, but its views are expressed with remarkable clearness and force, and, we believe, it will meet with general favour.

"The concourse assembled to witness the inauguration was immense, being estimated at fifty thousand."

Because of the brief residence of President Harrison in the White House, few stories of his manners and mode of living are now extant.

One, the story of the famous cow, coming as a reminiscence of an old resident of the city, who claimed to have had the story directly from the old farmer, has doubtless been liberally embellished, but the following is the version, bearing the date 1879, that the author discovered, pasted in an old scrap book, picked up in a second-hand book shop. Whether the article was published prior to that year, or what paper gave it space, is unknown, for no heading or other data appears than the date above the clipping, which reads as follows:

"A native and old resident of Washington tells the following anecdote which was current and credited in Washington during the brief administration of President Harrison, who was called the 'Cincinnatus of the West' by the Whigs, and 'Granny Harrison' by the Democrats. When he came to Washington to be inaugurated, no one was surprised at the plain looks and the simple manners of the old hero, because the pictures of the log cabin in which he had lived were common during the campaign as illustrating his simple habits. No, nor were they incredulous of the story they soon heard of him.

"It seems that there was no cow—or no satisfactory cow—at the White House, so the old ex-farmer made inquiries, and learned that Saturday was the day when the drovers came in from the country to the Marsh market to sell their cattle. Consequently, early one Saturday morning President Harrison, instead of sending a servant, arose and walked down to the market. There he found cows 'galore'!

"He soon made a trade with a burly Montgomery county drover, by which he became the possessor of a fine 'Durham.'

"'Where shall I drive it, sir?' inquired the drover, who did not recognize the President.

"'To the White House. I will show you the way,' replied the President.

"'Why, you don't mean to say, friend, that you've bought this yere beast for old Granny Harrison?' demanded the drover with dilated eyes.

"'Yes,' replied the old hero, without showing the resentment that a smaller man might have thought necessary.

"The drover left his cattle in the care of his son and turned the 'Durham' out on the Avenue, where he and the President walked side by side behind the cow, guiding her way. The President on the inside gently raised his stick when Sukey made an effort to promenade the sidewalk, and the drover flourished his whip when she threatened to break into the middle of the street.

"'I'm a Democrat myself,' the drover volunteered to in-

form his companion, 'and voted for old Van, of course; but the other day at the 'nauguration—ha! ha! ha!—I'll be doggoned if I didn't fling my hat and hurrah for Granny Harrison with the best of 'em! Couldn't help it, somehow.'

"'Thank you,' said the President.

"'Oh! you're a Whig! But I might a-known that by your having a siteration in the White House, as I s'pose you have, hain't you?'

"'Yes,' said the President.

"'What be you there now? Gardener?'

"'No.'

"'Coachman, then, or body servant?'

"'Neither. I suppose I may call myself a general servant.'

"'Oh, yes! Run errands, wait on the table, answer the door-knocker, and like o' that,' remarked the drover, who had no idea of what the domestic establishment of the President of the United States was like.

"'Something not very unlike that,' said the President with a tolerant smile.

"'Do you see much of Granny Harrison, now?' inquired the man, as they neared the White House grounds.

"'Considerable,' replied the President.

"'How do you like the old fellow?'

"'That's hard to tell. Too well, most likely,' thoughtfully replied the old hero.

"'I'll go bail you do!'

"'Well, here we are,' said the President, opening a gate that led to the stables.

"Several men-servants came forward, touching their hats.

"'Take charge of this cow and attend to her!' ordered the President.

"Then turning to the drover, he said: 'Come, friend! Come into the house and take some breakfast.'

"'Thanky! I don't care if I do! Say, could you get me a sight of old Granny Harrison?'

"'Didn't you see him at the inauguration?'

"'Lor', yes! but not nigh enough to know what he looked like! I would like to get a squint at him, anyways!'

"'Come in, friend,' said the old soldier, leading the way up the steps and through the south door into the Mansion.

"The drover turned around and looked out upon the extensive grounds, and then remarked: 'A better place than that ar log cabin out in Ohio.'

"'I don't know,' replied the old soldier, leading the way along the hall.

"Here they were met by a servant dressed like a clergyman, who bowed and opened a door to the left. The President ushered his guest into the family breakfast-room, where breakfast was standing ready.

"'Lor'—a—mighty! What a sight of silver and chiny!' exclaimed the drover, gazing on the glittering service. Here were more servants, who, with deep bows, placed chairs to the table.

"'Sit down, friend!' said the illustrious host, politely indicating a chair.

"'Look a here! I say, now! Ain't you taking on a great liberty? Granny Harrison wouldn't like this here now, would he?' inquired the drover, puzzled and hesitating.

"'I think he would, very much. Pray sit down.'

"'Now, just look here, now! Ain't you too fresh?' inquired the drover, with his hands on the back of the chair, which for some reason or other he did not take. 'Who be you, anyhow, as makes so bold and takes sich liberties in the President's house? You ain't told me your name, nor likewise your siteration here as gives you so much freedom.'

"'The people call me William Henry Harrison, and have made me President of the United States,' quietly replied the ex-farmer.

"'Lord Almighty!!!' cried the drover, and he bolted from the house and never stopped running until he was off the grounds; and when he sat down on a curb-stone 'he cussed himself gray!' as his wife said."

The illness which made its first appearance on Inauguration Day upon the conclusion of the President's ride in the rain, most of the time bareheaded, did not leave him but hung on, gradually growing worse. In fact, the household soon began to be alarmed, for it was apparent that there was cause for anxiety. When pneumonia developed, even the most sanguine were more than apprehensive. As the disease progressed all hope was abandoned and on April 4th, just a month after the scene of his triumphal honours, he lay dead in the White House.

Immediately after the death of President Harrison, the Chief Clerk of the Department of State was dispatched to the Vice President's residence in Virginia with a special missive announcing the news, signed by five members of the Cabinet. Tyler repaired to Washington without delay, arriving on the morning of April 6th. At noon of the same day the heads of departments waited on him at Brown's Hotel. The Vice President expressed a deep sense of the weight of the responsibilities devolved upon him by the sudden death of Harrison, and requested the members of his predecessor's cabinet to continue in their offices and aid him in administering the Government.

Tyler deemed himself qualified to act as President simply on the strength of his Vice Presidential oath, but as doubts might arise, "and for greater caution," he took the oath of the higher office, and subscribed to it before Justice Cranch.

The body of President Harrison lay in state in the East Room for two days, and on April 7th the impressive funeral services were conducted by Reverend Hawley, of the Episcopal Church, in the presence of President Tyler, ex-President Adams, members of the Cabinet, foreign ministers, and members of Congress.

The funeral procession, more than two miles long, at-

tracted to the city an even larger throng than had gathered to witness the inaugural services. General Macomb had charge of the military part which was made up of contingents around the Capitol. The funeral car was draped with black silk and was drawn by six white horses, each led by a coloured groom dressed in white. Two of the President's swords had been placed on top of his coffin. Each state in the Union was represented in the twenty-six pallbearers.

The body was temporarily placed in a vault in the Congressional Cemetery, all the service being that of the Episcopal Church conducted by Reverend Hawley.

In July the body was taken to North Bend, Indiana, for permanent interment.

William Henry Harrison was born at Berkeley, Charles County, Virginia, on the James River, February 9, 1773. He came of a most distinguished family. His father, Benjamin Harrison, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was also a member of the First Continental Congress and governor of his state.

Born and reared in an atmosphere of wealth and culture, William Henry, the third son, was well started on the road to becoming a physician. His father had placed him in school at Hampden Sidney College, with the understanding that he was to complete his studies with the renowned Doctor Rush of Philadelphia.

Benjamin Harrison died while this boy was still under age, and Robert Morris, his father's friend, became his guardian.

Young Harrison decided he was not going to be a physician, but a soldier instead. His guardian's disapproval did not give him concern, for he had resolved upon abandoning all idea of a medical degree.

Through the aid of General Henry Lee, the boy obtained a commission in the 1st United States Artillery from

President Washington. With Indians again making trouble, he soon found himself at the age of nineteen in active service.

He was sent to what was then called Fort Washington, later the site of Cincinnati. Promotion trailed him quickly, for he distinguished himself repeatedly by bravery and by the display of skill in military tactics. He was made a captain when but twenty-three, and was placed in command of Fort Washington. Shortly afterward he married Anne Symmes, daughter of Hon. John Cleves Symmes, of Morristown, New Jersey.

When Miss Symmes was a wee girl of four years her mother died and her father, a colonel in the Continental Army, disguised himself in the uniform of a British officer (so as to get through British lines) and took his baby to her maternal grandparents on Long Island. He succeeded in getting back to his regiment safely and did not see his child for four years.

As soon as she became old enough, her grandparents placed her in a seminary in East Hampton, later on placing her in an exclusive New York boarding school.

In time her father remarried, his second wife being a daughter of Governor Livingston, of New York, and when Anne was about nineteen her father concluded to migrate West with his wife and daughter.

The journey was attended with great hardship and many difficulties and endless delay.

Though he made a good start in the early autumn, they did not arrive at North Bend until the opening of the new year. This spot had been selected by Judge Symmes prior to his marriage as his future home.

As an associate Judge of the Supreme Court of the Northwest Territory, Judge Symmes was oftentimes obliged to make long trips to attend a court session.

Whenever these journeys were toward Lexington, Kentucky, Anne took advantage of her father's escort to visit an older married sister who resided there. It is said that on one of these visits she met young Captain Harrison, who had just been given command of Fort Washington.

A rapid courtship was followed by their marriage at her father's home in North Bend in November, 1795. Two years later Captain Harrison resigned his commission with the idea of becoming a farmer, much to his wife's satisfaction.

This plan was only carried out for a brief period, as President Adams appointed him Secretary of the Northwest Territory, and as soon as it was organized he was made the delegate to Congress. He brought his wife to Philadelphia with him.

After the territory was divided he became first governor of Indiana, which then included Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Governor Harrison soon moved his family to Vincennes, Indiana, which then was the seat of the government of the territory. Here he remained until the War of 1812, when he was again launched into a military career, being given command of the Northwestern Army.

His victory over the Prophet and Tecumseh at Tippecanoe are all familiar history. The rank of Major General and further military responsibilities made it seem advisable to move his family to Cincinnati, and then, a little later, they transferred their abode to North Bend. By this time, Mrs. Harrison had a family of ten children to care for, alone most of the time, in a region where school facilities were so few and so poor that she concluded to secure a tutor for her family. This plan developed into a little school in which the children of her neighbours shared. During the course of her life in North Bend, she was called

upon to lose, by death, a baby, and later on three grown daughters and four grown sons.

General Harrison was nominated in 1836, but failed of election. The country was so disgusted with conditions at the close of Van Buren's term that Harrison became the popular choice of the Whigs. "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" became the campaign slogan. Log cabins were set in many villages and hard cider freely dispensed.

His election by a large majority gave Mrs. Harrison no pleasure. She did not desire social honours and had no taste for fashionable life.

When news of her husband's death reached her, she was preparing to start for Washington. She was prostrated.

For a number of years she continued to reside on their farm at North Bend, but was finally induced to make her home with one of her sons.

She lived to be eighty-nine years of age, retaining her faculties almost to the last. She was an intellectual woman, a great reader, who kept herself abreast of the times, and was noted always for her Christian character.

Though so far along in years she took a lively interest in all of the events of the Civil War almost up to the time of her death in 1864.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS—MARCH 4, 1841, TO APRIL 4, 1841

President—William Henry Harrison, of Ohio (died April 4, 1841).
Vice President—John Tyler, of Virginia.
Secretary of State—J. L. Martin (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, March 4, 1841; Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, March 5, 1841.
Secretary of the Treasury—McClintock Young (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, March 4, 1841; Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, March 5, 1841.
Secretary of War—John Bell, of Tennessee, March 5, 1841.
Attorney General—John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, March 5, 1841.
Postmaster General—Selah R. Hobbie, of New York (First Assistant Postmaster General), *ad interim*, March 4, 1841; Francis Granger, of New York, March 6, 1841.
Secretary of the Navy—George E. Badger, of North Carolina, March 5, 1841.

CHAPTER XV

ADMINISTRATION OF JOHN TYLER

SOON after the funeral services of President Harrison President Tyler published an inaugural address through the newspapers, which he intended to inspire confidence and thereby create a good impression throughout the country. But it failed to do so.

He also issued a recommendation to the people of the United States calling for a day of fasting and prayer in recognition of the solemn bereavement the country had sustained through the death of the President.

President Tyler brought to the White House the customs of his old Virginia home. A great deal of comment was made on one of his carriages which was bought at the sale of the effects of Mr. Paulding, the Secretary of the Navy under Van Buren. One day Tyler was out riding with his most intimate friend, Henry A. Wise, of Virginia. Mr. Wise's carriage was a small and rickety one, and President Tyler characterized it as no better than a candle box on wheels; whereupon Wise told Tyler that his carriage was, at least, bought first-hand, and that when he did buy one at auction he would see that the coat-of-arms of the former owner was removed from its panels. President Tyler laughed at the repartee, and a day or two after that the coat-of-arms of Secretary Paulding was painted over, and that of President Tyler appeared in its place.

Mrs. Tyler had neither the strength nor the taste for the exactions of social life. In 1839, after a number of years of failing health, perhaps from too many nursery

cares in bringing up a family of nine children, she suffered a stroke of paralysis, from which she never entirely recovered.

Hence she delegated her duties to her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Robert Tyler, and her own daughter, Mrs. Semple. The entire family were unusually devoted to this idolized mother and Mrs. Robert Tyler has left many touching tributes to her husband's mother both for her physical attractions and for her beauty of spirit.

Mrs. Robert Tyler was especially gifted and well adapted for social honours. She was formerly Priscilla Cooper, the daughter of Thomas Cooper, the tragedian, and Eliza Fairlee, of Philadelphia, and had been on the stage herself, though her experience there had been necessarily brief.

Mrs. Tyler was recorded as having made her appearance at but two of the functions of the White House, the first being the very gay wedding of the third daughter of the family to Mr. William Waller, which, though intended to be rather a quiet family affair, with the attendance of the Cabinet, diplomats, and members of Congress, became very brilliant.

Upon another occasion, at a most elaborate party given for her little three-year-old granddaughter, Mrs. Tyler participated in the gaiety. She received but few visitors and went out but little.

The social life was not particularly gay or popular, though there were usually two formal dinners per week, one of which was exclusively for the President's male guests, while to the other about thirty or forty ladies and gentlemen of official and diplomatic prominence were invited.

Unlike both earlier and later régimes, informal drawing rooms were held every evening when any one might call. Doors were closed promptly at ten o'clock.

There were but few balls and these, only for special guests, were not very brilliant and always closed at eleven o'clock, to the great disgust of the young people, who happened to want them prolonged. President Tyler also held public receptions on the national holiday and on New Year's.

It was early in the second year of her husband's administration that Mrs. Tyler had another stroke and died very quickly.

Once more the White House was filled with grief and shrouded in gloom. The President felt his loss very deeply. Mrs. Tyler's funeral was notable for the lamenting of the crowds of poor, whose needs she had relieved during her brief stay in the Mansion.

When she was sixteen and known as the "belle of eastern Virginia," with hosts of suitors, she met young John Tyler, son of the governor of the state. Love at first sight seemed to be the issue of this meeting, and though they were so young they became betrothed. While her family was one of the oldest and wealthiest of the state, young Tyler had nothing, so their marriage had to wait until he had established himself.

For five years she waited for him and when he was twenty-three and she a year younger they were married.

Mrs. Tyler's body was carried to her beloved Virginia home for burial.

After Mrs. Tyler's death, Mrs. Semple assumed the social management, which she conducted until her father's marriage to Miss Gardiner, two years later.

Three distinguished men visited Washington during the Tyler administration: Charles Dickens, Washington Irving, and Prince de Joinville, third son of Louis Philippe. Dickens and Irving, both of whom attended one of the President's levees, came during 1842. Dickens was a

great admirer of Irving and in his writings had commented extensively upon this meeting; also upon customs and conditions as he found them. He was greatly impressed with the absence of confusion and perfect orderliness of the huge crowd that attended the functions at the President's House, though there were no squads of police, secret service, or any other guards in evidence.

Dickens expressed it as his belief that every man attending felt himself responsible for the honour and decorum of the occasion.

In the *Madisonian* of March 17, 1842, is found the following account of the President's levee attended by Dickens and Irving:

"The levee held by the President on Thursday evening last was a brilliant affair and gave satisfactory evidence of the esteem in which that high functionary is held in social circles.

"Among the visitors of peculiar note were the distinguished authors of the Sketch-Book and of the Pickwick Papers, in addition to whom almost all of the ministers of foreign powers to our Government were in attendance in full court dress.

"The rooms were filled to overflowing with the talent and beauty of the metropolis, while Senators and members of Congress without distinction of party served to give interest and to add animation to the scene. It seems to us that these levees, as at present conducted, are peculiarly adapted to the genius of our Republican institutions inasmuch as all who please may attend."

It was small wonder that Dickens found much ground for comment and criticism in the nation's capital, for it was but a town of about twenty-five thousand people and with only one street worthy of the name—and that was Pennsylvania Avenue—paved with wooden blocks and then entirely devoid of shade trees, the imposing

MRS. LETITIA CHRISTIAN TYLER

First wife of President Tyler. She had neither the strength nor the taste for the exactions of social life. In 1839, after a number of years of failing health, perhaps from too many nursery cares in bringing up a family of nine children, she suffered a stroke of paralysis from which she never recovered.

double line of Lombardy poplars planted under Jefferson's direction having been removed.

Private residences of any pretensions were exceedingly scarce, and the majority of government officials found accommodations in the hotels and boarding houses, of which there were quite a number located in the vicinity of the Capitol and the White House. So numerous were these that there was little inducement for officials to bring their families to endure the hardships of travel and the privations which Washington entailed upon householders. It was much easier and doubtless, from all accounts, no more expensive to board than to secure and equip a home in a town that possessed no real investment inducements.

The Capitol in its reconstruction was about half finished and the Treasury and White House were the only buildings of any consequence that were completed.

Potomac Park and the Mall were then unthought of, and such of that territory as was not covered by water was either a swamp or else used by the natives as a pasture for their cows.

Fuller's Hotel occupied the site upon which the New Willard now stands, and to this, a typical hostelry of its day, Dickens and his wife concluded to go.

The residents of the capital gave them an enthusiastic reception, but in comparison with the cities they had visited en route, Washington suffered in every respect.

In his "American Notes" his description was not flattering:

"The hotel in which we live is a long row of small houses fronting on the street, and opening on the back upon a common yard, in which hangs a great triangle. Whenever a servant is wanted, somebody beats on the triangle from one stroke to seven, according to the number of the house in which his presence is required and as all of the

servants are always being wanted, and none of them ever come, this enlivening engine is in full performance the whole day. Clothes are drying in the same yard; female slaves, with cotton handkerchiefs twisted round their heads, are running to and fro on the hotel business; black waiters cross and recross with dishes in their hands; two great dogs are playing upon a mound of loose bricks in the centre of the little square; a pig is turning his stomach up to the sun, and grunting, 'that's comfortable' and neither the men nor the women, nor the dogs nor the pig, nor any created creature takes the smallest notice of the triangle, which is tinkling madly all the time.

"I walk to the window, and look across the road upon a long straggling row of houses, one story high, terminating nearly opposite, but a little to the left, in a melancholy piece of waste ground with frowzy grass, which looks like a small piece of country that has taken to drinking, and has quite lost itself. Standing anyhow and all wrong, upon this open space, like something meteoric that had fallen down from the moon, is an odd, lopsided, one-eyed kind of wooden building, that looks like a church, with a flag staff as long as itself sticking out of a steeple something larger than a tea-chest. Under the window a large stand of coaches, whose slave drivers are sunning themselves on the steps of our door, and talking idly together. And this is our street in Washington.

"It is sometimes called the City of Magnificent Distances, but it might be with greater propriety the City of Magnificent Intentions, for it is only in taking a bird's-eye view of it from the top of the Capitol that one can at all comprehend the vast designs of its projector, an aspiring Frenchman. Spacious avenues that begin in nothing and lead nowhere; streets miles long that only want houses, roads, and inhabitants; public buildings that need but a public to complete; and ornaments of great thoroughfares, which only lack great thoroughfares to ornament—are its leading features. One might fancy the season over, and most of the houses gone out of town forever with their masters. To the admirers of the cities it is a barmecide

feast; a pleasant field for the imagination to rove in; a monument raised to a deceased project, with not even a legible inscription to record its departed greatness.

"Such as it is, it is likely to remain. It was originally chosen for the seat of government; as a means of averting jealousies and interests in the different States; and very probably, too, as being remote from mobs, a consideration not to be slighted even in America. It has no trade or commerce of its own, having little of population beyond the President and his establishment, the members of the legislature who reside there during the session, the government clerks and officers employed in the various departments, the keepers of the hotels and boarding houses, and the tradesmen who supply their tables. It is very unhealthy. Few people would live in Washington, I take it, who are not obliged to reside there."

Mr. Dickens also presented to his readers his impressions of a White House function as follows:

"I went, with my wife, at about 10. There was a pretty dense crowd of carriages and people in the courtyard and so far as I could make out there were no very clear regulations for the taking up or setting down of company. There were certainly no policemen to soothe startled horses, either by swinging at their bridles or flourishing truncheons in their eyes; and I am ready to make oath that no inoffensive persons were knocked violently on the head, or poked acutely in the backs or stomachs; or brought to a standstill by any such gentle means, and then taken into custody for not moving on. But there was no confusion or disorder. Our carriage reached the porch in its turn, without any blustering, swearing, shouting, backing or other disturbances, and we dismounted with as much ease and comfort as though we had been escorted by the whole metropolitan force from A to Z inclusive.

"The suite of rooms on the ground floor were lighted up and a military band was playing in the hall. In the smaller drawing room, the centre of a circle of company,

were the President and his daughter-in-law, who acted as the lady of the Mansion; and a very interesting, graceful, and accomplished lady, too. One gentleman who stood among this group appeared to take upon himself the functions of a master of ceremonies. I saw no other officers or attendants, and none were needed.

"The great drawing room, which I have already mentioned, and the other chambers on the ground floor were crowded to excess. The company was not in our sense of the term, select, for it comprehended persons of very many grades and classes; nor was there any great display of costly attire.

"That these visitors, too, whatever their station, were not without some refinement of taste and appreciation of intellectual gifts and gratitude to those men who, by the peaceful exercise of great abilities, shed new charms and associations upon the homes of their countrymen, and elevate their character in other lands, was most earnestly testified by their reception of Washington Irving, my dear friend, who had recently been appointed minister at the court of Spain and who was among them that night, in his new character, for the first and last time before going abroad, I sincerely believe that in all madness of American politics, few public men would have been so earnestly, devotedly, and affectionately caressed as this most charming writer and I have seldom respected a public assembly more than I did this eager throng, when I saw them turning with one mind from noisy orators and officers of the state; and flocking with a generous and honest impulse round the man of quiet pursuits; proud in his promotion as reflecting back upon the country; and grateful to him with their whole heart for the store of graceful fancies he had poured out among them. Long may he dispense such treasures with unsparing hand; and long may they remember him as worthily."

The slave pens and the auction blocks which were then so prevalent were among the features of life which afforded such interest to these distinguished visitors.

Prince de Joinville, who also paid a visit to this country during President Tyler's régime, was an attractive youth of twenty-three, who became quite the social lion. He had been commissioned with the duty of going to St. Helena to bring the body of Napoleon to France. In his honour the President gave an official dinner and brilliant ball.

Troubles began to thicken over the head of the President. He had been placed upon the ticket with Harrison to draw Southern votes and he was rapidly making his administration so unpopular that he soon found himself at odds with both parties and unable to win even an appropriation from Congress for furnishings for the White House. Moreover, he could secure no salary for his private secretary, in which capacity one of his sons was serving him.

Standing with Jackson on the United States Bank question, he was yet with the Calhoun people in the Nullification difficulty against the Force bill.

His standing before the nation at the time death put him in the White House was such that the Cabinet desired to give him the official title of Vice President of the United States, Acting President. This, of course, he promptly vetoed and his determination to assume full powers induced him to take the presidential oath, though personally he considered he had qualified when he took oath as Vice President.

The repeal of the Sub-Treasury bill, the passage of the bill for distribution of public lands among the states, and the Bankruptcy measure went through without trouble and received the President's approval, and his Cabinet and party began almost to feel reassured on the Bank question, but to their astonishment and fury he vetoed the measure.

A storm of rage swept over the party and he was burned in effigy. A huge crowd assembled outside the White

House and hissed and abused him. For this double defection from the Whigs, he was termed by them a renegade. He resented this bitterly because he had never endorsed the measure. To show their bitter contempt, all of his Cabinet but Daniel Webster resigned. He only remained to try to complete the Ashburton Treaty which he had been working upon for some time. Lord Ashburton was in Washington for negotiations toward an amicable settlement of the vexed boundary question, the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

Lord Ashburton and Webster conducted many of their sessions or conferences over the dinner table, it being the ambition of each of these gentlemen to outdo the other in the cuisine on these occasions. Daniel Webster had a famous coloured cook and Lord Ashburton a marvellous French chef, but the element that entered largely into these vexing state problems was the famous Daniel Webster punch, which could never be excelled. It was used to good advantage, too, for under its benign influence, war assumed most undesirable aspects and the genial Englishman found his match in statesmanship and wit and, in due time, controversial obstacles gave way and the two splendid diplomats could congratulate each other on the settlement of the entire matter.

The British Embassy at that time occupied the Matthew St. Clair Clark House on H Street, the next-door neighbour to the famous old Arlington Hotel. In front, a part of Lafayette Square was still a graveyard. During Lord Ashburton's stay in this country, his young relative, Owen Meredith, was sent over and attached to the Embassy staff. With his English clothes and manners he became quite the beau ideal. Many stories have been circulated to the effect that it was while he was an occupant of the Embassy here that he wrote "Lucile." This is

quite untrue. Though he had somewhat of a romance while here and wrote some poems and prose as well, "Lucile" was not written until years later while in Switzerland and during one of his periodical visits to his mother.

Daniel Webster's house was but a block away, so negotiations and dinners were easy to arrange.

The Embassy house was later purchased by the wealthy Coleman family of Pennsylvania anthracite coal fame, and has remained in the possession of that family since 1850.

President Tyler's troubles grew apace, difficulties with Mormons and with the various states added to anxieties and his unpopularity.

In 1844, a Mr. Gardiner, of Gardiner's Island, Long Island Sound, a wealthy tourist, came to Washington with a young daughter with whom he had been travelling extensively. Miss Gardiner possessed many accomplishments and was soon quite popular in the official and social circles.

The *Princeton*—a war boat—had just been fitted out with a new cannon, called the "Peace Maker," and Captain Stockton, Commander, wished to give an exhibition test before the President and Cabinet.

Consequently, a party of more than three hundred people was gotten up, which included Mr. Gardiner and his daughter, to whom the President was much attracted.

Until the test was ready the guests gathered below in the cabin, where there was a great deal of merriment. Finally all was in readiness, and they were called up to witness the shot. The President was so taken up with the talk of the lovely girl that he delayed, and even when again called still hesitated, thereby probably saving his life, for a dreadful accident had occurred. The ball had burst the cannon

and the terrific explosion with the shrieks of the spectators and the groans of the wounded brought the President to the scene, where two of his Cabinet lay already dead, and three others, all officials, died before the boat got back to its dock. Those killed were Secretary of State Abel P. Upshur of Virginia; Thomas W. Gilmer, formerly Governor of Virginia and filling the post of Secretary of the Navy; Commodore Beverly Kennon of the Navy; Representative Sykes of New Jersey; Representative Maxey of Maryland, and Mr. Gardiner, ex-Senator from New York. Those severely wounded were William Wilkins, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of War; Miss Wickliffe, daughter of the Postmaster General; Colonel Dade, Senator Benton, Judge Phelps of Vermont, Commander Stockton of the *Princeton*, and seventeen seamen.

Amidst indescribable scenes the wounded and dead were removed from the wreckage, the bodies of the latter being taken directly to the White House, whence the funerals were conducted by three clergymen, Reverends Laurie, Hawley, and Butler. A most impressive and solemn funeral pageant escorted the bodies to the Congressional Cemetery.

Among the papers of the Presidents may be found the following communication sent by President Tyler to Congress:

"I have to perform the melancholy duty of announcing to the two Houses of Congress the death of the Hon. Abel P. Upshur, late Secretary of State, and the Hon. Thomas W. Gilmer, late Secretary of the Navy.

"This most lamentable occurrence transpired on board the United States Ship of War, the *Princeton*, on yesterday at about half past four o'clock in the evening and proceeded from the explosion of one of the large guns of that ship.

"The loss which the Government and country have sustained by this deplorable event is heightened by the death at the same time and by the same cause of several distinguished persons and valuable citizens.

"I shall be permitted to express my great grief at an occurrence which has thus suddenly stricken from my side two gentlemen upon whose advice I so confidently relied in the discharge of my arduous task of administering the office of the executive department, and whose services at this interesting period were of such vast importance.

"In some relief of the public sorrow which must necessarily accompany this most painful event, it affords me much satisfaction to say that it was produced by no carelessness or inattention on the part of the officers and crew of the *Princeton*, but must be set down as one of those casualties which to a greater or less degree attend upon every service and which are invariably incident to the temporal affairs of mankind. I will also add that it in no measure detracts from the value of the improvement contemplated in the construction of the *Princeton* or from the merits of her brave and distinguished commander and projector."

Out of this tragedy grew the courtship of Miss Gardiner, a slip of a girl not yet twenty, and the widower President of fifty-four. In three months they were quietly married in New York City, an event which caused a great sensation and wide criticism.

The introduction of this girl bride into his family of grown-up children did not meet with a cordial reception—not only because of her youth and Northern birth, but because their own idolized mother had been dead scarcely two years.

Mrs. Julia Gardiner Tyler quietly took her place in the White House as its mistress and at once proceeded to dispense its hospitality with charming grace, but she did not make much impression upon the social world. The

prejudice to Mrs. Tyler's Northern birth by her husband's friends and party became more and more pronounced after his retirement to private life.

One dream had this man of culture and letters who had to bear the odium of being at heart a Democrat elected by the Whigs and who was distrusted and disliked by both parties. He wanted to bring about the annexation of Texas before he left the Presidency. There he and Webster did not agree, and then the Massachusetts orator, the last of his Cabinet to stand by, also resigned.

Though the entire South wanted the state annexed, they would have none of Tyler. Finally Texas came into the Union through Calhoun's legislation, and the President signed the bill for its admission as his last official act.

The closing drawing room of his administration and farewell ball, the most lavish and brilliant of any of the affairs of the Tyler régime, was held on February 19, 1845. Two thousand guests attended. The Mansion was beautifully decorated and thousands of candles shed a mellow soft glow upon the assemblage.

Both the President and his wife seemed to throw off the restraint their unpopular politics had forced upon them, and Mrs. Tyler gaily opened the ball with the Secretary of War, later dancing with the diplomats and other celebrities.

The refreshments were elaborate, for Tyler was a wonderful host, and many who hated his politics loved him for his hospitality. This affair is said to have cost him more than two thousand dollars.

His term ended with relief to himself and the nation. When the South seceded he severed his allegiance to the Federal Government and became an active secessionist. He was one of the peace commissioners sent to Washington by the Confederacy, who accomplished nothing.

Mrs. Tyler suffered the loss of her husband's property and her own likewise, after his death in 1862. Later on she received the pension given to widows of all Presidents.

Executive Officers—April 4, 1841, to March 4, 1845

President—John Tyler, of Virginia.

President *pro tempore* of the Senate—Samuel L. Southard, of New Jersey; William P. Mangum, of North Carolina.

Secretary of State—Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, continued from Harrison's Administration; Hugh S. Legare, of South Carolina (Attorney General), *ad interim*, May 9, 1843; William S. Derrick (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, June 20, 1843; Abel P. Upshur, of Virginia (Secretary of the Navy), *ad interim*, June 24, 1843; Abel P. Upshur, of Virginia, July 24, 1843; John Nelson, of Maryland (Attorney General), *ad interim*, February 29, 1844; John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, March 6, 1844.

Secretary of the Treasury—Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, continued from Harrison's Administration; McClintock Young (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, September 13, 1841; Walter Forward, of Pennsylvania, September 13, 1841; McClintock Young (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, March 1, 1843; John C. Spencer, of New York, March 3, 1843; McClintock Young (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, May 2, 1844; George M. Bibb, of Kentucky, June 15, 1844.

Secretary of War—John Bell, of Tennessee, continued from Harrison's Administration; Albert M. Lea, of Maryland (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, September 12, 1841; John C. Spencer, of New York, October 12, 1841; James M. Porter, of Pennsylvania, March 8, 1843; William Wilkins, of Pennsylvania, February 15, 1844.

Attorney General—John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, continued from Harrison's Administration; Hugh S. Legare, of South Carolina, September 13, 1841; John Nelson, of Maryland, July 1, 1843.

Postmaster General—Francis Granger, of New York, continued from Harrison's Administration; Charles A. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, September 13, 1841; Selah R. Hobbie, of New York (First Assistant Postmaster General), *ad interim*, September 14, 1841.

Secretary of the Navy—George E. Badger, of North Carolina, continued from Harrison's Administration; John D. Sims (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, September 12, 1841; Abel P. Upshur, of Virginia, September 13, 1841; David Henshaw, of Massachusetts, July 24, 1843; Thomas W. Gilmer, of Virginia, February 15, 1844; Lewis Warrington (Captain U. S. Navy), *ad interim*, February 29, 1844; John Y. Mason, of Virginia, March 14, 1844.

CHAPTER XVI

ADMINISTRATION OF JAMES KNOX POLK

THE administration of James Knox Polk, eleventh President, Democrat of Tennessee, was ushered in, March 4, 1845, with a typical inauguration storm. A cold drizzling rain reduced the city's unpaved streets to ankle-deep slush which ruined decorations and damaged uniforms and gowns.

The procession consisted chiefly of volunteer military companies, of which there were about a dozen, Baltimore being impressively represented by the Independent Blues. The Empire Club of New York carried handsome silk banners displaying portraits of Washington, Jefferson, and Van Buren. They also were provided with a small brass cannon which was fired off in front of Coleman's Hotel, where President-elect and Mrs. Polk were stopping, and at the Capitol. Georgetown College students and a large number of marching clubs from the various states also assembled in front of the hotel at eleven o'clock to form the parade. In spite of the disagreeable weather, Mr. Polk and President Tyler rode together in an open carriage, Mr. Polk standing the entire way, bowing in response to the cheers of the masses along Pennsylvania Avenue. He was the only President who had previously been Speaker of the House of Representatives and his entire journey to Washington had been a series of ovations for the popular citizen of Tennessee who first saw the light of day in North Carolina in 1795.

To his own popularity was added that of his charming and handsome wife, well known to Washington since she

came as a bride at the beginning of her husband's fourteen years of service in Congress.

A tremendous crowd had gathered and, indifferent alike to mud and rain, spread itself solidly along the line of march and around the Capitol.

In those days the Capitol grounds were enclosed by a fence. Hence a rule had been made by the committee on arrangements, forbidding any carriages save those of the presidential party to enter. This forced all the gold-laced, bejewelled, and gorgeously uniformed diplomats and their equally gorgeously gowned ladies to leave their equipages and walk, many of them umbrella-less, through the downpour to the building.

With the arrival of Mr. Polk and the outgoing President Tyler, another procession was formed in the Senate Chamber, which marched to the eastern portico where the inaugural address was read and the oath of office given by Chief Justice Taney.

Mrs. Polk created a decided stir of admiration over her manner and appearance. She was elegantly attired in a long black velvet coat, richly braided and heavily fringed and tasselled. With it she wore a most becoming purple velvet hat.

As the new President had viewed the crowds that seemed just a vast sea of moving umbrellas, he chose an indirect route to the White House in order to avoid being swallowed in the masses that would swing up the Avenue in his wake.

The afternoon was as usual devoted to a public levee where friends and ambitious office seekers alike had their opportunity to greet the nation's new ruler.

The torchlight processions, sky rockets, and fire balloons planned so carefully and ambitiously in celebration were completely ruled off the programme by the weather.

The story of the inaugural balls was long remembered by the people of Washington. Of these there were two—one to which admission was ten dollars, and the other, two dollars.

The ten-dollar ball was of course planned to attract the wealthy exclusive social element of society, while the cheaper one was designed for the average citizen and his wife. However, by some chance or mischance, Dame Mischief shuffled up the careful plans of the expensive ball committee and they failed to invite the members of the Diplomatic Corps. However, the committee getting up the two-dollar ball did not commit this sin of omission. Instead, they sent their invitations to the élite and the foreign envoys long in advance. Naturally desiring to attend a really democratic ball, these all hied themselves to the cheaper ball and many amusing incidents occurred, for the great "common herd" were already in full attendance and more than one elegant dame found herself dancing in the same quadrille with her butcher or baker or her gardener or groom.

James K. Polk was no novice at the political game, having served a long apprenticeship before he landed in the White House as the successor to the unpopular Tyler.

Though born in North Carolina of Scotch-Irish ancestry, Tennessee was his home from early boyhood. More fortunate than many sons of the early pioneers he was given the advantages of an education. Graduating from the University of North Carolina and then studying law he was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-five.

Tradition relates that his marriage at this period to Miss Sarah Childress was due to the instigation of Andrew Jackson in order to end Polk's promiscuous attentions to the ladies. This event was solemnized with great ceremony when Miss Childress, the talented daughter of a

prosperous Tennessee merchant, was in her nineteenth year. This chanced to be the same year that Jackson ran for the Presidency with Adams and was defeated by him.

Mrs. Polk possessed all the necessary qualifications for social leadership. Carefully educated under the strict discipline of the Moravian Institute at Salem, North Carolina, she was not only intellectually equipped but was possessed of unusual beauty and the intangible charm so rare and so hard to define.

The year following their marriage found Polk in the House of Representatives, and his young wife, instead of giving her sole attention to the social allurements of the gay official life, familiarized herself with the intricacies of politics. With unusual wisdom in a woman so young and inexperienced she held herself aloof from participation in any of the political contentions of the times but bent her wit and her tact toward harmonizing the warring factions. This was of the greatest benefit to her ambitious husband with the goal of his hopes panoplied in his vision. Whatever dreams of future greatness Polk may have cherished, he conscientiously took care of his job during his fourteen years of congressional service, in which period he was twice elected Speaker—in 1835 and in 1837.

His popularity increased and in 1839 he was elected Governor of Tennessee after a brilliant and spectacular campaign in which he acquired the nickname of "Napoleon of the Stump."

Adhering to her early habit, Mrs. Polk made friends of all she met and made the Governor's Mansion the social hub as well as the political centre. However, Polk failed of reëlection.

The next whirl of the political wheel dropped ex-Governor Polk into the Presidential Mansion on his

Jacksonian adherency and his Texas-annexation advocacy.

About the time the governorship was luring Polk from the halls of Congress, Mrs. Polk embraced the tenets of Presbyterianism, and from that time on her attitude toward social frivolities and pastimes became less kindly and tolerant.

Always tactful, witty, and brilliant, she was careful to hide her partisanship in the hilarious Harrison and Tyler campaign and to veil her positive disapproval of many of the accepted forms of entertainments under laughing refusals to join.

Her advent into the President's House as its mistress brought forth sincere appreciation and congratulation irrespective of party ties. She was recognized, revered, and honoured as one of the most cultivated and intellectual women in the group of White House mistresses. She came to the position young enough and strong physically and mentally to enjoy thoroughly all the pleasures and privileges it held. Its trials and annoyances she discounted—and therefore her popularity increased. This was true even though her extremely conservative religious ideas aroused resentment and criticism. However, she did not call down upon her head the wild storms of abuse that a less attractive woman would have incurred. As time passed her Calvinistic faith increased its hold upon her, and to its requirements she subordinated all other obligations. She discontinued the serving of refreshments at the White House functions. She also banned dancing, declaring that "the Executive Mansion is not the place for balls." Public comment became more pronounced until her attitude was discussed from every angle, and the consensus of general opinion was to the effect that her private religious views were wholly personal and should not be

MRS. SARAH CHILDRESS POLK

Wife of President Polk. Tradition relates that his marriage to her was due to the instigation of Andrew Jackson in order to end Polk's promiscuous attentions to the ladies. An English tourist wrote of her: "Mrs. Polk is a very handsome woman. Her hair is very black and her dark eyes and complexion remind one of the Spanish donnas. She is well read, has much talent for conversation, and is highly popular. Her excellent taste in dress preserves the subdued though elegant costume that characterizes the lady."

intruded into national affairs nor should established national functions be either curtailed or modified to conform to them.

Notwithstanding the wrath she had inspired, her magnetic personality and never-failing grace and her happy gift of repartee carried her through her receptions and other functions so successfully that it was the boast of the diplomats, who continually sang her praise, that she would grace any court of Europe.

Her dark Spanish beauty was the subject of countless sonnets and toasts. An English tourist wrote of her:

"Mrs. Polk is a very handsome woman. Her hair is very black and her dark eyes and complexion remind one of the Spanish donnas. She is well read, has much talent for conversation and is highly popular. Her excellent taste in dress preserves the subdued though elegant costume that characterizes the lady."

She received her guests in rather regal fashion, remaining seated.

Though conducting her social régime to the fullest extent expected of her, Mrs. Polk was the first and only White House mistress to serve her husband as private secretary. Her understanding of politics and her keen analytical knowledge of the men of her day made her services in this capacity of inestimable value to him, and through this close association with him she had a very real participation in the many important historic events of his administration.

President Polk was the second war President. Hostilities in Mexico had already begun when the joint resolution of Congress declaring that a state of war existed between the United States and Mexico was signed by him. This was done on May 13, 1846, nearly a month after actual hostilities had begun.

Circumstances had forced General Taylor, who was in charge of the United States forces in the recently admitted State of Texas, to order a blockade of the Rio Grande. By the time Congress had agreed upon the text of the resolution and it was ready for the President's signature, a battle had taken place on May 8th, and casualties had occurred, all of which made the declaration of war on the part of this country immediately imperative.

The brilliant military achievements of General Zachary Taylor and General Winfield Scott in bringing this war to a victorious conclusion were the occasion of great rejoicing throughout the land. Universal satisfaction likewise prevailed over the final amicable solution of the hotly contested Oregon boundary dispute, so tersely summarized in the campaign slogan, "Fifty-four forty or fight."

Gratifying as this was to the nation it was dwarfed beside the settlement of the California problem, with the wonderful gold discovery which sent the great droves of the 'forty-niners dramatically rushing for ships to make the long and tedious trip around Cape Horn or to try their luck on the prairie schooner trains that were soon wending a laboured, precarious, and uncertain journey over uncharted stretches of prairie, through virgin forests, and over all but impassable mountains toward the gold-flecked land of the setting sun. "Westward Ho!" was the cry that rang its clarion call to adventure throughout the land whose echoes were the only requiem over the bleaching bones of the countless victims of the lure of the rainbow's pot of gold.

A new portfolio, that of the Department of Interior, was added to the Cabinet, making another epoch in national history.

Under the pressure of such portentous events President Polk's health, which from boyhood had been more or less

fragile, completely failed, and while he carefully rounded out every duty and task of his administration, he was obliged to make the journey home to Nashville in relays. He failed to rally, and his death occurred there three months after his retirement from the Presidency.

Though of religious tendency, he never accepted Mrs. Polk's belief, but on his deathbed was baptized by a Methodist minister, an old neighbour and friend.

Mrs. Polk's religious fervour and ascetism became more intense after her husband's death, until toward the close of her life it developed into fanaticism.

As an evidence of their pride in this gifted daughter of their state, the women of Tennessee have placed in the White House a beautiful life-size portrait of her made at the height of her beauty. The charm of the features and figure impresses every visitor.

Executive Officers—March 4, 1845, to March 4, 1849

President—James K. Polk, of Tennessee.
Vice President—George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania.
Secretary of State—John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, continued from last Administration; James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, March 6, 1845.
Secretary of the Treasury—George M. Bibb, of Kentucky, continued from last Administration; Robert J. Walker, of Mississippi, March 6, 1845.
Secretary of War—William Wilkins, of Pennsylvania, continued from last Administration; William L. Marcy, of New York, March 6, 1845.
Attorney General—John Nelson, of Maryland, continued from last Administration; John Y. Mason, of Virginia, March 6, 1845; Nathan Clifford, of Maine, October 17, 1846; Isaac Toucey, of Connecticut, June 21, 1848.
Postmaster General—Charles A. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, continued from last Administration; Cave Johnson, of Tennessee, March 6, 1845.
Secretary of the Navy—John Y. Mason, of Virginia, continued from last Administration; George Bancroft, of Massachusetts, March 10, 1845; John Y. Mason, of Virginia, September 9, 1846.

CHAPTER XVII

ADMINISTRATION OF ZACHARY TAYLOR

AGAIN Virginia gave a son to the Presidency when the Whig victory placed Zachary Taylor at the head of national affairs.

His election brought into the turbulent seas of political and sectional strife an absolutely new element—that of the straightforward, fearless fighter who knew no political subterfuges and made no compromises or pledges. Never having even attended an election or cast a vote in forty years, he at first scouted the idea of mixing in the mad political whirlpool in which all the great ante-bellum issues were seething.

The Whigs thought, when they advocated the election of Taylor, that he would be subservient to party dictation, but in this they were mistaken. The iron will and patriotic zeal that had landed him, in his sixty-fifth year, in the highest position in the land, declined to bend to political expediencies.

Very clearly did he announce his stand with no concessions to party lines—as he declared himself to be "in the hands of the people—the people's candidate, and if elected, the people's President."

How apart Taylor had lived from all affairs except those of military nature is best understood in a brief review of his career.

A relative of James Madison, he received through his help a commission as a lieutenant in 1808, in the Seventh United States Infantry. Shortly afterward, he married

Miss Margaret Smith of Maryland, who accompanied him to New Orleans and thereafter through all the years that comprised his military career, she refused to be separated from him, sharing tent, camp, or cabin, making a home for him in the heart of the wilderness, in fever swamps, on the edge of battlefields amidst untold frontier dangers and hardship among savages.

The War of 1812 found him a captain serving under General Harrison, and later his heroic defence of Fort Harrison on the Wabash under his own command, in face of an overwhelming number of Indians, was one of the spectacular events of the war and brought to him the rank of major.

The reorganization of the army after peace had been established brought to Major Taylor a reduction in rank, and he thereupon resigned to become a farmer, to the great joy of Mrs. Taylor, who saw in this the realization of her long-cherished dream of a permanent home, where she might keep her family together.

In the years that had passed, as soon as her babies had become old enough they had been sent home to her people in Maryland to be sent to school.

Major Taylor was soon recalled to military duty, and in 1832, as a colonel, he saw active duty in the Black Hawk and Florida wars, and from the rigours of that difficult struggle he emerged a brigadier general.

Put in command of the southwestern division of the army with headquarters in Louisiana, he found himself ready for service in protecting the boundary after Texas was annexed. Naturally General Taylor was the logical defender of the United States in the Mexican broil, and in consequence he cut his way through the engagements of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, and Buena Vista, winning brilliant victories through sheer valour.

One of his bravest officers, a West Point graduate, Colonel Jefferson Davis of the Mississippi Regiment, had some years previously eloped with Taylor's eldest daughter Sarah, when the parents' consent to the marriage had been refused because they did not want their daughter to marry in the army. Taylor never forgave his daughter, and her death, occurring shortly after her marriage, had been a source of deep sorrow to him and the cause of intense animosity toward the young officer husband.

Though Colonel Davis had been all through the Mexican conflict and had been wounded in the first battle, it so happened that he and his father-in-law had never met. At the battle of Buena Vista in 1847, when affairs were most critical for the Americans, and when, after a severe repulse, General Taylor ordered the troops to turn and advance again, the Mississippi Rifles were the first to reform. Giving the Southern yell, they made a brilliant dash, and amidst great slaughter, fighting like demons, the tide was turned and victory brought out of imminent defeat. There, on that bloody scene, Colonel Davis and General Taylor met. Heroic courage met its appreciation and all past bitterness was wiped away while they rejoiced and sorrowed together.

"Old Rough and Ready," as his soldiers had affectionately named him, in contrast to the term of "Old Fuss and Feathers," bestowed upon General Winfield Scott, came out of Mexico to find himself the hero of the hour with the entire nation singing his praises. Upon this gigantic wave of enthusiasm and gratitude over his military prowess, the Whigs quickly launched the presidential boom which literally rolled him into the White House—a popular idol.

When receiving the official notification of his election at Baton Rouge, General Taylor thus referred to his life:

"For more than a quarter of a century my house has been a tent and my home a battlefield."

Early in February General Taylor started for Washington in company with his young daughter Betty, a bride of twenty-two, and her husband, Colonel Bliss—his chief of staff in the Mexican War, also a West Point graduate.

Mrs. Taylor was not able to accompany him because of illness. Moreover, she had been far from pleased at his nomination, declaring it to be a plot to deprive her of his society and shorten his life by extra care and responsibility.

Amidst great ovation and celebration the President's party proceeded on the triumphal journey north. Fifteen miles from Wheeling their boat became icebound in the river and carriages had to be sent to their assistance.

Upon finally reaching Washington, February 23d, they met with a most flattering reception at the station and at the hotel, the whole town turning out made a terrific din with horns, whistles, bells, bands, and fireworks. So insistent was the populace that General Taylor had to make a speech from the balcony of the Willard Hotel. One of the most pleasing features of this inauguration was the cordiality between the retiring and the incoming chiefs. President Polk entered into all of the celebrations.

On Inauguration Day President Polk and President-elect Taylor rode together from Willard's Hotel to the Capitol, where Chief Justice Taney administered the oath on the east portico.

That night there were three balls, a grand one in Judiciary Square, a military one at Carusi's, and one at the National Hotel.

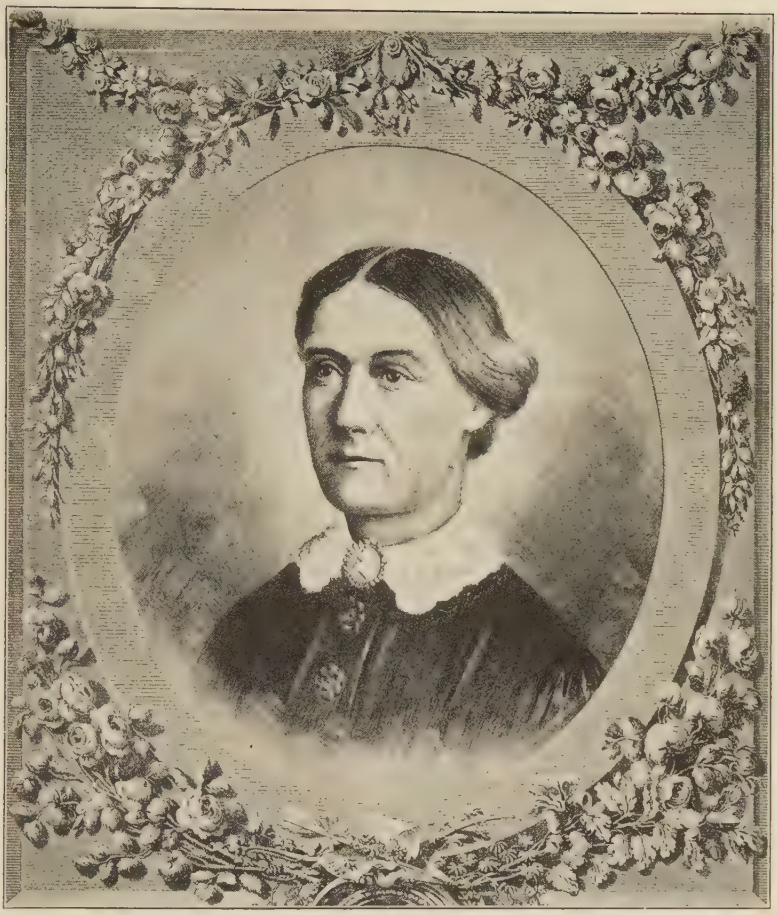
The first one was the most brilliant in the number of

distinguished people present and the display of gowns and jewels. This is the only one of which any record remains. It was held in a wooden structure erected for the purpose in the midst of the big Judiciary Square upon which the Pension Building was later erected. The music was by Gungle's orchestra and considered especially superior. The bare walls, concealed by canvas, were covered with flags in many designs, and large chandeliers suspended from the canvas-covered ceiling kept up a sputtering shower of falling wax to sprinkle the coats and gowns of the dancers. Lighting was poor, accommodations for coats and wraps bad, and arrangements for serving the elaborate supper worse. Ladies were admitted alone and in the crowds became separated from their escorts. When the crush was over, the worst possible confusion ensued over wraps and escorts.

Endless trouble had been expended to make the ballroom a place of beauty, and many citizens loaned furnishings and objects of art.

The presidential party, escorted by Mayor Seaton and other city officials, arrived about eleven o'clock. Mrs. Bliss was naturally the centre of interest, as she was to preside as mistress of the Mansion in place of her mother, who disliked the social exactions and who had made known her intention of keeping aloof from them upon her arrival. Mrs. Bliss was the youngest woman ever to be placed in a position of such responsibility, but from the hour of her appearance at the ball until her departure after her father's death, her affability and good sense won friends for her from all classes.

At the ball her dainty white silk, so girlishly suitable to her youth and figure, offered a marked contrast to the brilliant Madame Bodesco, wife of the Russian diplomat, whose gorgeous crimson satin and gold lace with her mag-



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MRS. ZACHARY TAYLOR

Wife and inseparable companion of President "Old Rough and Ready." Through all the years that comprised his military career, she refused to be separated from him, sharing tent, camp, or cabin, making a home for him in the heart of the wilderness, in fever swamps, on the edge of battlefields, amidst untold dangers and hardships among savages. When the tide of popularity carried her husband to the White House after the Mexican War, Mrs. Taylor refused to take any part in the social life of the Capital. She selected rooms in the White House for herself and there set up her own ideas of housekeeping with the intention of ministering to her husband's comfort according to the customs she had always followed. Her attitude, her mode of living, and the fact that she sometimes smoked a corn-cob pipe, created such a storm of ridicule that she withdrew more into the privacy of her household, spending her days knitting.

nificent tiara of diamonds was a splendid representation for the wealth and pomp of the great empire her husband represented.

Mrs. Taylor persisted in her refusal to take any part in the social life of the Capitol. She selected rooms for herself and there set up her own ideas of housekeeping with the intention of ministering to her husband's comfort according to the customs she had always followed. Her attitude, her mode of living, and the fact that she sometimes smoked a corn-cob pipe, created such a storm of ridicule that she withdrew more into the privacy of her household, spending her days knitting. Mrs. Taylor was an excellent housekeeper and she found plenty to interest and occupy her in making the establishment present its best appearance. The installation of gas and the addition of new furniture and carpets made this self-imposed task a source of pleasure to her.

"Old Rough and Ready" took a vigorous stand in the exciting questions that were stirring the country. In the bitter controversy over the admission of California as an additional free state which would give a majority of one to the anti-slave-holding states, the President took the side of the people in their right to form state constitutions to suit themselves, and advocated that they should be admitted into the Union with or without slavery, as their constitutions ordained.

Moreover, he effectually quelled the ardour of the revolutionaries by declaring, "Disunion is Treason" and threatening, in case of revolt, to take the field himself at the head of an army of volunteers, to suppress it, for which purpose he would not deem it necessary to call for a single soldier from the North.

When Texas claimed control of New Mexico and threateningly demanded withdrawal of the United States troops,

the President's orders to the military commandant were: "Repel force by force!" adding that if need arose he would be there himself.

The South, alarmed at this stand of one of her sons, himself a slave-holder, loudly denounced him as a traitor.

Calhoun and Benton were adding to the general eruption and the President discovered that a political storm was harder to quell than fighting Mexicans and subduing savages.

Mrs. Bliss became a general favourite, her good sense and sense of humour saved many a trying situation for her, but she cared little for the formal functions that prevailed and gradually the lack of entertainment at the President's House created much adverse comment. However, at the few receptions she did give she conducted herself as though to the manner born.

The President considered himself the servant of the people and was highly popular. He dressed simply, his tall silk hat perched on the back of his head and his black broadcloth suit—much too large for him, made so at his orders—were familiar about the streets of the city. His gentle kindliness always put people at ease with him. He always mingled with the crowds that attended the Marine Band Concerts, so long a Saturday afternoon feature in the White House grounds. Under his direction people had access to White House and grounds free of any restrictions, and his faith in the public was never abused by any damage or affront.

General Taylor found it difficult to accustom himself to the etiquette and the restraint of his new position. One day when the bachelor ex-Secretary of State called with a number of fair Pennsylvania friends to present them to the President, General Taylor remarked: "Ah! Mr. Buchanan, you always pick out the prettiest ladies!"

"Why, Mr. President," was the courtly reply, "I know that your taste and mine agree in that respect."

"Yes," said General Taylor, "but I have been so long among Indians and Mexicans that I hardly know how to behave myself surrounded by so many lovely women."

One of the sights that never failed to delight tourists and residents was the placid enjoyment of "Old Whitey," the old war horse that the General had used in the Mexican War. Retired from military duty, "Old Whitey" adapted himself to the comforts of the smooth lawns about the Mansion, where he roamed at will, nosing the walks and fences and receiving the attention of the passers-by, all unconscious that he soon would have one more pathetic service to render his beloved master.

July 4, 1850, was the seventy-fourth anniversary of the nation's independence. Preparations had long been under way to mark the celebration by the ceremonies of laying the corner stone of the Washington Monument in memory of the great Father of His Country.

President Taylor attended and participated and suffered greatly from the heat. Inured as he was to the intense heat of his Southern military assignments, he had no thought of caution in his diet. Indiscreet eating and liberal supplies of iced water and milk made him very ill. Harassed and worn down by the growing political contentions over the Fugitive Slave Law and the contest over the admission of free and slave states, he had little resistance with which to combat the fever that soon ensued.

For five days he suffered, growing gradually weaker, and died on the night of July 9th, surrounded by his sorrowing family and various officials.

All night long the streets had been thronged with people eagerly hoping for news of improvement in his condition. When a slight rally was announced in the bulletins issued

regularly from the sick room the crowds shouted and sang with joy. Finally, when the bell on the State Department tolled out the announcement of his death and every church bell in the city repeated the mournful news, the city subsided into deepest grief.

The next morning the White House and all public buildings were draped in black, flags displayed at half-staff, public offices were closed, and bands of crêpe put on horses and equipages of members of the Cabinet.

The White House was kept open until late in the afternoon, and the body lay in state in the East Room so that the public might have a last view of the old soldier they had come to love so well.

The funeral procession was most impressive. Party differences were forgotten in a common sorrow. General Scott led the imposing military escort which rode with reversed arms. Notable among the military companies was Duncan's Light Artillery, which tradition claimed had fired the first and the last cannon in the Mexican War.

A sumptuous funeral car draped in black silk had an eagle suspended above it. It was drawn by eight white horses, each led by a Negro groom dressed in oriental costume. "Old Whitey" was led directly behind it, richly caparisoned but with simply the saddle, and the boots of the dead soldier in the stirrups.

Mrs. Taylor left Washington almost at once and survived her husband by only a couple of years. In her grief the whole nation joined, and demonstrations and pageants in memory of General Taylor were given in many cities.

Of his short administration of sixteen months Senator Benton, one of his active opponents of the other party, said:

"His brief career showed no deficiency of wisdom for want of previous political training. He came into the

administration at a time of great difficulty and acted up to the emergency of his position.

"His death was a public calamity. No man could have been more devoted to the Union or more opposed to the slavery agitation, and his position as a Southern man and a slave-holder, his military reputation and his election by a majority of the people of the states would have given him a power in the settlement of these questions which no President without these qualifications would have possessed. In the political division he was classed with the Whig party; but his administration, as far as it went, was applauded by the democracy, and promised to be so to the end of his office term. Dying at the head of the Government, a national lamentation bewailed his departure from life and power and embalmed his memory in the affections of his country."

On July 13, 1849, Mrs. Dolly Madison died at her home, now the Cosmos Club. Though reduced in fortune and harassed over the behaviour of her only son, she still queened it over Washington society with the same grace and charm that characterized her leadership as wife of the President. For years all the dignitaries who came to Washington paid their respects to Mrs. Madison immediately after being received at the White House.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS—MARCH 4, 1849, TO JULY 9, 1850

President—Zachary Taylor, of Louisiana (died July 9, 1850).
Vice President—Millard Fillmore, of New York.
Secretary of State—James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, continued from last Administration; John M. Clayton, of Delaware, March 7, 1849.
Secretary of the Treasury—Robert J. Walker, of Mississippi, continued from last Administration; McClintock Young (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, March 6, 1849; William M. Meredith, of Pennsylvania, March 8, 1849.
Secretary of War—William L. Marcy, of New York, continued from

last Administration; Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, (Attorney General), *ad interim*, March 8, 1849; George W. Crawford, of Georgia, March 8, 1849.

Attorney General—Isaac Toucey, of Connecticut, continued from last Administration; Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, March 8, 1849.

Postmaster General—Cave Johnson, of Tennessee, continued from last Administration; Selah R. Hobbie, of New York (First Assistant Postmaster General), *ad interim*, March 5, 1849; Jacob Collamer, of Vermont, March 8, 1849.

Secretary of the Navy—John Y. Mason, of Virginia, continued from last Administration; William B. Preston, of Virginia, March 8, 1849.

Secretary of the Interior—Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, March 8, 1849.

CHAPTER XVIII

ADMINISTRATION OF MILLARD FILLMORE

VICE President Millard Fillmore was sworn in as Chief Executive on July 10, 1850, the day following the death of President Taylor. Attended by a committee of both Houses of Congress then in session and the members of the late President's Cabinet, he took the oath from Judge Cranch of the District Circuit Court in the hall of the House of Representatives.

No man could have had the executive responsibility unexpectedly thrust upon him at a more critical period in his party's history than confronted Fillmore on the death of Taylor. Party feeling was running high. Wild ambitions were surging beyond all bounds of reason. Unscrupulous legislative collusion abounded. Political bargaining was rampant! The tremendous recent territorial acquisition with the great wave of prosperity which ensued brought forth its bumper crop of new problems, and underneath all the hysteria and excitement was the steady and increasing rumble of sectional dissension, the danger signal presaging the coming storm of civil war.

A Whig facing a hostile majority in Congress, Fillmore's inauguration was literally a baptism of fire.

The famous hard-fought omnibus bill with its pro-slavery features, which had so long been the bone of contention throughout the nation, was about to come to vote in Congress, and practically the first momentous act of his new administration would be his decision either to sign or not to sign it.

The gravity of the hour with its pall of gloom over the

death of the beloved Taylor made this midsummer inauguration solemn to a marked degree, and no inaugural speech was made nor was any desired or expected. A sparse announcement of his predecessor's death, with an expression of his own sorrow and that of the nation, and an appeal to his hearers for their support and advice in his new duties, comprised his brief statement prior to taking the oath.

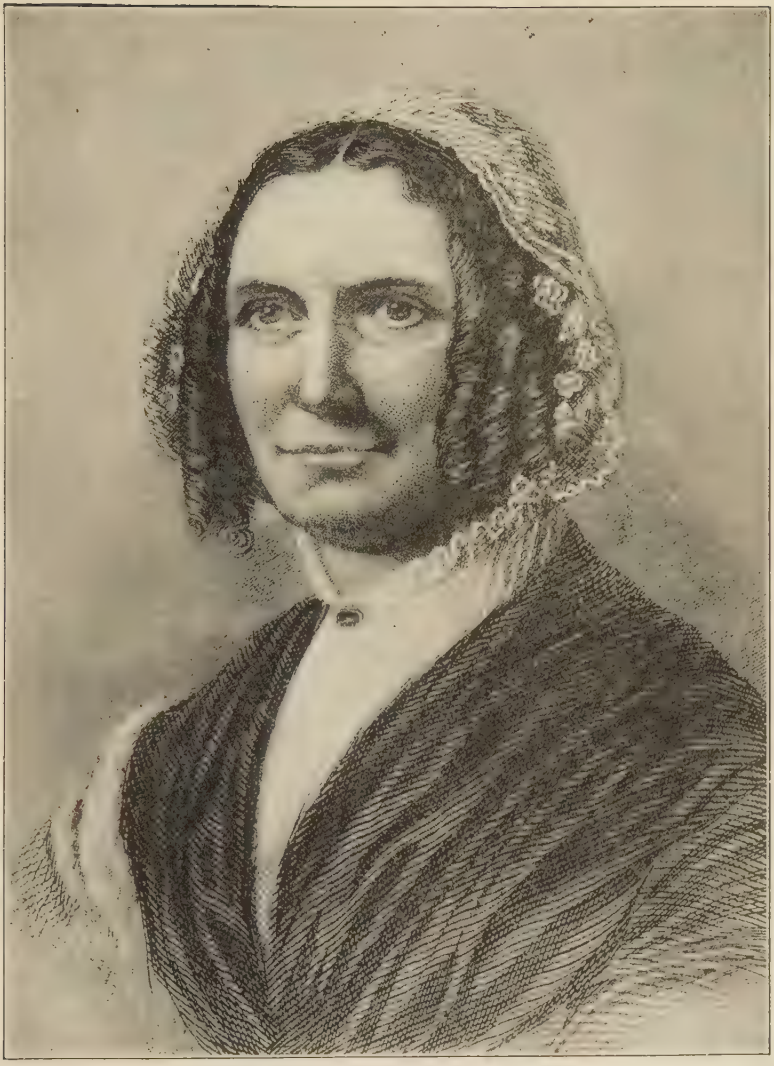
Taylor's Cabinet all resigned and a new group was selected, with Daniel Webster as Secretary of State. It has been frequently stated that Webster made up the slate and sent it to the President with a blank opposite the office of Secretary of State.

The customs of the House and Senate in those days were far different from now. It was common to have wine upon the desks, and the famous "Hole in the Wall" kept thirsty legislators refreshed on demand.

The august Senators in 1849 were an imposing group. Garbed in the correct sombre-hued cloak of the day, they were most impressive with their satin stocks, tall silk hats, side whiskers, and wide, high stand-up collars, eye-glass ribbons, and elaborate jewellery. Quill pens were still in vogue, and sand in place of blotters was the proper thing.

The last session of the House in 1849 has been often recorded as an orgy whose scenes beggared description because of the intoxication and disorder, several members being carried out bodily.

As yet the Capitol boasted no better heating system than grate fires of hickory wood and the popular anthracite-burning Franklin stoves to take away the wintry chill. Like the grates and fireplaces, the stoves extended their warmth but a few feet, and necessitated frequent trips for thawing out within its radius. If they remained long at their desks, the statesmen wrapped themselves in their



MRS. ABIGAIL POWERS FILLMORE

Wife of President Millard Fillmore. The daughter of a Baptist minister and teacher of a district school, she outlined a four-year course of study for Fillmore when he was nineteen that enabled him to teach school when he did not follow his trade of wool carder. Up to the age of fifteen Fillmore's knowledge of books had been limited to a Bible and a hymnal, and until nineteen he had never seen either a Shakespeare or a map of his own country, yet this self-made and self-educated American brought to the Presidency an able statesmanship, a poise of manner that was never disturbed or lost in excitement, a wisdom and a prudence that left its impress upon his administration. It was he and Mrs. Fillmore who put the first library in the White House.

heavy woollen blanket-like shawls, using extra long safety pins to fasten them about the throat.

Pages were kept busy replenishing the supply of snuff. In such atmosphere did the old-style eloquence find inspiration. Ponderous dignity, gravity even to austerity, characterized the demeanour of the stern lawmakers, and their simplest discussions found expression and argument in the classic oratory now a treasured tradition.

A representative American, Fillmore was called the handsomest of the Presidents. More than six feet in height, of commanding figure and manner, he was physically a splendid type of national leader. Like the able statesman he was, his poise of manner was never disturbed or lost in excitement. He brought to the office a wisdom and prudence that left its impress upon his administration.

Self-made and self-educated, he had suffered privation and hardship as a clothier's apprentice. Years later, when the humble service of wool carder was far behind him, he had great sympathy with and understanding of the trials of the downtrodden and oppressed.

To the age of fifteen his knowledge of books had been limited to a Bible and a hymnal, and until nineteen he had never seen either a Shakespeare or a map of his own country. With this handicap to overcome, through the encouragement and assistance of Miss Abigail Powers, youngest daughter of a Baptist minister, and teacher of a district school, he followed a course of study for four years that enabled him to teach school during the periods when he did not follow his trade. When the boy was about nineteen he caught the interest of a wealthy man of Cayuga County, New York, who assisted him in his law studies, agreeing to wait for repayment until business success attended his efforts.

For the next two years Fillmore applied himself wholly

to his studies, teaching school between times. In 1823 he entered a Buffalo law office, having been admitted to the bar the same year, and he then went to Aurora to practise, where his first case brought him a fee of four dollars.

At this point in his career his marriage to Miss Powers occurred, terminating a five-year engagement which grew out of their mutual interests in books and study.

They set up housekeeping in simplest fashion in a little house which Fillmore constructed with his own hands, and his wife continued her school-teaching to add to the slender income. Through the years that followed she was his unfailing inspiration.

Mrs. Fillmore, a tall, stately woman, came to the White House in sorrow over the recent death of a sister, and not being in robust health she felt obliged to shift many of her social duties on to the shoulders of her daughter. Just out of school, Mary Abigail Fillmore enjoyed the rôle and carried off her honours with ease and made a splendid impression on the public and society.

To the Fillmores, with their bookish tastes, the absence of a library in the White House was a decided shock, and the new President heartily endorsed his wife's desire to remedy this omission. To her literary taste is due the installation of the first library in the President's House. Congress appropriated five thousand dollars for the purchase of the books, and the selection of them was left wholly to Mrs. Fillmore's judgment.

Besides this innovation, Mrs. Fillmore made a number of other changes, all of which were much needed. Chief among these improvements was the introduction of a coal range in the kitchen, to the horror and dismay of the old darkey cook who had been in the habit of preparing dinners for as many as thirty-six at a time by means of hooks and cranes in the big fireplace.

The renovation and rearrangement of the oval room on the second floor, converting it into a family sitting room and library for the new books, was another step in the completion of the plans of the new mistress.

This room was found to be in a wretched condition. The floor was covered with a straw matting or carpet, under which was found a Brussels carpet of a most attractive old pattern of baskets of roses. This Mrs. Fillmore had taken up, cleaned, and relaid. She then installed her daughter's harp and piano, making of this room such a delightful homelike apartment that it gradually became the scene of all of the informal affairs and many of the smaller functions of the Mansion, particularly those of a musical type, in which both Mrs. Fillmore and Mary Abigail took the greatest pleasure.

During Jenny Lind's visit to this country in November, 1850, she was entertained at the White House and was delighted with Miss Fillmore. The President's family attended both of her concerts and enjoyed her visit thoroughly.

The Fillmores early mapped out their social programme, the President always being accessible in the early mornings.

The President and his wife received regularly on Tuesdays from twelve to two. Levees were scheduled for Fridays from eight to ten o'clock. Dinner parties were slated for Thursdays and sometimes also for Saturdays, while the smaller informal functions were wedged in between these regular affairs.

Mrs. Fillmore made it a rule to be present at the official functions, though she was frequently obliged to remain in bed the day before so that her injured ankle would bear the long strain of standing.

Some New York friends presented her with a handsome

span of horses and a carriage which the family used during their stay in Washington.

Their first New Year's reception called forth such a throng as to become a jam. Among the many callers were Henry Clay and General Winfield Scott.

In May, 1851, the President was tendered wonderful receptions en route to open the New York & Erie Railroad at Dunkirk.

The visit of General Louis Kossuth, famous Hungarian revolutionist, was the occasion of a series of notable entertainments, including a large banquet and reception at the White House. His visit created quite a political flutter.

One of the most spectacular scenes was the reception given a delegation of Indians, among whom the President distributed gifts.

For the most part the social seasons were not brilliant. Much of the impetus for extensive social activity was usually received from the White House, but Mrs. Fillmore's health and disposition did not permit of undue effort on her part. While she punctiliously met her obligations, she was physically handicapped in entering spontaneously into social life.

Among the other notable visitors to the capital city during the Fillmore régime were Washington Irving and Thackeray. The former laid great stress upon the fact that a very fast train brought him from Baltimore in two hours. He was the guest of Secretary of the Navy Kennedy. Thackeray gave a lecture in February which was flatteringly attended. He was also entertained at the White House and by high officials of the Government during his stay of three weeks.

Still another delegation appeared in Washington during the Fillmore régime which came in great pomp and state.

The Pope, seeking restoration to power as head of the State as well as the Church, sent a group of papal dignitaries to this country to pay respects to President Fillmore and lay before him the appeal for this recognition. According to the story as related by the military attaché on the President's staff, now deceased, the President and his advisers were at a loss to determine just how to make a diplomatic denial of the plea. As the delegation filed into the East Room in which the President, Cabinet, Supreme Court, and representatives from Congress were assembled, the entire group was keyed up with curiosity as to the answer. After all ceremonies of introduction and greetings and felicitations had been exchanged this plea was presented to the President in a letter written in the Pope's own hand. The attaché insisted that never had the President been more of the mighty ruler and statesman than at the moment, when, with all the skill of a trained diplomat and courtier, he suavely sidetracked a definite answer by explaining that the position of the United States among nations required that its dealings be conducted with the head or reigning ruler. This appeared to be impossible, as from their own statement Christ was head of Church and State of Italy.

As there was nothing more to be said, the delegation merely bowed itself out and all present were requested to maintain silence on the subject.

A noted individual who visited Washington early in the administration of President Fillmore was William M. Tweed, of New York, who came as foreman of the Americus Engine Company, No. 6, a volunteer fire organization.

Visiting the White House, the company was ushered into the East Room, where President Fillmore soon appeared, and Tweed, stepping out in front of his command, said: "These are Big Six boys, Mr. President!"

He then walked along the line with Mr. Fillmore, and introduced the members individually. As they were leaving the room, a newspaper reporter asked Tweed why he had not made a longer speech.

"There was no necessity," he replied, "for the company is as much grander than any other fire company in the world as Niagara Falls is grander than Croton dam."

Two years afterward, Tweed, profiting by a division in the Whig ranks in the Fifth District of New York, returned to Washington as a Representative in Congress.

Another foreign visitor to this country was Frederika Bremer of Sweden, who was so fortunate as to hear Daniel Webster's famous "Union and the Constitution" speech on March 7, 1850. She wrote enthusiastic accounts about the American statesman.

Among the notable events and achievements of this administration must be mentioned the demonstration of Yankee products, industries, and manufactures to the extent of a thousand tons displayed in the Crystal Palace in London in 1851.

Another similar though more limited demonstration was made to the Japanese when the Perry expedition arrived. Perry's efforts resulted in the opening of the ports of Japan for the first time in history.

The postal rate was reduced and the corner stone of the extension of the Capitol was laid on July 4, 1851.

The nation lost its powerful trinity of giant statesmen in the deaths of Henry Clay, Calhoun, and Webster within a span of two years. Calhoun was first to go, dying the last day of March, 1850. Henry Clay passed away at the old Capitol Hotel in Washington on June 29, 1852, while Daniel Webster did not tarry long behind his brilliant contemporaries, entering into rest on October 24, 1852.

Fillmore was an ideal husband and his devotion to his wife was a matter of comment. Upon one occasion she gathered a bouquet in the conservatory before going to an evening function. Upon their arrival, Mr. Fillmore noticed that she had forgotten it and that she was annoyed at having done so, so he quietly slipped out unobserved, went back home, and brought it to her.

Mrs. Fillmore's health suffered under the strain of her public life, and though ill she attended the inaugural services at the Capitol and remained to welcome Mrs. Pierce to the mansion. She caught cold which resulted in her death at the Willard Hotel three weeks later. Their daughter, Mary Abigail, then assumed full charge of her father's household until her untimely death a year later from cholera.

Close upon this last bereavement Mr. Fillmore went to Europe and while in Rome was made candidate of the American, or Know Nothing, Party. He accepted but only received the electoral vote of Maryland.

In 1858 in Albany he married Mrs. Caroline McIntosh, and with her again visited Europe in 1866. Though twice nominated for the Presidency he failed to inspire a sufficient following. He was classed as a Copperhead during the Civil War. He died at the age of seventy-five after having received many civic honours.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS—JULY 9, 1850, TO MARCH 4, 1853

President—Millard Fillmore, of New York.
President *pro tempore* of the Senate—William R. King, of Alabama.
Secretary of State—John M. Clayton, of Delaware, continued from Taylor's Administration; Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, July 22, 1850; Charles M. Conrad, of Louisiana (Secretary of War), *ad interim*, September 2, 1852; Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, November 6, 1852; William Hunter (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, March 4, 1853.
Secretary of the Treasury—William M. Meredith, of Pennsylvania,

continued from Taylor's Administration; Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, July 23, 1850.

Secretary of War—George W. Crawford, of Georgia, continued from Taylor's Administration; Samuel J. Anderson (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, July 23, 1850; Winfield Scott (Major General, U. S. Army), *ad interim*, July 24, 1850; Charles M. Conrad, of Louisiana, August 15, 1850.

Attorney General—Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, continued from Taylor's Administration; John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, July 22, 1850.

Postmaster General—Jacob Collamer, of Vermont, continued from Taylor's Administration; Nathan K. Hall, of New York, July 23, 1850; Samuel D. Hubbard, of Connecticut, August 31, 1852.

Secretary of the Navy—William B. Preston, of Virginia, continued from Taylor's Administration; William A. Graham, of North Carolina, July 22, 1850; Lewis Warrington (Captain, U. S. Navy), *ad interim*, July 23, 1850; John P. Kennedy, of Maryland, July 22, 1852.

Secretary of the Interior—Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, continued from Taylor's Administration; Daniel C. Goddard (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, July 23, 1850; Thomas M. T. McKennan, of Pennsylvania, August 15, 1850; Daniel C. Goddard (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, August 27, 1850; Alexander H. H. Stuart, of Virginia, September 12, 1850.

CHAPTER XIX

ADMINISTRATION OF FRANKLIN PIERCE

SNOW flurries and a biting raw wind ushered in March 4, 1853, the inauguration day for Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire.

This was a most hilarious occasion, for the city was more crowded with visitors than ever before. Never had such a throng poured into it. The jam was so great that lodging accommodations were quickly exhausted and the later arrivals were forced to accept sleeping quarters at exorbitant prices wherever they could obtain them. Even the poorest were at a premium and many visitors gratefully crawled into cubby holes and corners for a place to lay their weary heads that they would have viewed with scorn under other conditions. Hundreds not even thus fortunate walked the streets the entire preceding night, and one train alone poured forth 2,000 visitors on the morning of the eventful day.

In no wise depressed by the disagreeable weather, the crowd was riotous with excitement, which found expression in a wild din of bell ringing, whistle blowing, and cannonading.

Public buildings, schoolhouses, and residences were ablaze with colour. Banners, flags, and bunting were used in great profusion, block after block offering its fluttering welcome to General Pierce, another hero of the Mexican War.

President Fillmore called for General Pierce at the Willard Hotel at eleven o'clock and together they made the

trip to and from the Capitol. On the east front a huge stand had been erected of New Hampshire pine, in compliment to the incoming executive. Here were seated the usual assemblage of officials, and before them and the great mass of spectators filling the entire square the oath of office was given that transformed General Pierce into President Pierce and Millard Fillmore from President to a private citizen.

The address was received with great applause.

An unusual feature of this event was the absence of Vice President-elect William R. King of Alabama, who was in Cuba and unable to reach Washington in time for the ceremonies. However, at the same hour that President Pierce was sworn in, at the Capitol, Mr. King took the oath of office as Vice President from United States Consul Rodney on a plantation near Matanzas.

No ball was arranged at this time out of respect for the recent bereavement in the President's family, but an afternoon reception at the White House was largely attended. Here the retiring and the new Presidents made the rounds arm-in-arm, mingling with the throng in most cordial manner. Later, after the dinner for the two families, these two distinguished gentlemen attended the parties in celebration of the day, displaying a friendliness that was most impressive.

To Washington Irving, who was in Washington at this time and who was a spectator and participant in all the inaugural events, the quiet dignity and courtesy that marked the transition of power and pomp from one man to the other were a strong tribute to the principles of democracy.

In January, just prior to their coming to Washington, General and Mrs. Pierce lost their last remaining child, a son, in a railroad wreck, while they were en route to their

home in Concord from a trip to Boston. The coaches were derailed and tumbled down an embankment and the boy, just thirteen years of age, was instantly killed, his head being crushed. Neither of his parents was injured, but Mrs. Pierce never really recovered from the shock of witnessing this tragedy to the last of her three children.

This calamity threw a gloom over the Executive Mansion, but notwithstanding her grief and her disinclination to mingle in social affairs she forced herself to meet the obligations of her new position. Educated, of great culture and refinement, and the embodiment of gentle graciousness, she made hosts of friends and not an enemy during her entire stay.

This enforced activity along distasteful lines exacted its toll and her health became more and more fragile. Society was therefore extremely dull. White House levees alternated with those given by the assembly at Marini's Hall. There were no special entertainments for visiting celebrities or any brilliant functions other than the regular routine.

The last levee of the season was the scene of an incident which was followed by a tragedy the next day that shocked and horrified the entire city. In the crowd of guests, Colonel Lee, a clerk in the pension office, suddenly seized another guest by the collar, accusing him of picking his pocket. The man thus suddenly and apparently so unwarrantably insulted was a highly respected citizen of Alexandria, named David Hume.

The matter was hushed up for the moment and the two excited men were separated and gotten away from the reception, but the next morning Mr. Hume called upon Colonel Lee at the pension office to settle the matter. Lee was positive in his assertions of Hume's offence and would listen to no denial, whereupon Mr. Hume struck him with his cane. Lee at once drew a revolver and fired its con-

tents at his visitor, instantly killing him. When released on bail, Lee disappeared.

President Pierce, born in Hillsborough, New Hampshire, November 23, 1804, had a splendid background for the Presidency. He was the son of a Revolutionary hero, who was later governor of his state, and had the advantages of education denied many of the great men of our nation. After he left Bowdoin College, he taught school and studied law under Judge Woodbury, an old friend of his father, then Governor of New Hampshire. The young man was admitted to the bar in 1827. With a penchant for politics he was soon more engrossed than he had ever been in law. The State Legislature was the next step, and that led him to Congress in 1833. Reaching the United States Senate in 1837, he was the youngest member of that body. He served through Van Buren's term.

After his marriage to Miss Jane Appleton, daughter of a former president of Bowdoin College, he declined various civil and political offices, even declining to serve in President Polk's Cabinet as Attorney General. This was almost wholly due to Mrs. Pierce's fragile health, which always suffered in the climate of Washington.

His declination of the cabinet honour was as follows:

"When I resigned my seat in the Senate in 1842, I did it with the fixed purpose never again to be voluntarily separated from my family for any considerable length of time, except at call of my country in time of war."

The Mexican War was already threatening, and when it did burst forth Pierce was made a brigadier general and received his commission in the spring of 1847. He had enrolled as a private on the first list of volunteers at Concord.

Following his pledge of service, he accepted and was at once placed at the head of 2,500 men from New England and the Southwest and Northwest, who were to assemble at Vera Cruz. He accordingly set sail to join General Scott at Pueblo. General Pierce and his brigade suffered all the hardships and privations that the intense heat of midsummer, disease, the endless delays, and attacking bands of guerillas could inflict upon men totally unused to the geographical and climatic conditions of a foreign country.

During the march to Pueblo, General Pierce's horse was shot from under him, his hat shot from his head.

Finally Pierce and his brigade arrived at General Scott's headquarters and at once the advance into the valley of Mexico was made.

During the attack on Contreras, while leading his column, and the only mounted officer, General Pierce's horse slipped and fell, crushing his rider painfully. As soon as he regained consciousness he insisted on being assisted to a saddle so that he might get into action. When told that he was unable to sit his horse, he told his aides:

"Then you must tie me on!"

All night he lay in an ammunition wagon in agony with an injured knee, but in the morning he was again in the saddle and held his position, leading his brigade to the front. General Scott, perceiving his condition, debated upon sending him back to the States, but Pierce insisted upon being permitted to remain at the head of his men and carried his point.

They finally came to a deep ditch too wide for his horse to leap—whereupon he dismounted and crawled and dragged himself through it.

A battle was in progress, and in the excitement he

rushed along several hundred yards before he fell, fainting from exhaustion and pain, on the battle front in full view of the enemy at Cherubusco. When his men tried to carry him from the field he refused to permit himself to be touched, lying in that danger and pain until the enemy were thoroughly routed from their position.

After he returned to the United States he resigned his commission and returned to his home in Concord, where he received a great ovation. Later he received a sword from Congress.

He declined all political honours, though just as staunch a Democrat as in the beginning of his career, intending to remain in private life. Despite all his efforts to escape public service he was nominated for the Presidency, and in the election defeated General Winfield Scott, the Whig candidate, by a popular majority of 203,606. He had the electoral vote of all the states excepting Vermont, Massachusetts, Kentucky, and Tennessee.

Aside from the disinclination of Mrs. Pierce voluntarily to encourage or participate in any real social activity, the administration was a quiet one. There were no unusual events of any consequence either of domestic or foreign nature, except for the agitation of the Slavery question which arose through the legislation in connection with the Kansas and Nebraska territorial act in 1854, setting aside the boundaries or rather the geographical limits of the 1850 compromise.

Until he ranged himself so unequivocally on the side of the South in the Squatter Sovereignty squabble and the Kansas question he was personally the most popular man to hold the Presidency.

Pierce was always a staunch Democrat and strong Jackson supporter and made the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law one of the features of his inaugural ad-

dress. When this stand was known, his Northern support fell away from him, and the South not being grateful for his attitude, he was not reëlected.

Commodore Perry had left Norfolk in 1852 on the warship *Mississippi* to carry a letter from President Fillmore to the Emperor of Japan, soliciting the negotiation of a treaty of friendship and commerce between the two nations that provided for the opening of the ports of Japan to American ships for commerce. Perry did not arrive at his destination, the Bay of Yeddo, until July 8, 1853, since he went by way of the Cape of Good Hope.

Entrusted with the diplomatic as well as the commercial business, he remained at anchor for nine days in the bay, refusing to discuss matters official with any one but a prince of the royal family. Nothing being achieved, he sailed away to Nafa for repairs, and six months later he again left Hong Kong for his second call in the Bay of Yeddo. This time he had a fleet of nine vessels which he anchored before Yokohama. He was received with courtesy and was provided with a residence erected on the shore for his use. There he received the reply to President Fillmore's letter.

Thus he had accomplished what had long been considered impossible and what every maritime power in Europe had failed to do.

Through Perry's efforts the first American consul, Townsend Harris, arrived in Japan in 1856 and the commercial treaty was then completed and signed by him and the representative of the Japanese Government. Shortly afterward, treaties were arranged with several other nations.

Doubtless the most interesting feature of this entire accomplishment was the queer assortment of gifts Harris took with him. Surely no more unique gift collection was ever assembled for a government. Chief among them

was a train of cars with a locomotive and rails. This delighted the Japanese beyond measure, and though too small for adults to occupy, they climbed on top of the locomotive and cars for the sake of trying them out. A telegraph instrument and short lengths of wire were also set up, which the natives came miles to see. Among the other gifts were rifles, muskets, sabres, swords, carbines, pistols, books, whisky, champagne and other wines, lifeboats, potatoes, weights and measures, and some farming implements.

After the close of his term, General Pierce went to Madeira with Mrs. Pierce and remained abroad about two years. She died in 1863 of consumption.

Pierce, a Northerner with Southern sympathies, was much maligned. The Abolitionists denounced him as a Copperhead, but when the war was ended with the Union victory he was glad.

He was a philanthropist and endowed and assisted many worthy institutions.

Of the few friends who were close to this quiet, reserved man was Nathaniel Hawthorne, his biographer and dearest friend. The two men were travelling together when Hawthorne died in 1864.

Pierce had another close friend in Ethan, his horse, who he used to declare was more sympathetic and understanding than many of his human friends.

Most interesting from the modern viewpoint are the quaint styles which were then in vogue in women's dress. It would seem as though the extreme had been the ambition of the style mandates for a quarter of a century. The monstrous leg-o'-mutton sleeves of the J. Q. Adams and Jackson periods, with their great cambric extenders, using as much material as required for a skirt, obliged their wearers to go through doorways sidewise.

MRS. JANE APPLETON PIERCE

Wife of President Franklin Pierce. Educated, of great culture and refinement, and the embodiment of gentle graciousness, she made hosts of friends and not an enemy during her entire stay at the White House.

Then through Harrison's and Fillmore's régimes the belles of the day were addicted to the crinolined bell-like skirts, pantalettes, poke bonnets, and huge shawls. In this period, too, Mrs. Bloomer appeared with her semi-masculine garments that soon found a following among women who were considered "advanced." But when Mrs. Pierce assumed charge of the social end of the nation, the styles were more grotesque than ever before, for the gay Empress Eugénie of France was creating havoc in Europe with her original ideas. She was responsible for the hoop skirt, first made of whalebone, then the more atrocious graduated steel circles, widest at the hips. Once possessed of this fad she carried it so far that she could not get through the doors of her own palace arrayed in them. The devotees of fashion in this country lost no time in imitating her.

Mrs. Pierce's manner of dress was conventional, and like her manner in everything else, most unobtrusive. She obtained her greatest pleasure in religious and charitable work. While in Washington they attended the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, and upon one occasion entertained the entire Sunday school with a Christmas tree at the White House.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS—MARCH 4, 1853, TO MARCH 4, 1857

President—Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire.
Vice President—William R. King, of Alabama (died April 18, 1853).
President *pro tempore* of the Senate—David R. Atchison, of Missouri; Lewis Cass, of Michigan; Jesse D. Bright, of Indiana; Charles E. Stuart, of Michigan; James M. Mason, of Virginia.
Secretary of State—William Hunter (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, March 4, 1853; William L. Marcy, of New York, March 7, 1853.
Secretary of the Treasury—Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, continued from last Administration; James Guthrie, of Kentucky, March 7, 1853.
Secretary of War—Charles M. Conrad, of Louisiana, continued from last Administration; Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, March 7,

1853; Samuel Cooper (Adjutant General, U. S. Army), *ad interim*, March 3, 1857.

Attorney General—John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, continued from last Administration; Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, March 7, 1853.

Postmaster General—Samuel D. Hubbard, of Connecticut, continued from last Administration; James Campbell, of Pennsylvania, March 7, 1853.

Secretary of the Navy—John P. Kennedy, of Maryland, continued from last Administration; James C. Dobbin, of North Carolina, March 7, 1853.

Secretary of the Interior—Alexander H. H. Stuart, of Virginia, continued from last Administration; Robert McClelland, of Michigan, March 7, 1853.

CHAPTER XX

ADMINISTRATION OF JAMES BUCHANAN

JAMES BUCHANAN, the fifteenth President of the United States, was inaugurated on March 4, 1857, amid the most brilliant ceremonies that the city had ever before witnessed. With his installation, Washington had at last reached the point where it could handle the quadrennial throngs with some semblance of order and plan a great ball with more or less elaboration.

The nation surpassed itself in its varied representation in the parade. Even the weather came under the influence of the spirit of enthusiasm and varied from its traditional inauguration ugliness by permitting a perfect day. The elaborate procession containing the usual civil and military features was varied with the introduction of splendid floats representing the Goddess of Liberty and a miniature warship.

Before noon the procession assembled at the National Hotel, where President Pierce called for President-elect Buchanan in an open barouche in which they made the trip to the Capitol and back, escorted by the Keystone Club.

The oath of office to both the President-elect and Vice President-elect, John C. Breckenridge, was given by Chief Justice Taney in the Senate Chamber, after which the inaugural party assembled on the east portico, where the address was given to an enthusiastic multitude.

On the return to the White House, General Pierce took leave of his successor at the door. In the afternoon the

Mayor of Washington delivered an address of welcome, to which the new President made pleasing reply.

The ball in the evening was the most ambitious ever undertaken. A wooden structure had been erected in Judiciary Square, 235 feet long, 56 feet wide, and 20 feet high. The rough boards were covered with a canvas ceiling attractively studded with gold stars, and the walls draped with the national colours. An orchestra of forty pieces furnished the music. Promptly at eleven o'clock the band announced the entrance of the presidential party by playing "Hail to the Chief."

The new President wore the famous Lancaster suit which a newspaper of the day described thus:

"When Mr. Buchanan delivers his address he will be dressed in a coat made by Mr. Metzger of Lancaster, lined with black satin, the stitching of which is somehow to represent the thirty-one states with the 'Keystone' in the centre."

The presidential party consisted of the President's niece and adopted daughter Harriet Lane and his two nephews, James Buchanan Henry and Colonel E. Lane, the latter being his private secretary. Of these Miss Lane was the centre of attraction. Tall, blonde, of splendid figure, she presented a stately picture in her beautiful gown of white silk elaborately trimmed with artificial flowers. Her only ornament was a necklace of seed pearls. Senator Jones escorted her, while General Jessup in full uniform walked behind her.

The supper was exceedingly elaborate. The most unique feature was the huge cake four feet high, ornamented with a flag bearing the arms of every state in the Union. It is estimated that three thousand dollars was spent for the wine consumed upon this occasion, while all

the provisions were ordered in lavish profusion, as may be gathered from the fact that four hundred gallons of oysters were consumed, five hundred quarts of chicken salad, twelve hundred quarts of ice cream, five hundred quarts of jellies, sixty saddles of mutton, four of venison, eight rounds of beef, seventy-five hams, one hundred and twenty-five tongues and pâtés of every description.

The ball lasted until four o'clock in the morning, but the President's party remained only two hours. Mrs. Pierce was ill, so neither she nor the ex-President attended.

The friendliest of relations existed between the White House and General and Mrs. Pierce, for they were guests there for a few days prior to leaving the city.

Buchanan started his administration with an extensive social programme. A past master in the art of diplomacy, having been Secretary of State under Polk and Minister to Great Britain under Pierce, his courtly manners and thorough understanding of the reefs, rocks, and shoals in the social sea of our land gave him a splendid equipment for the position of the nation's leader.

He inaugurated the use of engraved invitations to his functions, whereas President Pierce had always written his so as to provide an autograph for preservation for those who cared to keep them.

Washington was then, like Paris on the eve of the Revolution of 1830, when Talleyrand told Louis Philippe at one of the famous balls of the Palais Royal: "We are dancing on a volcano." The hidden fires of the coming conflict were fiercely smouldering at the Capitol.

Buchanan's entry into the field of administrative politics at this time called for a steady hand, calm judgment, and unbiassed loyalty to his oath.

In having Miss Lane as the mistress of the White House he was most fortunate, for she had had the advantages of

foreign travel and the entrée to the courts of Europe. Her dignity and beauty had so won the admiration of Queen Victoria that she decided that the young American girl, though only the minister's niece with no social status at her court, should rank the same as the wife of a United States minister. Accordingly Miss Lane became one of the leading ladies of the Diplomatic Corps at the Court of St. James's.

She at once began to liven up the White House. Its atmosphere of gloom and sorrow gave place to mirth and joy. Flowers and ornamental plants were profusely distributed in every available nook, and a continuous round of gaieties was arranged that offered a delightful change after the quiet dullness of the preceding four years.

The conservatory was built and fitted up, adding greatly to the charm of the President's House and to the pleasure of all guests and visitors.

The gayest of all gay administrations since those of Madison and J. Q. Adams, the social life was suddenly ended with the death of Miss Lane's brother, Colonel E. Lane, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, one of the victims of the epidemic among the guests of the National Hotel, during and following the inauguration, when he with a number of other guests was stricken with some mysterious malady and suddenly died.

Once again the President's Palace was shrouded in gloom, but Miss Lane in the seclusion of mourning was no less charming.

The first young lady for many years to grace the historic home of the Presidents, and its mistress as well, her youth, beauty, and position drew hosts of admirers and suitors.

Titled foreigners, distinguished men of all nations, and savants joined with the men of her own land in paying

court to her. Her unspoiled graciousness won her great popularity and her name was bestowed with equal impartiality upon babies, flowers, perfumes, garments, poems, songs, pet animals, horses, neckties, ships, clubs, and societies.

Among the compositions dedicated to her was the song, "The Mocking Bird." For its first rendition by the Marine Band, one of the regular afternoon concerts was selected. These had been the bi-weekly programme for the summer months on the White House lawn. On this particular occasion—a lovely warm evening—Miss Lane invited a large gathering to enjoy the music from the south portico. When this number was announced the band leader stepped forward, gave Miss Lane a sheet of the music on which was the picture of a mocking bird and the words "To You."

Harriet Lane had been brought up by her uncle James, since she was left an orphan at the age of nine. At the time of her last parent's death, although there were a number of relatives all willing and anxious to have the child, they all agreed to let her decide with whom she wanted to make her home, and then abide by it.

By some odd childish notion, perhaps an intuition that her bachelor uncle was as lonely as she, the child without the slightest hesitation chose Uncle James. Instead of being embarrassed, Buchanan was delighted, for the little girl's mother had been his favourite sister. Her care and education offered a new interest and a solace to him.

The romance of his early youth had ended in grief, for a misunderstanding and a broken engagement were followed by the sudden and mysterious death of the young lady before a reconciliation could be effected. The quarrel grew out of mere gossip, but his request to attend her funeral was denied by her father.

Little nine-year-old Harriet proved a difficult problem, and repeatedly the bachelor uncle threatened to send her away to school where she would be disciplined properly, but each time he was coaxed and cajoled into deferring the trip. Finally, by the time she was thirteen, the indulgent uncle concluded she must go and she was sent away to school, returning to him for her vacations. Later she attended Georgetown Convent, spending Sundays with the beloved uncle.

At seventeen, she finished with school and was placed in charge of his home, over which she thenceforth presided with all the grace and dignity that even a more exacting judge than Buchanan could have desired.

In the trying pitiless limelight that was focused upon her as First Lady of the Land, Harriet Lane justified all her uncle's hopes and won public approval at a time when the whole social and political foundations of our national life were unsettled, and traditions, convictions, and policies all tottering in the rumble of the approaching strife that was to precipitate social chaos and political disruption.

Although Buchanan and his niece were warmly welcomed and the innovations introduced by them generally popular, some of their new ideas aroused only criticism. This was true of the arrangements for the New Year's Reception in 1858, when an attempt was made to separate the guests and assign a time for each group to be received. The diplomats were to come at 11, justices of the Supreme Court at 11:30, army and navy officials at 11:45, and the public at 12.

In order to facilitate this scheme the police were put in charge and the guests accordingly obliged to present themselves quickly and in the order in which they belonged. This supervision so incensed some callers that

they preferred to leave without seeing the President rather than have their liberty in roaming and sitting about curtailed. The effort to place these affairs on a businesslike basis was considered offensive after the freedom, which had so long prevailed, under which visitors wandered about the rooms at will and frequently lounged about the drawing rooms during the whole period of the reception.

In spite of the police supervision, a story was circulated that one caller had his pocket picked in the jam while he was conversing with Miss Lane.

Buchanan spared neither money nor effort to maintain throughout his entire term an elegant style of living. He used a magnificent turnout, and his handsome span of horses, with the elegant harness for which he paid $800, made the White House equipage well worth seeing.

The set of harness, which was intended as a gift from a Philadelphia firm, was brought to the White House with the idea of presenting it to the President. He was opposed to accepting gifts and insisted upon being told the cost of it, whereupon he at once wrote out a check for this sum and handed it to the owner.

The harness had thirty-six large buckles heavily plated with silver, and there were fifty-six B's scattered over it in different places.

Another present which he accepted and enjoyed was a chair made with a pocket knife from the antlers of a six-year-old buck shot by himself. When his term was over he took this harness and the chair to Wheatlands with him.

Occasionally the President attended social functions outside of the White House. One of the most notable of these was the second marriage of Madame Bodesco. Her first, as a sixteen-year-old Georgetown school girl to the elegant

elderly courtier, the Russian Minister to the United States, was the sensation of society at the time it occurred because of the great difference in their ages and the wealth of Bodesco and his romantic courtship.

Madame Bodesco in 1860 married Captain Douglas Gordon Scott and the President gave away the bride.

Because of the conditions of the times President Buchanan elected to spend his summers at the Soldiers' Home, where a cottage was placed at the disposal of the President of the United States.

Situated about four miles from the heart of the city, this was just far enough to offer a delightful drive, and when the presidential family established themselves out there, this drive at once became fashionable, especially as all callers were received informally after the five o'clock dinner.

Despite all the propitious circumstances attendant upon Buchanan's advent into the Presidency he found himself the centre of a terrific maelstrom that literally buffeted him between desire and duty until all previous fixed mental moorings were lost in a maze of bewilderment. Throughout his whole public career, argument and counter argument had perpetually waxed and waned as each of the great problems of a young nation's expansion and progress presented itself in its different phases to each section of the group of states of a Union so vast in geographical proportions that almost any one of them equalled in area any of the European nations.

At this time, however, from the halls of Congress to the lowliest crossroads store, the discussions on the Slavery question extended, gathering force and momentum with each passing day and every additional session of gossip.

The country fairly seethed with the fierce antagonism of sectional controversy. Startling and significant events crowded close upon the heels of each bit of legislation,

and opinion surged in great waves of hate and suspicion. Propagandists plied their tools with deadly precision and brother began to see brother with the distorted vision that kin alone can command when arrayed in judgment against one another.

The famous Dred Scott case with all its technical pros and cons had gone to the highest tribunal for settlement, and just two days after Buchanan's inauguration, the decision of the Supreme Court was announced by Chief Justice Taney, who had previously freed all his own slaves.

This decision declared in text that Dred Scott and his wife were still slaves who could lawfully be taken into any territory by their master.

Many of the people of the North interpreted this to be a direct encouragement to slavery. Public feeling mounted still higher and the ever-widening breach began to be taken seriously at last. The agitation over the Fugitive Slave Law and the Kansas territorial problem had kept able statesmen and legal experts on their mental toes, and the advocates of each side of the questions kept the ball of contention rolling. However, heretofore neither section of the country actually believed in the sincerity of the other.

The North had so long listened to threats of secession that they fell upon incredulous ears, while the South believed the protestations of love for union and one flag mere platitudes and pretty phrases that no one took seriously or believed in to the fighting point. But in the fall of 1859, John Brown's raid was the one spark needed to set the flames of hatred leaping high in the minds of both North and South. John Brown, with a little band of followers, had seized the arsenal at Harpers Ferry. After a stiff encounter he and his companions were captured and hanged at Charlestown, Virginia, December 5, 1859.

From his last statement it is evident that he planned to free his native land of slavery by starting a revolution among slaves, with the idea that the Abolitionists would rush to his aid, and the cause thus be easily won. However, his plans failed and his end was just what might have been expected.

President Buchanan seemed stunned by the rapidity of events closing in upon him that were insistent for action. And it was with mingled relief and increasing anxiety that he turned from his harassing political problems to greet the Japanese Embassy and the young Prince of Wales.

The Embassy, numbering seventy-one persons, arrived in May and made the Willard Hotel their headquarters during the month of their stay. This being the actual beginning of diplomatic relations with Japan, their coming aroused great interest, especially as their representatives were all men of high rank and great importance.

They came laden with many valuable gifts for the President; indeed, no less than fifteen large boxes were packed with presents of all descriptions. Among them were saddles, swords, screens, bed curtains, lacquered ware, writing cases, teak wood inlaid with pearl, and gold valued at $3,000. The cabinet in the Green Room was one of these gifts.

A number of entertainments were given in their honour in addition to the one at the White House.

When they took their departure President Buchanan presented them with gold medals carrying the inscription: "In commemoration of the first Embassy from Japan to the United States."

All Washington was aflutter with excitement in October of 1860, when it became known that the young Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII of Great Britain, was to visit

this country. Travelling incognito as Baron Renfrew, he arrived from Canada, October 3d, accompanied by a large suite, and was met by a distinguished gathering of officials with the British Minister, escorted to the White House, and presented by General Cass. That same evening a very elaborate banquet was given to which the highest officials were invited.

A public reception was given the next day which proved to be a dreadful jam. No arrangements having been made for the enforcement of order, a wild rush ensued by the eager curious throng to get close to the Prince. The whole affair was so badly mismanaged as to cause severe criticism.

A state dinner was also given at the White House, after which there was a display of fireworks. The President arranged a trip to Mt. Vernon, where a wreath was placed on Washington's tomb and a tree planted by the distinguished guest. After a few other elaborate functions, Baron Renfrew departed, much pleased with his reception and entertainment.

Queen Victoria sent her personal thanks to the President for his courtesy to her son, and the young prince later sent a portrait of himself as a token of his regard. Miss Lane received a set of engravings of the royal family.

After the departure of the royal visitor, once more all attention was focused upon the political issues.

The election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860, following the régimes of three Democratic Presidents, was another staggering blow to Buchanan.

Aghast, he had watched the struggle when Douglas, Bell, and Breckenridge all were defeated by the Republican Lincoln, whose vigorous and prophetic words on the Slavery question at the Republican Convention at Springfield in 1860 have since so often been quoted:

"A house divided against itself cannot stand.

"I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free.

"I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other."

Upon the news of Lincoln's election, rioting and wild disorder gave the first lurid flashes of the coming conflict, and South Carolina at once seceded.

President Buchanan, still uncertain as to what course to pursue, did nothing. General Scott, who had served under Jackson's and Taylor's uncompromising rule, and had seen those rugged old patriots throttle the threats of secession with forceful actions, besought his chief for the power to protect the Capitol and government property.

The peace conference instigated by Virginia, which did not want to secede, met in Washington in January, 1861. With commissioners from all of the states, they sought to thrash out the difficulty. John Tyler was president.

They accomplished nothing and their sitting did not even hold in abeyance the secession of six other states on February 1, 1861. The President still looked on, apparently too paralysed to take any decisive action. Nor was he roused to action four days later when the delegates of the seven seceded states excepting Texas, who were late, met in Montgomery, Alabama, and formed a government which they called the Confederate States of America, with that city as the capital.

As the administration drew to its close, President Buchanan, eager to get away, lavishly entertained and wretchedly contemplated the spectacle his country presented with two governments, two executives, two capitals, and two flags.

Grieved, bewildered, and despised, he was more anathe-

matized when he weakly excused the military parade of Washington's Birthday to John Tyler, who reprimanded him for permitting it.

As soon as Lincoln was inaugurated, Buchanan left for his home in Wheatlands, Pennsylvania, and spent the balance of his life endeavouring to justify the acts of his administration and to explain the tremendous obstacles which made him powerless to prevent secession. His most bitter critics were General Scott and William H. Seward.

James Buchanan had a wonderful training for the Presidency. Life seemed always to favour him with choice berths, and opportunity did not pass him by.

Born at Stony Batter, in Franklin County, Pennsylvania, on April 22, 1791, he was educated at Dickinson College, where he was graduated at the age of seventeen. He was admitted to the bar at twenty-one and went early into politics, entering the Legislature by the time he was twenty-three. The next step was into the House of Representatives, and then the kindly political wheel turned up an appointment to St. Petersburg during Jackson's régime. Mr. Buchanan's Russian service proved most fortunate, for he secured valuable concessions in Russian waters. For this his prestige increased and in 1833 he came to the Senate of the United States.

A Jacksonian adherent, he identified himself with the Annexation of Texas group.

Forceful and diplomatic, he was considered a powerful factor in politics, and Polk made him Secretary of State in 1845, in which capacity he served during the troublous war period of that administration. Following the close of this service he enjoyed a brief retirement to his home near Lancaster, Pennsylvania. However, Franklin Pierce saw in him good diplomatic timber and appointed him Minister to England, where he likewise rendered valuable

service and entrenched himself in the regard of his countrymen by his stand on the dress question and his final victory. He refused to attire himself in the accepted elaborate court dress, preferring to remain away rather than wear it when the Queen opened Parliament. He wrote home that he had refused to wear gold lace and embroidery and had consulted the Master of Ceremonies about a dress that would not shock the Queen and yet be somewhat similar to that of an American citizen at home and which he had worn to the Presidents' levees. To this was added a plain black-handled, black-hilted dress sword. The Queen, instead of being offended, smiled her approval, remarking that he was the first man to appear before her in such a costume. He felt proud of being conspicuous in the brilliant gathering by reason of his simple apparel, that of a plain American citizen.

On his return he received the presidential nomination. The main issue confronting his administration was the Slavery question. Buchanan endorsed Tyler, opposed the Ashburton Treaty, stood with the Annexation of Texas party, assisted Polk through the Mexican War, fought against the Wilmot proviso, approved the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law, and on the strength of these principles was the successful Democratic nominee in 1856.

He had avowed in his inaugural speech to destroy any sectional party whether North or South and to restore if possible the national fraternal feeling between the states that had been characteristic in the early days of the republic.

This of course he was never able to do, seeming instead to lose his early masterful grip upon affairs. Fearing to give offence, he vacillated and evaded issues until he could no longer command the situation, weakly protesting that as executive he was powerless to take decisive measures.

The beautiful Harriet Lane left the White House, admired and loved. She had filled a difficult and often painful rôle with the sweet dignity that endeared her to the public.

She married Henry Elliott Johnston of Baltimore in 1865.

Executive Officers—March 4, 1857, to March 4, 1861

President—James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania.

Vice President—John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky.

Secretary of State—William L. Marcy, of New York, continued from last Administration; Lewis Cass, of Michigan, March 6, 1857; William Hunter (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, December 13, 1860; Jeremiah S. Black, of Pennsylvania, December 17, 1860.

Secretary of the Treasury—James Guthrie, of Kentucky, continued from last Administration; Howell Cobb, of Georgia, March 6, 1857; Isaac Toucey, of Connecticut (Secretary of the Navy), *ad interim*, December 10, 1860; Philip F. Thomas, of Maryland, December 12, 1860; John A. Dix, of New York, January 11, 1861.

Secretary of War—Samuel Cooper (Adjutant General U. S. Army), *ad interim*, March 4, 1857; John B. Floyd, of Virginia, March 6, 1857; Joseph Holt, of Kentucky (Postmaster General), *ad interim*, January 1, 1861; Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, January 18, 1861.

Attorney General—Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, continued from last Administration; Jeremiah S. Black, of Pennsylvania, March 6, 1857; Edwin M. Stanton, of Pennsylvania, December 20, 1860.

Postmaster General—James Campbell, of Pennsylvania, continued from last Administration; Aaron V. Brown, of Tennessee, March 6, 1857; Horatio King, of Maine (First Assistant Postmaster General), *ad interim*, March 9, 1859; Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, March 14, 1859; Horatio King, of Maine (First Assistant Postmaster General), *ad interim*, January 1, 1861; Horatio King, of Maine, February 12, 1861.

Secretary of the Navy—James C. Dobbin, of North Carolina, continued from last Administration; Isaac Toucey, of Connecticut, March 6, 1857.

Secretary of the Interior—Robert McClelland, of Michigan, continued from last Administration; Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, March 6, 1857; Moses Kelly (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, January 10, 1861.

CHAPTER XXI

FIRST ADMINISTRATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

DURING the interim between the election of Abraham Lincoln and his inauguration the following March, events of great significance happened.

The election of a Republican upon a platform that advocated the shutting out of slavery in the territories was the spark that fired Southern opposition into defiant action. North Carolina at once seceded and began military preparations. Her example was quickly followed by six other states, and their attitude caused the greatest apprehension, especially in Washington. This feeling increased with the constant resignations of prominent officials. Practically half of Buchanan's Cabinet were in sympathy with the South, as were many men of the army, as well as numerous officials of the Government, some of whom held on till the last moment before aligning themselves with their states in the new confederacy.

Washington had reason to be apprehensive, since it had practically no means of defence. Though the seat of government, there were not more than a hundred enlisted men at the arsenal, and only between three and four hundred marines at the barracks. Indeed, at this time the entire army of the United States did not exceed thirteen thousand men.

This situation greatly distressed General Scott. He finally called upon Colonel Charles P. Stone of the regular army for a conference to determine the best means of

protecting government and private property in the District of Columbia.

As the result, President Buchanan the following day appointed Colonel Stone Inspector General of the District of Columbia with authority to organize companies of volunteers. Such energy did he put forth that by February 22d Washington had twenty-two companies of about a hundred men each. Their first appearance was the occasion of the rebuke from John Tyler, Chairman of the Peace Committee, to the President for allowing their parade on February 22d.

General Scott gave close attention to protecting the district and to safeguarding the new President's inauguration day performances.

Everywhere about the Capitol building were stones, derricks, cables, and the débris that accompanies building, for the work of placing the dome on the Capitol was in progress.

The great bronze Goddess of Liberty stood in the midst of this accumulation of material, as she had not yet been lifted to her present pedestal.

General Scott had a temporary fence put up about the space in front of the platform where the President was to stand, and he also arranged for an enclosed passageway as a further protection to guard the President from the carriage to the door of the big building.

The administration of Abraham Lincoln from 1861 to 1865 was the most eventful of any period in American history. The inaugural ceremonies surpassed in impressiveness and magnificence anything of the kind ever seen in Washington before.

Mr. Lincoln held a most enthusiastic reception in Springfield, February 6th, shortly before his departure for Washington, and admiring friends presented to Mrs.

Lincoln a highly ornamented sewing machine as a token of esteem. He left the city a week later with a large party of friends and relatives, but owing to the turbulent state of the public mind and the mutterings of the South, it was deemed advisable to change the plans of the journey, which included brilliant receptions at the principal cities along the route. At Harrisburg, upon the urgent request of his friends, the party divided so that Mr. Lincoln and Col. E. V. Sumner, his military escort, finished the journey to Washington alone and unheralded.

Major D. Hunter, Captain George Hazard, and Captain John Pope with Col. E. V. Sumner had been detailed by the War Department to escort the President-elect to Washington. All were men of distinguished military service.

On March 4th, Senators Baker of Oregon and Pearce of Maryland rode with Mr. Lincoln and President Buchanan. All were grave and deeply impressed with the apprehensions expressed by the unusual military arrangements made to safeguard the party. The carriage was so closely surrounded by marshals as nearly to hide it from view. The plan arranged was to make the guard so dense that no shot could reach a mark in the person of the President-elect. The guard of honour was chosen from the most efficient troops of regulars and marines and the drive to the Capitol from Willard's Hotel was between double files of cavalry.

All along Pennsylvania Avenue at the intersections of the streets small troops of cavalry were on duty. Riflemen were stationed on the roofs of buildings with orders to shoot down on any person who should point a weapon at the presidential party. To the north of the Capitol building a light battery of flying artillery was stationed with General Scott near at hand keeping a close watch on the

proceedings. Just below the platform of the east portico from which Lincoln made his address, sixty armed guards stood facing the crowd.

The Senate was crowded. After Mr. Hamlin took the oath and assumed the chair as presiding officer of the Senate, the procession formed and proceeded to the platform. Senator Baker of Oregon stepped to the front and said: "Fellow citizens, I introduce to you Abraham Lincoln, President-elect of the United States."

In the midst of cheers, Mr. Lincoln put on his steel-bowed spectacles and placed his manuscript upon the stand with his cane as weight to hold it in place and read the powerful address which he had formulated before leaving Springfield, in clear ringing tones which held the attention of the multitude to the last word. In closing he said:

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our natures."

Great applause followed and the scene was most solemn and impressive.

During the delivery of the oath given for the last time by Chief Justice Taney, made famous by the Dred Scott decision, Stephen Douglas, Mr. Lincoln's rival, stood close by, and with true American magnanimity held the President's hat, remarking to a friend: "If I can't be President, I can at least hold his hat."

The firing of cannon and the blare of music announced to the listening city that the ceremonies were completed.

Another notable fact in connection with these ceremonies was the presence in the audience of four men who succeeded Lincoln in the Presidency, three who filled the office of Vice President, and two who later became Speaker of the House.

The first group were Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, Chester A. Arthur, and Benjamin Harrison. Those who were destined to wield the gavel in the Senate were Schuyler Colfax, William A. Wheeler, and Levi P. Morton, while James G. Blaine and Thomas B. Reed became the Speaker.

The return to the White House was practically in the same order. Among the notable features of the procession was the presence of Colonel Stone's twenty-two volunteer military companies, and a float representing the Constitution and the Union. Thirty-four little girls dressed in white carrying small flags represented the states. This huge car was drawn by two horses upon whose coverings the word "Union" was painted in large letters. The President kissed each one of these children at the conclusion of the ceremonies.

Upon reaching the White House it was found that a line had already been formed and thousands of people rushed in to express their congratulations to the new Executive.

The inaugural ball in the evening, a most brilliant affair, was held in a temporary wooden structure erected for the purpose in Judiciary Square and called the "Muslin Palace of Aladdin" because of the abundance of white draperies trimmed with blue used in its decoration. At eleven o'clock the Marine Band announced the arrival of the presidential party, and the President with Mrs. Lincoln, Vice President and Mrs. Hamlin and family, Senator Douglas, and others of distinction made the brief promenade, after which the President received the congratu-

lation of all who wished to be presented to him. After the supper Mrs. Lincoln joined in the quadrille, dancing with Stephen Douglas, her old admirer. It was estimated that five thousand people attended. Mrs. Lincoln's elegant attire and gracious manner were much admired. The South was noticeably absent, and few Washingtonians attended.

The following account of this ball was published in the New York *Times:*

"Mrs. Lincoln looked extremely well, and was attired in the most elegant manner; her dress was made of white satin very ample and rich, but almost entirely covered by a tunic, or rather skirt, of the finest point appliqué. Her corsage, which was low, and the short sleeves, were ornamented richly by a pericle made of the same material, and the shawl, also of the same rich lace, was most exquisite. Passementerie of narrow fluted satin ribbon completed the dress. Her jewels were of the rarest pearls, necklace, ear-rings, brooch, and bracelets. Her hair, which was put plainly back from her face, was ornamented with trailing jessamine and clustering violets most gracefully.

"Mrs. Secretary Welles, a lady of rather petite figure, was dressed in a mode-coloured silk, with black lace shawl. Mrs. Secretary Usher, of about the same stature, wore a rich dress of garnet satin, very plain but richly made. Mrs. Postmaster General Dennison, who is a very fine-looking lady, wore a most becoming dress of heavy black velvet, brilliant jewels and hair plainly dressed. Her daughter was in white muslin, embroidered with black. Mrs. Fred Seward, wife of the Assistant Secretary of State, was attired in a pretty rose-coloured silk, handsomely trimmed. Mrs. Senator Harris, who has the appearance of a well-preserved English lady, wore a most elegant dress of corn-coloured silk, trimmed with point appliqué. One of the most elaborate and rich dresses in the room was worn by Mrs. George Francis Train. It was a very finely plaited blue silk, trimmed with a flounce

of thread lace, almost as deep as her skirt, and other laces to match. Her hair was powdered with gold.

"The multitude of recherché dresses worn by ladies of distinction it would be impossible to enumerate. There was a preponderance of sensible high-necked dresses; but a few, and some not American, wore corsages shockingly décolleté. Many ladies who wore velvets, moires, and heavier silks dispensed with hoops altogether, thereby displaying their good taste as well as their regard for the appreciation of some approximation to the female form which still inheres or lingers in the mind of man; one matron, and evidently a Spanish lady, wore a dress of cloth of gold, with raised crimson velvet flowers, such an one as is seldom seen in this country, or afforded in any other. In her hair she wore a cluster of five or six enormous diamond rings, strung on a bandeau of velvet. Her laces were also of the finest quality. In her hand she carried a large fan of the gayest and most brilliant workmanship, which seemed to give a breeze of a more ardent clime than ours. A moire antique dress, high-necked, and ample skirted, of the most delicate shades of green imaginable, and worn by a very young lady, was indeed exquisite; and also a very light lavender moire antique, trimmed heavily upon the skirt and waist with long silver fringe, was superb. Silks predominated over the more airy textures. Diamonds and other precious jewels were worn in great abundance, and rich laces were plentiful. Some ladies displayed the bad taste of wearing their rings over their gloves. Every lady makes the most of her—"or somebody's else"—hair, which is frizzed and puffed and curled in the most extensive manner, and is powdered with diamond and gold dust. One dress of mauve velvet, trimmed with deep point lace, we must not omit to mention. It was royal."

The Southern Confederacy which had met in Montgomery, Alabama, in February had elected and inaugurated its President, Jefferson Davis, and its Vice President, Alexander H. Stephens.

Following the 4th of March events piled up thick and fast, and no man ever had less time in which to adjust himself to his new responsibilities than President Lincoln, before the fury of war was unloosed upon his shoulders. His Cabinet, too, had not had time to learn the duties of the portfolios they were to fill before being confronted with problems of gigantic importance. William H. Seward, Secretary of State, was said to have the best and clearest head in America, and he was a most able lawyer.

Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, had studied law in Washington under the distinguished William Wirt. General Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, who came from Pennsylvania, had the pleasure of greeting, as the first of the great army of volunteers to arrive to the defence of the capital, the five companies of Pennsylvania volunteers numbering 530 men and officers.

They arrived April 18, 1861, and were escorted to the Capitol by order of the Secretary of War, who visited them in the Capitol that evening, saying:

"Of all the days of my life, this is the happiest, to know that Pennsylvania troops are the first to reach the Capitol."

The Postmaster General was Montgomery Blair, whose father was the editor of the *Globe* in Jackson's time. In the Blairs, father and sons, the President found much solace and comfort. Hardly a day passed that he did not call one or the other of them to him for conference, or go himself to the Blair residence just across the street, at 1651 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Gideon Welles, of Connecticut, kept the Navy Department staunchly loyal to the Union.

Edward Bates, of Missouri, lawyer and judge, was Attorney General.

By the first of April nearly all the Southern States had adopted measures of secession, and the 11th of April, 1861, witnessed the demand of the South for the surrender of Fort Sumter. What followed is now familiar history: Major Anderson's refusal; the Cabinet's attitude to the abandonment of Fort Sumter as a military necessity urged by such great military experts as General Scott; Postmaster General Blair's determined stand for its support, his father's interview with President Lincoln, and the President's final decision to send reinforcements and supplies, which came about through Montgomery Blair's powerful argument: that "the abandonment of Fort Sumter would be regarded by the world, the nation, and history as treason."

April 15, 1861, stands out as one of the epoch-making days in history, since on that date President Lincoln took the first positive step to prove to the world and to our nation the intention of his administration to preserve the Union, when he called upon the loyal states to furnish 75,000 volunteers to maintain the laws of the United States. This was planned as a measure of defence, for hope was still strong that war might be avoided.

Colonel Stone, however, had been steadily recruiting in Washington and had a force of 3,500 district men ready for service. Their first actual duty was of a spectacular nature which made it long remembered by the residents of the city who witnessed it. This was the seizure of the 10,000 barrels of flour awaiting shipment in the Georgetown flour mills.

Colonel Stone was prompted by the fear that the city might find itself cut off from communication with the rest of the country and suffer a food shortage. On investigating the food supplies he discovered that only about a three-day supply of flour was ever kept on hand by the

bakers because of the nearness to big flour mills of Georgetown. He knew that a city of 60,000 people could not long be held in orderly bounds unless they could be supplied at least with bread.

Within an hour after he had conferred with Secretary of War Cameron, Colonel Stone had long lines of wagons, trucks, carts, and every kind of vehicle he could press into service rattling and rumbling through the city streets loaded with barrels of flour. Soldiery seized and guarded it at the mills, and to solve the problem of storage, government buildings were used.

All night the flour procession continued, and the next morning the basement of the Capitol held 3,000 barrels, the General Post Office 1,000, and the Treasury Building 2,000, all under guard.

Within the shortest space of time in which ovens could be constructed a great army bakery was established in the outer vaults of the Capitol, where 171 people were employed working in two shifts. Twelve wagons were kept busy distributing about sixty thousand loaves daily. The ovens each could turn out about forty-three hundred loaves in twenty-four hours. One hundred and fifty barrels of flour was the average daily supply, while eight men were required to keep up the yeast supply.

The call of the President on April 15th for troops sent Virginia into line w th the seceding states, and by the middle of June the eleven "cotton states" completed the Confederacy and no more were added.

This also decided Colonel Robert E. Lee that his place was with the South, though he might, if he had chosen, have been the commander of the great army of the United States formed to resist secession and to save the Union in 1861. About the middle of March he had been appointed Colonel of the First Cavalry by the Lincoln administra-

tion, and General Scott, Commanding General of the Army, had selected him in his own mind to be the principal commander in the field.

Colonel Lee had served with distinction under the eye of General Scott in the Mexican War, and accomplished and experienced soldier as he was universally recognized to be, he enjoyed great favour with the Commanding General. Scott, in April, 1861, spoke openly, and to many, without reserve, as to his intention regarding the appointment of Lee.

The distrust that had been excited by the numerous resignations and defections in favour of the Southern cause led President Lincoln to send Francis Preston Blair, father of Montgomery Blair, the Postmaster General, to Colonel Lee, to sound the latter on his feelings and intentions. It was during the interview between Blair and Lee, which followed, that Blair offered to Lee the command of the Union Army.

Lee was in the deepest distress. He had absolutely no faith in secession, and had put himself on record most unequivocally against it. But every personal tie in the world held him to his native state, Virginia.

Montgomery Blair wrote that when Lee was sounded by the elder Blair in the before-mentioned interview, Lee said:

"'Mr. Blair, I look upon secession as anarchy. If I owned the four millions of slaves in the South I would sacrifice them all to the Union; but, how can I draw my sword upon Virginia, my native state?'"

Montgomery Blair's statement accords with General Lee's own statement of the interview, which he made in February, 1868, as follows:

"I never intimated to any one that I desired the command of the U. S. army, nor did I ever have a conversation

but with one gentleman, Mr. Francis Preston Blair, on the subject, which was at his invitation, and, as I understood, at the instance of President Lincoln. After listening to his remarks I declined the offer he made me, to take command of the army that was to be brought into the field, stating candidly, and as courteously as I could, that, though opposed to secession and deprecating war, I could take no part in an invasion of the Southern States."

When it became certain that hostile military movements were in progress across the Potomac, Colonel Stone gave extra attention to guarding every avenue of entrance to the District of Columbia. All bridges and roads were provided with sentinels and all public buildings with guards both day and night. The Treasury was turned into a citadel where, if the need arose, President and Cabinet should take up their quarters. Every opening was barricaded and the whole prepared for a long and heavy siege.

However, this extremity never presented itself, for three days after the call of the President was issued, five companies of Pennsylvania troops arrived, after their stormy trip through Baltimore, and were quartered in the Capitol. The following day the Massachusetts boys arrived, and on the 25th the Seventh Regiment of New York appeared. When all of these were quartered in the Capitol it became a barracks and is most graphically described in the *Magazine of History* by Edgert L. Viele, who says:

"At the entrance, cannon loaded with grape and canister were planted. Arms were stacked in Rotunda, sentinels guarded every approach. The whole building was one vast barracks. There was a bakery in the basement and thousands of barrels of flour and other provisions filled the crypt. The monotony of daily life was varied by countless mock sessions of Congress, conducted

with all of the gravity and more of the dignity than those of the real representatives. A speaker would rap with the gavel, the House would come to order, members rise to debate and innumerable and extraordinary points of order would be raised and constituted the principal business of the House. This afforded a never-ending source of amusement.

"The marble floors resounded with the constant tramp of relief guard and all available places in the legislative halls, galleries and committee rooms were used for sleeping places.

"An occasional visit from the President and a cabinet officer was always a welcome event, and one great fact was now established that no flag but that of the Union could ever float over that great building."

From the letters, the diaries, and the reminiscences of the soldiers that have survived the vicissitudes of the years that have elapsed, come the choicest bits of word pictures to show us glimpses of life, grave and gay, as it was before the terrible pall of battle settled down over them to obscure thousands of them for ever from either friends or foes. And neither history nor story that attempts to depict Washington during the war period would be complete without a description of its soldier population. At the request of James Russell Lowell, then editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Theodore Winthrop, a gifted young author, who later fell at Big Bethel, wrote, in 1861, two articles for that magazine. The following is from his "Washington as a Camp," which appeared in July, 1861:

"We marched up the hill, and when the dust opened there was our Big Tent ready pitched. It was an enormous tent, the Sibley pattern modified. A simple soul in our ranks looked up and said, 'Tent! Canvas! I don't see it. That's marble.' And so it was the Capitol, as glad to see the New York Seventh Regiment as they to see

it. The Capitol was to be our quarters, and I was pleased to notice that the top of the dome had been left off for ventilation. The Seventh had had a wearisome and anxious progress from New York. We had marched from Annapolis. They gave us the Representatives' chamber for quarters. Some of our companies were marched upstairs into the galleries. The sofas were to be their beds. Most of us were bestowed in the amphitheatre. Each desk received its man. He was to scribble on it by day and sleep under it by night. When the desks were all taken, the companies overflowed into the corridors and into the lobbies. The staff took committee rooms. The Colonel reigned in the Speaker's parlour.

"Once in, firstly we washed. After we washed we showed ourselves to the eyes of Washington, marching in companies each to a different hotel to dinner. This became one of the ceremonies of our barrack life. We liked it. The Washingtonians were amused and encouraged by it. But the best of the entertainment was within the Capitol. Some three thousand or more of us were now quartered there. The Massachusetts Eighth were under the dome. No fear for want of air for them. The Massachusetts Sixth were eloquent in their state in the Senate Chamber. In the recesses, caves and crypts of the Capitol, what other legions were bestowed I do not know.

"The men were sworn into the service of the United States the afternoon of April 26. We were drawn up by companies in the Capitol Square for mustering in. When we had been ten days in our showy barracks, we began to quarrel with luxury. The May sunshine, the birds, and the breezes of May invited us to camp—the genuine thing under canvas. Besides Uncle Sam and Abe wanted our room for other company. Washington was filling up fast with uniforms. One afternoon my company, the Ninth, and the Engineers, the Tenth, were detailed to follow Captain Viele and lay out a camp on Meridian Hill. As we had the first choice, we got on the whole the best site for a camp. We occupied the villa and farm of Dr. Stone,

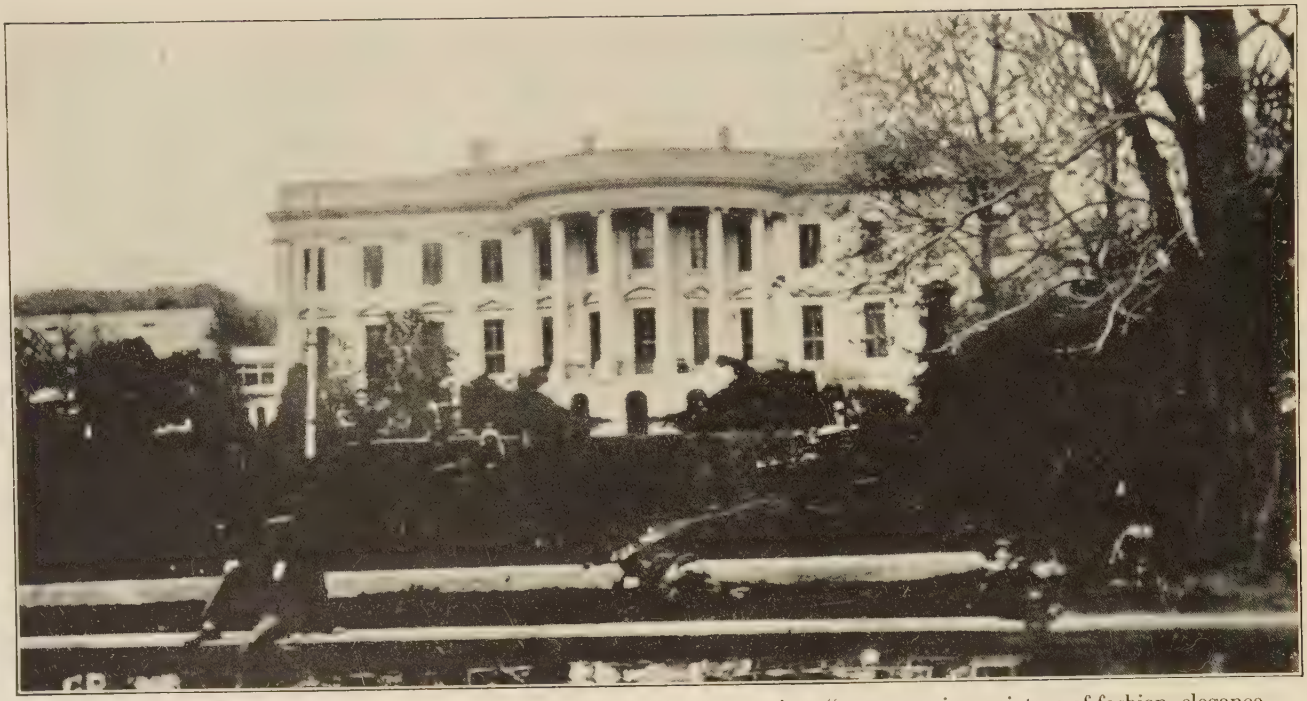
two miles due north of Willard's Hotel. The house stands upon the pretty terrace commanding the plain of Washington. From the upper windows we can see the Potomac opening southward like a lake and between us and the water ambitious Washington stretching itself along and along like the shackly files of an army of recruits. Oaks love the soil of this terrace. There are some noble ones on the undulations before the house. Let the ivy-covered stem of the Big Oak of Camp Cameron take its place in literature.

"The old villa serves us for headquarters. It is a respectable place, not without its pretensions. Four granite pillars, as true grit as if the two Presidents Adams had lugged them on their shoulders from Quincy, Mass., make a carriage porch. Here is the Colonel in the big west parlour, the Quartermaster and Commissary in the rooms with sliding doors in the east, the hospital upstairs, and so on. Other rooms numerous as the cells of a monastery serve as quarters for the Engineer company. These dens are not monastic in aspect. In the middle hours of the day it is in order to get a pass to go to Washington or to visit some of the camps which now, in the middle of May, begin to form a cordon around the city. Our capital seems arranged by nature to be protected by fortified camps on the circuit of its hills. It may be made almost a Verona if need be. Our brother regiments have posts nearly as charming as our own in these fair groves and on these fair slopes on either side of us."

The Stone property was bought by General Logan, who named it Calumet Place. W. J. Bryan lived there when Secretary of State to Woodrow Wilson.

The following description of Washington as it appeared in 1861 is from the pen of J. G. Kohl, a foreigner, and presents an interesting picture of the nation's capital as it appeared at that time:

"The streets are miles in length and superfluously broad, and in the suburbs small cottages stand at wide



The White House, 1861–1865. In Lincoln's time the White House receptions "were a curious mixture of fashion, elegance, resplendent with jewels, and the crudity of everyday frontier life."

intervals. Only in the centre is there a more compact body, and the whole resembles a frame of Berlin wool work in which the fair embroideress has made spasmodic attempts at a commencement. There is no state in the world which possesses proportionately so small, scantily populated and shabby a capital as the American Union. Pennsylvania Avenue connects the House of Congress and the White House in a straight line, and is hence one of the principal arteries of circulation in the city. It was for a long time the only paved street in Washington, and indeed, the majority of the streets are still without that useful article. During the rainy weather, consequently, the city is a swamp and the dry season constantly full of dust clouds. Along Pennsylvania Avenue are the principal shops, and hence it is the favourite, almost sole promenade of the fair sex. A little muddy stream, which in Winter bears a little water along the base of the Capitol, but in Summer is hardly liquid enough for geese, is called Tiber Creek.

"Washington is well provided with pleasant gardens, clumps of trees, alleys, and flower beds. This circumstance, and especially that of the long rows of trees accompanying the streets, gives the city a very pleasant aspect and it looks like a large rural village. The prettiest gardens and public places are around the White House, or the Mansion as it is called in the higher and official style. During Spring, which often begins here in February with the pleasantest day and the mildest air, the city assumes an almost idyllic garb. The kine pasture in the streets, the bull frogs croak and roar in the side lanes. The birds of passage twitter in all the trees and the humming birds flash around every flower. A portion of the Washington street population consists of negroes, both free and slaves. On Sunday the city appears almost entirely to belong to the negroes, for on that day they, and especially their wives, or as they call them 'ladies,' parade in the most elegant costumes, the most glaring colours, the broadest crinolines, rustling in silks and most closely imitating the white ladies and gentlemen."

The arrival of the first few regiments brought forth the wildest enthusiasm, but the novelty soon wore off, and when midsummer arrived the former quiet sleepy little city found itself possessed of nearly a quarter of a million population, the bulk of whom were soldiers awaiting orders.

Among the never-to-be-forgotten tragedies of this war was that of May 24, 1861, which saw the tragic death of Colonel Ellsworth. After his troops had marched into Alexandria and hoisted the Stars and Stripes, they discovered that a Confederate flag floated over the Marshall House, and after requesting the proprietor, James Jackson, to take it down, Colonel Ellsworth, seeing that he would not, went up to the roof and hauled it down himself, and started down the stairs with it wrapped around him. The angered Jackson fired upon him from a point of concealment in the passageway, killing him instantly, and in turn met instant death at the hands of Private Francis E. Brownell, of Colonel Ellsworth's Zouaves. When Washington learned of this unhappy event, the whole city put its flags at half staff and the funeral of the Union officer was solemnized at the White House.

With all the sudden activity and abnormal growth which Washington found fastened upon her as the result of the war, the city's aspect rapidly changed, and soon all semblance of a residential town was lost in the transition to a military camp.

At the outbreak of the war the Capitol grounds were enclosed by an iron railing on a stone wall with stone gateways. The dome was then unfinished, and all through the war the workmen were kept busy at the building. The dome itself was completed in 1863 and the statue of Liberty also set in place. The whole city, in fact, as far as its public buildings were concerned, displayed an unfinished aspect. The north front and part of the in-

terior of the Patent Office were still under construction, as was also the General Post Office. The War and Navy departments were old three-story brick buildings occupying the ground now covered by the handsome State, War, and Navy Department Building. The old War Building, to which President Lincoln made many anxious, weary trips often at night, was once called the Northwest Executive Building. It was originally two stories, built of brick, painted drab, with wooden porch and heavy wooden columns.

Washington Monument had climbed only to a third of its completed height and stood forth in bold relief against the distant green of the Virginia hills, a pathetic reminder of a nation's forgetfulness and neglect. Around its base clustered unsightly sheds and huge piles of rock, lumber, etc. There also lay, a few protected and others at the mercy of the elements, some of the blocks of marble sent by foreign governments and organizations and intended as memorial stones.

Pennsylvania Avenue and Seventh Street, for about a mile, were the only streets provided with any pavement, and these were paved with cobblestones, which the heavy travel of artillery and commissary carts had cut to a miserable condition of alternate mud and dust. The grade, too, was higher than at present and the sidewalks, mostly of brick, were in wretched condition.

The Botanical Gardens occupied the same space as they do to-day, but the Peace Monument had not been erected. At Second Street, Tiber Creek disclosed to view its sewer-like waters and refuse-strewn banks. Throughout its length on both sides there were but few buildings with any pretension to style or size, small dwellings and stores occupying the space, besides the many boarding houses and scattered hotels. Of the last-named the Old St. Charles

and the National are the best remembered that still remain.

Center Market was simply a long row of sheds open on two sides. Kirkwood House, where Andrew Johnson took the oath of office after President Lincoln's death, was a plain three-story structure. On the site now occupied by the big City Post Office stood the office of the *Evening Star*, a hotel, and an amusement hall. The balance of the length of the street up to the Treasury Building was lined with private dwellings, stores, hotels, and boarding places, most of which have long since disappeared. Neither Fifteenth Street nor Pennsylvania Avenue westward toward Georgetown from Seventeenth Street had any features to distinguish them.

Judiciary Square held the City Hall, a jail, and soon a large hospital structure for wounded and ill.

On the site of the Library of Congress were several historic buildings of note. Of these the old Carroll Prison was most important.

None, however, could exceed the old Capitol Prison in point of noteworthy history. Just after the British burned the Capitol this building was erected as an investment for the temporary use of Congress, and was completed in 1815 at a cost of $30,000, $5,000 of which had been expended upon furnishings. Congress paid the builders $5,000 in cash and a yearly rental of $1,650 with the cost of its insurance. This was done by the landowners for the purpose of advancing the value of the property in the vicinity.

It was in front of this building that the inauguration of James Monroe occurred March 4, 1817, with elaborate ceremonies.

After the Capitol was rebuilt and ready to receive Congress, the Old Capitol, as it was called to distinguish it from the rebuilt structure, became a boarding house

for fashionable people. Here John Calhoun died while Senator from North Carolina. Anne Royall, the pioneer woman in yellow journalism, used rooms in this house for her publishing place. Later on it was converted into a prison and during the war held many famous prisoners. Belle Boyd, Mrs. Surratt, and Wirz were incarcerated here, and from his cell Wirz went to the scaffold for his treatment of Union prisoners at Andersonville. This site, called "The Watch Tower on the Hill," is now occupied by the National Woman's Party.

The Navy Yard was kept in active operation all through the war. Captain Dahlgren, in charge, had a force of 1,800 men at work in December, 1861, making large anchors, cable chains, etc.

The second year of the war saw the establishment of a street-car service from the Navy Yard to Georgetown and down Seventh Street. It was a great boon to citizens and soldiers, as the only previous means of transportation had been by bus and hacks, both of which were limited and unsatisfactory, and most uncertain.

The old-time quiet was a thing of the past, for both night and day the city was a scene of noise and activity. Great war meetings were constantly being held all over the city, and patriotic demonstrations were the order of the daily life. Every house and shop displayed its colours, bunting and flags, while the ever-present army blue and gold lace of the military uniforms emphasized the camp atmosphere that prevailed.

As the war progressed, the Capitol building witnessed many unusual gatherings beneath its lofty dome. In addition to being a bakery and provision storehouse, a barracks and a hospital, it also was decidedly the house of the people, for meetings and gatherings of all kinds were held in its halls, religious services and patriotic demon-

strations of course predominating. But in the spring of 1863 there occurred in the Hall of Representatives the only wedding that either tradition or history ever placed within the legislative chambers of the building. Stranger still, it occurred on a Sunday. Noah Brooks, in his "Washington in Lincoln's Time," tells of the incident, of which the following is but an extract:

"The high contracting parties were Miss Runsey and Mr. Fowler, two members of the choir that led the singing in the House of Representatives for religious services held in the House during the old war days. That was a 'star' occasion, for the Rev. Dr. Stockton (a half-brother of Frank R. Stockton, the author) on that day closed a long term of service as chaplain of the House and preached a farewell sermon full of historical reminiscences. Dr. Stockton had held the post of chaplain of the House during the administrations of Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren, and his reminiscent discourse was a valuable contribution to the history of Washington in earlier years.

"The bride and bridegroom were well known as the managers of one of the most admirable beneficences of the time—the Soldiers' Free Library—and the hall of the House was crowded to its utmost capacity and hundreds went away disappointed of entrance.

"The bride wore upon her corsage a big knot of red, white and blue ribbons and after the ceremony had been concluded, some inconsiderate patriot called for 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' The newly made bride graciously consented and the audience joined in the chorus with tremendous effect until the vast Hall rang with music and enthusiasm."

Through the months of anxiety and expectancy, suspense, delirious joy, or wild grief through which the country passed in alternate succession as the news of great battles, marking defeats or victories for the Federal arms, filtered through the land, carrying the record of the awful

toll of dead and wounded, Washington participated in greater degree than perhaps any other city—not only because of the loss of her own soldiers, but because the city reflected the temperament of the nation. Here remained the President and the Cabinet, keeping tab on the pulse of the strife-torn land, and to the capital came constantly a stream of people, every one of them seeking something at the hands of the President, the Cabinet, or Congress. Every one of the departments had its own class of applicants. Pardons, paroles, exchange, advancement of rank, commissions, appointments, discharge, reimbursements, transportation, passports, etc. People with inventions of every description, contrivances and discoveries calculated to work miracles in warfare and all the arts and sciences; people with advice to give or take; sorrow-racked hosts surging in after every battle seeking news of husbands, fathers, sons, or brothers. But most pitiful of all the processions that Washington has ever looked upon was the endless army of wounded, mangled, ragged, limping, bandaged, and smoke-blackened soldiers that boats, trains, and ambulances hurried to the city and into the hospitals, of which at the height of the war there were twenty-one scattered in various parts of the city, caring for more than fourteen thousand patients. As much to be pitied were the slightly wounded from the near-by battlefields who hobbled and groped their weary way as best they might in their weakness and misery, to rest and shelter within the shadow of the Big Dome. And to care for them all, public buildings, halls, schools, churches, and private dwellings were rapidly converted into hospitals, while many temporary structures were hastily thrown together for this purpose. Along their cot-lined aisles might have been found battle-marked and shell-shattered soldiers from all the battlefields.

At Alexandria, there was a huge Convalescent Camp at which at one time there were 10,000 patients, some of whom in midwinter had to sleep on the ground, with no better protection than canvas and neither fire nor sufficient coverings.

As the Civil War rolled itself from the anticipated three months into four years, punctuated by these grim sessions of carnage and destruction, the seat of the Government likewise assumed a grimmer aspect under its military government. All hours of day and night continued the rumble of the artillery, the galloping of cavalry, the clank of sabres, and the rhythmic tread of marching infantry, the noisy screeching of carts and wagons overburdened with supplies for the commissary. Martial music and the bugle call's shrill notes kept the population constantly reminded of the roar and thunder of distant battle. Everywhere barracks, tents, headquarters, storehouses bristled with armed sentries and unabating activity. Anywhere and everywhere the pedestrian was likely to meet with the determined "Halt!" of the armed sentry and be required to disclose his identity, his antecedents, and his destination.

In all this busy scene none was more occupied than President Lincoln, who visited camps and hospitals regularly and who seemed alike indifferent to physicial discomfort and public criticism. Underrated by his Cabinet, his generals, and the public, his wisdom, integrity, and even courage discounted, he held fast to what he believed was right, though many sleepless nights and untouched meals were the only outward indications of the perturbation of his mind.

Mrs. Lincoln likewise suffered from a double burden of anxiety and responsibility. To Mrs. Lincoln belong the gratitude and appreciation of posterity for her courageous efforts to keep the social life in the White House as close

to the customary schedule as conditions would permit. No woman was ever confronted by more discouragements or struggled against more handicaps than circumstances and the violent emotional state of the public mind thrust upon her.

Her advent into the White House was the realization of a lifelong ambition and she was prepared to enjoy it to the fullest extent. But from the very beginning ridicule, criticism, and prejudice made her path a difficult one. Mrs. Lincoln was unfortunate in having Southern relatives. For this she was accused of disloyalty, and in later days of actually supplying information to the South.

High spirited, independent, with a frankness that was often offensive and a wit that could be caustic, she failed to win the hearts of the people as she doubtless would have done in some degree, at least, in less troublous times. Battling bravely with the depression and sorrow that the pall of war cast over the city and the complications a divided country produced in the social life at the seat of government, she also realized the criticism that would fall upon her, succeeding as she did the lovely Harriet Lane, the social boast of two continents, who had just completed a wonderfully brilliant régime as White House mistress.

Undaunted by such obstacles this genial little Western woman resolved to discharge her duties as she saw them.

President Lincoln, too, was lampooned and caricatured. The political enemies of this man of genius were quick to capitalize upon his eccentricities of form and manner, and in the persistent ridicule and criticism of his wife they sought to weaken his hold upon the public and to discount his efforts to keep the governmental bark from wrecking on the rocks of States' Rights and Slavery.

Mrs. Lincoln realized the importance of holding fast to normal habits and practices, and despite the sneers and

bitter taunts flung at her she resolutely freshened up the East Room with new furniture and carpet, opened the conservatory, arranged a dressing room upstairs for ladies, and held levees for the public.

The first reception was attended by a great throng, which like all the public functions in this administration was of most democratic character, far different from the White House receptions of both former and later years. The presentations of the callers were made by Deputy Marshal Phillips to the President, who shook hands as fast as they came, giving his right hand to the men and the left to the women.

Mrs. Lincoln stood as near to the President as her voluminous draperies over hoop skirts would permit, and received alone more formally. The style of the hour demanded that they be crinolined to huge proportions, being several yards around. Therefore it took but comparatively few women to fill the room. In order to manage these unwieldy skirts properly, fashionable belles found it expedient to take lessons from French dancing masters. To courtesy properly and gracefully in such bouffant apparel required long and patient practice. But the really great problem was to get through carriage doors, and as for escorts, they were often completely obliterated by the yards upon yards of satin.

The second levee was quite formal. Engraved invitations were issued and elaborate preparations made. Upon this occasion Mrs. Lincoln was strikingly gowned in white satin and black lace with headdress of black and white flowers. Kate Chase, simply attired in white silk with sprays of jasmine, was the belle. Prince Salm Salm and the Duc de Chartres were present. A New York caterer arranged the decorations and the supper. Dolly Madison's famous old plateau was flanked on all sides by

ornate devices in spun sugar, and the menu included oysters, terrapin, game, fowl, pâtés, jellies, cakes, and ices. The President, Mrs. Lincoln, and the Cabinet were served first, then the other guests were admitted.

The affair called forth much criticism and was the inspiration of some doggerel—a parody on the "Charge of the Light Brigade"—by a wit of the occasion.

After the first two or three of these levees the social affairs were reduced to simple afternoon receptions, three times a week from two to five o'clock, when Mrs. Lincoln received any ladies who desired to be presented to her, more formal affairs on Tuesday evenings, and the President's less formal ones on Saturdays. These were all attended largely and by people of every description.

Frequently after these functions the President's right hand would be so swollen that for hours he could not use it. Refreshments were not served at either evening or afternoon affairs, and Mrs. Lincoln soon abolished all state dinners, with the statement: "These are war times, we must be as economical as possible." Three large levees were held at first, but after the death of the second son, William Wallace Lincoln, on February 20, 1862, they were discontinued until 1864.

These affairs were a curious mixture of fashion, elegance resplendent with jewels, and the crudity of everyday frontier life. Many of the guests appeared unabashed in their cowhide boots with the trousers tucked into them and their hickory shirts, and many women filed past the receiving party in their best Sunday gowns, devoid of either fit or style. The women of fashion, with their voluminous satins or brocades draped over the wide hoops of the day, with their costly lace panniers, flashing jewels, and elaborate coiffures, were not one whit more welcome to Mr. Lincoln—not as much, his manner indicated—than

the sturdy farmer's wife and daughter in their best "prints" and Sunday mitts over their browned and toil-hardened hands. Mrs. Lincoln always appeared to enjoy these gatherings, and she was equally gracious to all.

Every condition and class of society from every section of the country came to be presented. Feeble old men and women, bowed with age and anxiety over their boys in the battlefields, swamps, and military prisons of the South, came to gather a little comfort from the touch of the President's hand and to carry away a little cheer from his sympathetic smile.

Upon these occasions time and again Mr. Lincoln's wonderful memory was demonstrated in his recognition of some man or woman he had not seen for years, and their delight at his remembering them and the circumstance of their meeting was as great as their surprise. One of the incidents handed down is as follows:

In 1834 when Lincoln was a candidate for the Legislature, he called on a certain farmer to ask for his support. He found him in the hay field, and was urging his cause when the dinner bell sounded. The farmer invited him to dinner, but he declined politely, and added:

"If you will let me have the scythe while you are gone I will mow round the field a couple of times."

When the farmer returned he found three rows neatly mowed. The scythe lay against the gate post, but Lincoln had disappeared.

Nearly thirty years afterward the farmer and his wife, now grown old, were at a White House reception, and stood waiting in line to shake hands with the President.

"When they got near him in the line," says Judge Landis, "Lincoln saw them, and calling an aide, told him to take them to one of the small parlours, where he would

see them as soon as he got through the handshaking. Much surprised, the old couple were led away. Presently Mr. Lincoln came in, and, greeting them with an outstretched hand and a warm smile, called them by name.

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed the farmer, "that you remember me after all these years?"

"I certainly do," said the President, and he went on to recall the day he had mowed around the farmer's timothy field.

"Yes, that's so," said the old man, still in astonishment. "I found the field mowed and the scythe leaning up against the gate post. But I have always wanted to ask you one thing."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

"I always wanted to ask you, Mr. President, what you did with the whetstone?"

Lincoln smoothed his hair back from his brows a moment, in deep thought; then his face lighted up.

"Yes, I remember now," he said, "I put that whetstone on top of the high gate post."

And when he got back to Illinois again, the farmer found the whetstone on top of the gate post, where it had lain for more than twenty-five years.

On the night of the last public reception, February 5, 1862, both of the boys, Willie, aged eleven, and Tad, aged nine, were ill and the elder child grew constantly worse and died two weeks later. Mrs. Lincoln was prostrated and never seemed the same afterward. She would not enter the Blue Room, where the child's funeral was held, during the remainder of her stay in the White House, and it has been said that only through her efforts at ministering to the wounded and sick soldiers in the hospitals did she find solace from this grief.

Life in the White House from this on was devoid of gaiety save that made by Tad, the small son and idol of his father, who also became a national pet. Tad, otherwise named Thomas, became very lonesome in the big White House with no one to play with, and for that reason his father seemed able to deny him nothing, not even his own society at the busiest, most inconvenient times. He took the child everywhere with him.

Tad could not talk plainly, and this impediment seemed further to endear him to his father. The President frequently said:

"I want to give him all the toys I did not have and all of the toys that I would have given the boy who went away."

In consequence of this indulgence there was an upstairs room in the White House filled to overflowing with toys of every kind, most of which came from the quaint little toy shop on New York Avenue, to which Tad and his father made many pilgrimages. This little two-story structure kept by Joseph Stuntz acquired national distinction because of the White House patronage which it enjoyed until a few years ago, when the owner and proprietor, known to the children of Washington for more than fifty years as "Miss Kate," died and her little store was sold to settle her estate.

No matter what the war complications were, nor how grave the situation, the heartsick, mind-weary President was never too harassed to find a few minutes to give to an appeal that began with "Papa day" and ended with "Stuntz's." Frequently Tad accompanied his father to view for himself the fairyland of toys and make his own selections from the novelties displayed by Kate, the little flaxen-haired apprentice, who in later years inherited the little store and its stock and spent her lifetime behind its counters. More often the tall, gaunt head of the nation

would pull on his high boots, don his tall hat, and wrap himself in his heavy shawl with its huge safety pin fastening it, and in solitary meditation pick his way through the icy mud or suffocating dust amid the jostling crowds to the little shop, and once there he would become lost to time in his absorption in the toys put forth for his observation, as though he were "making it up" to his own unfavoured childhood. But there are those yet living in Washington who look canny and shake their wise old heads as they tell you in awesome whispers that Lincoln's playing on Stuntz's counter with the tiny soldiers and cannon that he had bought for his boy was the mechanical action of the master mind working out literally his own manœuvres of the war and the last great movements of the armies, and tradition has long ascribed the selection of General Grant as the result of an inspiration whose source lay in Stuntz's Toy Shop. These same old wiseacres profoundly insist that old crippled Joseph Stuntz, soldier of France and worshipper of Napoleon, was the instrument of Divine Providence to help the President choose the one man who possessed the qualities to end the war successfully and bring the dawn of peace upon the troubled land.

Tad was a lovable youngster, and in spite of the fact that he was called the "White House Tyrant," ruling servants and officials alike, he was not spoiled. Tutors came and tutors went and Tad pursued his own methods of acquiring education through investigation, and his father decided to let him alone awhile. He inherited much of his father's tenderness of heart and loved all animals. Many a solemn war council or cabinet meeting was interrupted by his persistent demand for his father's attention and help on behalf of some of his friends. He frequently gathered troops of street urchins of all descriptions and marshalled them into the White House

kitchen to be fed. Upon one occasion the steward objected to these inroads upon the supplies by a horde of ragged gamins and based his argument upon the fact that the White House was government property. Immediately there was a rush of flying feet and an excited little voice broke in upon the deliberations of a cabinet session with: "Papa day! Papa day! Isn't it *our* kitchen?" Needless to add that he was assured that "the kitchen is ours," and trotted off, triumphant and happy, to feast his guests.

On another day another council was temporarily adjourned while the President wrote a reprieve for Jack, the Christmas turkey, which the little boy joyously carried to the cook to stay the execution. This bird was sent for the Thanksgiving dinner and upon its arrival Tad made friends with it and soon had it following him around. He named it Jack and loved it, and that fact was sufficient for his father, who had rather have no dinner at all than wring the tender little heart, and Jack remained among the rest of Tad's animal possessions.

Tad had a goat team and a little wagon which he used to drive about the grounds, but many a time visitors to the executive building witnessed the edifying spectacle of the pair of goats hitched to one or more chairs and going at a mad gallop through the rooms and corridors, with a laughing boy urging them on. When Mrs. Lincoln vigorously vetoed such performances as totally unbecoming to any house, let alone the White House, and dilated upon the horror such actions would inspire in the minds of the public, it was the President who would patiently plead with "Mother" for the boy. "Mother," already all but heart-broken over the death of the other one, Willie, was not difficult to coax when the two of them besought her, so the great wonder was that the boy was not utterly ruined by indulgence.

MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN HER INAUGURAL BALL GOWN

"Mrs. Lincoln stood as near to the President as her voluminous draperies over hoop skirts would permit. . . . The style of the hour demanded that they be crinolined to huge proportions, being several yards around. Therefore it took but comparatively few women to fill the room."

One of the proudest days of his life was when Secretary Stanton appointed him a Lieutenant of the United States Volunteers and made him a present of a uniform. He promptly acquired all the equipment to go with it and speedily organized a company from the White House servants. He dismissed the sentries and posted his own men in their places and gave them orders to guard the Mansion and his father. And there they remained until released by his big brother Robert, after the small commander was safely tucked away in bed.

Tad also had a pony and an army cape, and his chief delight was to ride beside his father's carriage or accompany him when he rode horseback through the camps to see the troops.

President Lincoln regarded the Emancipation Proclamation as the great act of his life. He had prepared it alone and unadvised, long before it was issued to the public. In fact, this action was deferred beyond the date of his choosing out of consideration for the opinions of his Cabinet, all of whom listened to its reading with astonishment.

Five days after the Confiscation Act was signed, the President, feeling that the time had come when this declaration should be made, on July 22, 1862, wrote out the Proclamation, freeing all slaves in states which should be in rebellion on January 1, 1863. A cabinet meeting was called, and when the members arrived, they found the President occupied with a book and seated by the table. He paid no attention to them, but finally turned and asked, "Gentlemen, did you ever read anything from Artemus Ward? Let me read you a chapter that is very funny." He read the chapter and laughed heartily, but none of his Cabinet seemed able to see the humour. He read another chapter, but still no amusement was visible upon any of

the grave faces around him. He then turned quickly and remarked: "Gentlemen, why don't you laugh? With the fearful strain that is upon me night and day if I do not laugh, I shall die, and you need this medicine as much as I do."

Then he gravely turned again and, taking a paper from the table, said to his Cabinet: "I have called you here upon very important business. I have prepared a little paper of much significance. I have said nothing to any one, but I have made a promise to myself—and to my Maker. I am now going to fulfil that promise." He then read in a clear, firm voice: "On the first of January in the year of our Lord, 1863, all persons then held as slaves in any state or designated part of state the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforth and forever free."

Mr. F. S. Carpenter, the artist who painted the famous painting of the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation which hangs in the Capitol, has described this meeting as the President related the circumstances to him, in giving him the history of the famous document:

"All were present except Mr. Blair, the Postmaster General, who was absent at the opening of the discussion and came in subsequently. Mr. Blair, after he came in, deprecated the policy on the ground that it would cost the Administration the fall elections. Nothing, however, was offered that I had not fully anticipated and settled in my own mind until Secretary Seward spoke.

"He said in substance: 'Mr. President, I approve of the proclamation, but I question the expediency of its issue at this juncture. The depression of the public mind consequent upon our repeated reverses is so great that I fear the effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted government, a cry for help, the government stretching forth her hands to Ethio-

pia instead of Ethiopia stretching forth her hands to the government.'

"His idea was that it would be considered our last appeal. 'Now,' continued Mr. Seward, 'while I approve of the measure, I suggest, sir, that you postpone its issue until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case now upon the greatest disasters of the war.' The wisdom of the view of the Secretary of State," continued Mr. Lincoln, "struck me with great force. It was an aspect of the case that, in all my thought upon the subject, I had entirely overlooked. The result was that I put the draft of the Proclamation aside as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for a victory."

A proper victory was a long time coming and the proclamation was held waiting and it was September 22d before the President again called the Cabinet together to discuss the issuing of this paper. This time it was agreed that after it had gone to the State Department for attestation and to receive the great seal of the United States it should be given to the public.

In the intervening period the anti-slavery leaders in the North continually urged the President to take some decisive action toward the abolition of slavery. Replying to the accumulated suggestions offered him, he said on August 22, 1862:

"My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would do that."

When it was fully established in President Lincoln's mind that slavery was a source of military strength to the Confederate Government, providing the means of sustain-

ing the armies then in the field, he decided to destroy it for the good of the Union and issued the preliminary proclamation in September. As no attention was paid to this notification, on the first day of January, 1863, the final Proclamation of Emancipation was issued, declaring free all persons held as slaves in any of the states then in rebellion. This was put into effect as fast as territory came under government control.

The evening following the publication of this proclamation the President and Cabinet were serenaded by the delighted throngs in Washington, who had longed for such a measure to be promulgated.

In signing the final document, which was brought to him on New Year's Day, 1863, at noon by Secretary Seward and his son Frederick, Mr. Carpenter says:

"When the paper was unrolled before him, Mr. Lincoln dipped his pen in the ink and as he was about to write his name, paused a minute and dropped the pen. After a little hesitation he went through the same performance again, remarking to Mr. Seward: 'I have been shaking hands since 9 o'clock this morning and my right arm is almost paralysed. If my name ever goes into history, it will be for this act, and my whole soul is in it. If my hand trembles when I sign the Proclamation all who examine the document hereafter, will say: "He hesitated."' He then turned to the table, took up a pen again and firmly wrote that 'Abraham Lincoln' with which the whole world is familiar. He looked at it and smiled. 'That will do.'"

The New Year's receptions were not abandoned, though there were but few other functions at the Executive Mansion during the dark days of the war. These were attended by such crowds after the diplomats and other dignitaries had paid their respects to the President that it was found necessary to supply an exit through one of the large

windows of the East Room, a temporary bridge being constructed for this means of exit. Soldiers formed such a predominating colour note that it was almost a real distinction to be a civilian and wear the customary plain conventional clothing.

In the hot weather the President took his family to the cottage at the Soldiers' Home, but he allowed himself little or no rest. His rides into the city and to the various camps and hospitals where he loved to go were rather spectacular—not, however, of his choice, but because his officials simply insisted upon his taking certain precautions for safety.

He always rode with a sizable cavalry escort, sometimes twenty-five or thirty with sabres drawn and held upright over their shoulders. While they were not especially noticeable for either uniforms or horses, their mission was unmistakable, and their appearance was the expression of the war spirit of the times.

Mr. Lincoln generally rode a good-sized easy-going gray horse, and he dressed in plain black, a little rusty, and frequently it became dusty. He also wore a stiff black hat, looking very little like the head of a nation. A lieutenant usually rode at his left and little Tad, with his cape flying in the wind, kept his pony trotting briskly at his father's side. Close behind came the cavalry two by two, in their yellow-striped jackets, keeping the pace set by the President with clanking of sabres and the rattling of accoutrements. This procession, being a regular occurrence, soon ceased to cause any undue attention.

Among all the long procession of gallant generals the war developed, General Ulysses S. Grant, who had distinguished himself by his aggressive policy and his splendid achievements from Belmont to Vicksburg, took the lead. He was made Lieutenant General and placed in command

of the Union Armies on March 8, 1864, and called to Washington for conference. He went quietly to Willard's Hotel to get his dinner and was much surprised and embarrassed by the enthusiastic ovation that was given him when his presence there was discovered. As he arrived on the day of the usual weekly White House reception he was—with difficulty—persuaded to attend. Much to his consternation he was the centre of attraction and was finally obliged to stand up on a sofa so that his admirers could get a glimpse of him.

With all her vast soldier contingent quartered about the city and the formidable ring of forts encircling her with their protecting vigilance, Washington lost her first fear of war and gradually reached a state of security, which was increased rather than reduced by the withdrawal of the trained troops about the city who were sent to join Grant in his effort to encompass the defeat of Lee in Virginia. Congress closed after turbulent times on July 4th and depression prevailed since no encouraging news came from the field.

When the panic-stricken people from the Maryland towns and suburban villages of Washington came rushing into the capital with their tales of the approach of a vast Confederate host, the news fell upon the city with crushing force. Government clerks, and all men from hospitals and convalescent camp able to stand up and carry a gun were hastily gathered with all the able-bodied citizens, and contraband Negroes and refugees who were put into the forts, etc. Taken altogether they numbered less than ten thousand men. Though communication was cut off from the north and the seizure of the city seemed imminent, the loss of the day to Early in his encounter with General Wallace at Monocacy gave the Federal Government time to assemble a host, including, besides the trained military

arriving under command of General Wright, a force of about sixty thousand men, which in the skirmish at Fort Stevens completely outnumbered and routed the attacking army.

The battle of Fort Stevens, July 11 and 12, 1864, is unique in the history of the United States. Many Presidents had participated in battles previous to their election to the office, but Abraham Lincoln is the only one who was ever "under fire" in battle while filling the office. On the afternoon of July 12, 1864, President Lincoln was on a parapet at Fort Stevens viewing the engagement with an officer in uniform on his left and a newspaper reporter on his right. A sharpshooter picked off the uniformed officer, whereupon effort was made to induce the President to step down.

Many years afterward General Wright revisited Fort Stevens and said to those who accompanied him:

"Here on the top of this parapet is the place where President Lincoln stood, witnessing the fight; there, by his side, a surgeon was wounded by a minie ball. I entreated the President not to expose his life, but he seemed oblivious to his surroundings. Finally, I said: 'Mr. President, I know you are the commander of the armies of the United States, but I am in command here, and, as you are not safe where you are standing, and I am responsible for your personal safety, I order you to come down.' Mr. Lincoln looked at me, smiled, and then, more in consideration for my earnestness than from inclination, stepped down and took a position behind the parapet. Even then he would stand up and expose his tall form."

Among the many stories that have survived the years since the memorable raid, there is one to the effect that Washington owed its escape to the delay of Early's forces at Silver Spring. There in the well-filled cellar of Mont-

gomery Blair's summer home they found a barrel of old Kentucky whisky whose mellowness of age made it irresistible to the weary soldiers. They feasted and they drank, they danced, masquerading in the garments of the feminine members of the family which they found on ransacking the closets and wardrobes, and after they had their fill of frolic and sleep they set fire to the house. Though they destroyed many other farmhouses and mansions along their march, they did not burn the home of Francis P. Blair because of the intervention of General Breckinridge, who made it his headquarters. They pillaged the supplies and to Mrs. Blair's infinite disgust emptied her linen closet, leaving her only the torn-off hems of her fine linen sheets.

President Lincoln had the satisfaction of seeing enacted, through congressional legislation, the measure he sought to promote when he was a member of Congress in 1849—the bill introduced by him for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. Senator Wilson of Massachusetts in December, 1861, introduced bills into the Senate providing for the immediate emancipation of all the slaves in the District of Columbia and the payment to the owners who were loyal to the Government of an average rate of $300 per slave. A Board of Commissioners was appointed whose duty was to settle upon the amount to be paid each slave-owner. This act became a law in April, 1862, and caused the greatest satisfaction to Unionists not only in Washington, where the Negroes thus freed made up a parade, but all over the land.

When the claims of slave-owners in the District were finally all settled in 1863 it was found that the collected sum was well within the one million dollars appropriated by Congress for this purpose.

Another congressional measure which kept interest in it at white heat while it was pending, was the final passage

of the amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery throughout the whole country. On January 31, 1865, this joint resolution brought throngs of eager listeners to fill the galleries every time the report got abroad that the bill was to be brought up before the House, and when it finally did pass, by the necessary two thirds vote, history tells us that there was a scene such as the halls of Congress had never before witnessed. From the galleries and the floor alike the storm of cheers went forth, to be enforced a little later by the salute of cannon fired on Capitol Hill to announce to the vast soldier and citizen populace that slavery was legally dead.

At this time also negotiations were under progress for peace. Francis P. Blair, Sr., made two perilous and difficult trips to Richmond to confer with Jefferson Davis upon the situation, with the result that the Confederacy sent three commissioners to City Point to discuss terms upon which peace could be accomplished. At General Grant's suggestion Secretary Seward and then the President also made the trip to Fort Monroe, but the terms which the President made and whose substance Mr. Blair transmitted to the President of the Confederacy remained unchanged and were therefore not acceptable to the Southern peace commissioners, who had hoped to obtain an armistice if not a different wording than the following three conditions contained, as the only terms on which any conference looking toward the establishment of peace could be held. These conditions were:

(1) The restoration of the national authority throughout all the states.

(2) No receding, by the Executive of the United States, on the Slavery question, from the position assumed thereon in the last annual message to Congress and in preceding documents.

(3) No cessation of hostilities short of an end of the war and the disbanding of all forces hostile to the Government.

Deep were the satisfaction and the surprise when the great wisdom of President Lincoln through these negotiations was manifested in the full report to Congress. Suspicion and doubts that had been gathering and criticisms that had been flying thick and fast about his head because of the secrecy of the proceedings and the mystery that attended the trip of the President and Secretary Seward as well as those of Mr. Blair, disappeared at once. The adverse opinions that had arisen over the different phases of the matter melted like snow in the warm spring sunshine when these conditions were read, and once again the President was hailed as the preserver of the Union.

With the growing realization that the war clouds were soon to lift and that the promise of peace hovered over the land the nation once more held out its hands in welcome to the man at the helm of the bruised and battered ship of state, and again placed upon his head the crown of leadership, thus signifying its hope and faith in his ability to pilot safely the warring factions into a united peace.

After four years of war and its own baptism of fire, Washington was a soberer, more dignified city which had grown in many ways besides size.

The New Year Reception of 1865 called forth a tremendous crowd of 5,000 people. Mrs. Lincoln was, of course, the centre of interest and was most gorgeously arrayed in purple brocade and black velvet with the fashionable black lace shawl, floral headdress, and jewels. Both the President and his wife were in the best of spirits and had the satisfaction of having their son Robert Lincoln home from Harvard on this occasion.

Executive Officers—March 4, 1861, to March 4, 1865

President—Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois.
Vice President—Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine.
Secretary of State—Jeremiah S. Black, of Pennsylvania, continued from last Administration; William H. Seward, of New York, March 5, 1861.
Secretary of the Treasury—John A. Dix, of New York, continued from last Administration; Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, March 5, 1861; George Harrington, District of Columbia (Assistant Secretary), *ad interim*, July 1, 1864; William P. Fessenden, of Maine, July 1, 1864; George Harrington, of District of Columbia (Assistant Secretary), *ad interim*, March 4, 1865.
Secretary of War—Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, continued from last Administration; Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, March 5, 1861; Edwin M. Stanton, of Pennsylvania, January 15, 1862.
Attorney General—Edwin M. Stanton, of Pennsylvania, continued from last Administration; Edward Bates, of Missouri, March 5, 1861; James Speed, of Kentucky, December 2, 1864.
Postmaster General—Horatio King, of Maine, continued from last Administration; Montgomery Blair, of District of Columbia, March 5, 1861; William Dennison, of Ohio, September 24, 1864.
Secretary of the Navy—Isaac Toucey, of Connecticut, continued from last Administration; Gideon Welles, of Connecticut, March 5, 1861.
Secretary of the Interior—Moses Kelly (Chief Clerk), *ad interim*, March 4, 1861; Caleb B. Smith, of Indiana, March 5, 1861; John P. Usher, of Indiana (Assistant Secretary), *ad interim*, January 1, 1863; John P. Usher, of Indiana, January 8, 1863.

CHAPTER XXII

SECOND ADMINISTRATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BEING occupied with the signing of bills at the Capitol the President did not ride in the procession from the White House on the morning of March 4, 1865. The city was wrapped in a cold rain and hail storm after its customary inaugural weather fashion, and the carriages were of necessity closed. Mrs. Lincoln, accompanied by Senators Harlan and Anthony, rode at the head of the line, and as her carriage was the first and was surrounded by a dense platoon of marshals, the cheering public thought it contained the President.

The escort was composed of the Union Light Guard, and many other civic and military bodies, among them the Republican Campaign Club, marched in the parade. Amid the vociferous ringing of bells and the firing of cannon the process on made its dripping journey to the Capitol. As usual the Senate was crowded, and after Andrew Johnson made a speech and took the oath the assemblage went out to the east platform, where Mr. Lincoln gave his second inaugural address that, like many other of his words, has become immortal, particularly the closing clauses:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans; to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Chief Justice Chase administered the oath to President Lincoln and then the band played "Hail to the Chief," the cannon boomed out its jubilant note to mark the conclusion of the ceremonies, and the President and his party were escorted back to the White House. This procession was even more notable than the one four years before, and the spirit of the times and some of the events of the war were typified in the parade.

Among the most distinctive features was a model of the *Monitor*, from the turret of which sailors fired miniature cannon. A huge movable platform bearing a structure representing the Temple of Liberty, with the different states typified by ladies appropriately dressed, and a printing press in operation, were all unique and attractive, but most striking of all because of their significance was the presence of coloured troops and a lodge of coloured Odd Fellows in full regalia. This was decidedly a new note in Washington celebrations that was viewed with mingled feelings by the populace.

Thousands of soldiers thronged the streets, bunting and flags made the city gay with colour, the lawns of the White House were dotted with tents, and every public square and reservation had its camp, hospital, or storehouse, all of which, like the public buildings and residences, put forth decorations.

On Monday evening, the inaugural ball was held in the Model Room of the recently completed Patent Office and was a most brilliant affair. The city seemed to throw off the gloom and depression of war for the evening and turned out in great crowds. The President and Mrs. Lincoln both attended and Mrs. Lincoln was radiant and beautifully gowned.

The trip to City Point during the first days of April, 1865, made by the President with a party including Mrs.

Lincoln and little Tad, was one of treasured memory in the light of later events. The President visited all the wards of the hospital there and insisted upon speaking to and shaking hands with all the patients, of whom there were several thousand. He looked unusually worn and the surgeons remonstrated with him at taxing his strength in this manner, but he answered them: "Gentlemen, the war seems about over, and I must shake the hand of and say a good word to every brave fellow who has aided in the glorious work."

Mr. Lincoln was just as cordial to and solicitous of the comfort of the Confederate soldiers lying in this hospital as he was of the boys in blue, and after he had passed on after a few words to a gray-clad officer, the man asked the surgeon who the man was who had spoken to him. When told it was the President of the United States, he sat up on his bed, exclaiming: "My God, is that so? Is that the kind of a man we have been fighting against for four long years? Why, he even recognized a rebel and treated him as well as any of his own. If God spares my life, I will never again raise my arms against the United States Government."

On April 3, 1865, came the welcome news that Richmond had fallen and Petersburg was evacuated. Washington immediately burst forth into jubilation. Excitement was at a wild pitch. Cannon thundered, bells sent forth triumphant peals, windows and house-tops blossomed out in liveliest flag display, and enthusiastic crowds gathered on the corners or rushed along spreading the glad news. Vice President Andrew Johnson talked from Postmaster General Blair's residence, 1651 Pennsylvania Avenue, and members of the Cabinet and prominent officials spoke from the hotels and public buildings, bands paraded the streets, and a salute of 800 guns, 300 in honour

of the fall of Petersburg and 500 in honour of the capture of Richmond, was fired by batteries from the corner of Fourteenth and M streets by order of the War Department. A salute of 100 guns was also fired from the battery on the Navy Yard wharf.

On April 4th the city outdid itself in illumination and fireworks. The huge dome of the Capitol was a mass of innumerable lights.

More jollification was the result of the news of Lee's surrender to General Grant at Appomattox on April 9th, officially given out by the Secretary of War, and in accordance with his order a salute of 200 guns was fired at the headquarters of every army department, post, and arsenal in the United States on day of receipt of order. Washington again went wild with joy and patriotism. The next day, after the President returned from Richmond, he stood at the famous second-story window and responded to the demand of the crowd for a speech, being interrupted constantly with cheers:

"I am very greatly rejoiced that an occasion has occurred so pleasurable that the people can't restrain themselves. I suppose arrangements are being made for a formal demonstration for to-night or to-morrow night. I shall have to respond. I shall have nothing to say then, if I dribble it all out before. . . . I see you have a band with you. I propose that you have them play the air called 'Dixie.' I have always thought it was the best tune I ever heard. Our adversaries over the way have attempted to appropriate it as their own national air. I insisted yesterday that we had fairly captured it and are entitled to it. I asked the opinion of the Attorney General and he states that we have lawfully captured it and that it is ours. I now request the band to play it."

After the band finished playing "Dixie," the President proposed three rousing cheers for General Grant and all

under his command. As soon as these were given he proposed three more for the gallant navy, and they were given with a will. After this he bowed and retired and the crowd dispersed.

The next night great throngs gathered in front of the White House to listen to a carefully prepared speech, the last public speech President Lincoln ever made, and in which he gave his views on reconstruction. He said in part:

"We meet this evening not in sorrow, but in gladness of heart. The evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond and the surrender of the principal insurgent army give hope of a righteous and speedy peace whose joyous expression cannot be restrained. In midst of this, however, He from whom all blessings flow must not be forgotten. A call for a national thanksgiving is being prepared and will be duly promulgated. Nor must those whose harder part gave us the cause of rejoicing be overlooked. Their honours must not be parcelled out with others. I myself was near the front, and had the high pleasure of transmitting much of the good news to you, but no part of the honour is mine. To General Grant, his skilful officers and brave men, all belongs.

"The gallant navy stood ready, but was not in reach to take active part."

While reading from his manuscript Mr. Lincoln dropped the pages to the floor, and as they fluttered down Tad occupied himself in gathering them and in calling for more. The crowds beneath the window were wild with enthusiasm and it seemed as though they could not cheer him enough.

For three days, the city and the land rejuvenated itself in the matchless joy of relief from the horrors of the past. The war storm was spent. The rainbow promise of peace had flashed its cheering rays athwart the disappearing smoke of battle. The sunlight of hope and the magic

The house in Springfield, Illinois, from which Lincoln was buried on May 4, 1865, and the funeral party.

tonic of reunion sent thrills of electric currents of cheer through the hearts of the sorrow-stricken people who had mourned over thousands of war-made graves. For three days only.

Then came the unbelievable, terrifying, blighting message that filtered through the sleeping city on lightning wings of fear, carrying panic and despair in its wake. "The President and all the Cabinet are killed!" was the cry that paralysed young and old and sent them tumbling from their beds in the gray dawn of a cold dismal rain whose chill sent home the terror of the hour and left them no ray of hope to which to cling.

All day on the tragic 14th of April, 1865, Mr. Lincoln had been markedly cheerful and happy, appearing to have thrown off the sadness that had been habitual with him during the course of the war. It being cabinet day, and much interest being felt in news from General Sherman, General Grant was asked to stay for the meeting. The President felt certain that the news would be good when it did come because of a dream he had had the night before, a dream which had preceded most of the important events of the war. Gideon Welles, then Secretary of the Navy, later related this incident in his diary:

"He said it was in my department, it related to the water, that he seemed to be in a singular and indescribable vessel, but always the same, and that he was moving with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore; that he had this singular dream preceding the firing on Sumter; the battles of Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River, Vicksburg, etc. Victory did not always follow the dream but the event and the results were important. He had no doubt that a battle had taken place, or was about being fought, 'and Johnston will be beaten, for I had this strange dream again last night. It must relate to Sherman; my thoughts are in that direction, and I know of no

other very important event which is likely just now to occur.'"

All the Cabinet were impressed with his change of manner and the meeting was taken up with the discussion of the reconstruction policy, and all carried away as their last memory of him the impression Secretary Stanton voiced over his dead body twenty-four hours afterward:

"He was more cheerful and happy than I had ever seen him, rejoiced at the near prospect of firm and durable peace at home and abroad, manifested in marked degree the kindness and humanity of his disposition and the tender and forgiving spirit that so eminently distinguished him."

In the afternoon he went for the usual drive with his wife, returning late.

Mrs. Lincoln had arranged a theatre party for that evening with General and Mrs. Grant as her guests, to see Laura Keene at Ford's Theatre in "Our American Cousin." The box had been ordered in the morning and special arrangements made for the comfort of the party. The partition between the two upper boxes was removed and upholstered chairs put in and the front draped with flags. Papers advertised that "the President and his lady and the Hero of Appomattox" would attend the evening performance.

The house was filled by eight o'clock and the White House party was late in arriving, and then it was not as had been planned, for General and Mrs. Grant had decided to go North that evening, so Miss Harris, the young daughter of Senator Ira Harris, and Major H. R. Rathbone were invited by Mrs. Lincoln to take their places. When the presidential party finally entered the theatre they were given a great ovation while the orchestra played "Hail to

the Chief." Mr. Lincoln enjoyed the play and was smiling when the bullet from the derringer pistol in the hands of John Wilkes Booth found its mark in his brain.

Booth had slipped in behind during the second scene of the third act and made his way toward the President's box. Being a familiar figure about the theatre no one interfered with him. He gave a card to the messenger at the door, saying he knew the President, and immediately passed through into the passage behind the box. There, had any one noted his actions, it would have been seen that he did a most peculiar thing in barring the door behind him with a stout plank which seemed just at his hand. He slipped one end of it into a hole gouged into the wall near the door casing, making a rude but substantial barricade to the door. He then opened the door of the box very easily and had fired the fatal shot before any one was aware of his presence in the box. The President's head fell quietly forward on his breast, his arms relaxed a little, and still the audience, many of them, thought the shot a part of the play. But an instant after the shot Major Rathbone jumped at Booth and grappled with him, but he was thrust aside and slashed several times in the arm with the knife Booth carried. Booth dropped his pistol and vaulted over the railing on to the stage, but his spur caught in the flag. He fell to the floor, landing on his knees. He made a dash toward the rear door, encountering William Withers, Jr., leader of the orchestra, who had been talking with J. P. Wright, the stage manager. Booth slashed at Withers with the dagger, knocked him down and cut him about the neck, and made his escape to his horse in the alley and was gone before the dazed spectators could follow him. Mrs. Lincoln's screams told the audience what had happened, and then pandemonium followed. People rushed back and forth in wildest panic and confusion.

The unconscious man was removed to a house across the street, for the physicians all found that the President's wound was fatal and that to jolt his body through the streets to the White House would simply precipitate the end.

While the surgeons and physicians worked, the news spread. Likewise the news of Secretary Seward's attempted assassination and critical wounds. A general conspiracy was feared and the people of the city really feared to go to their beds. Military guards were stationed throughout the city and mounted patrols set in motion seeking for the assassin and his accomplices, for it was believed that it was a widespread plot. Reports were constantly made to headquarters to keep authorities informed.

In the meantime, there had gathered in the house on Tenth Street—a plain rooming house where the President lay in a plain little room occupied by William T. Clark, a soldier in the 13th Massachusetts Infantry—his family physician and intimate friends and a number of officials. Secretary Stanton was the only one to remain calm and collected, and yet by many it has been said that none felt the President's death more keenly than he. Secretary Welles was asleep when someone knocked on his door, and in his night garments he leaned from the window upstairs and learned of the tragedy. Hastily dressing, with his son, he made his way first to Secretary Seward's across the Park (Lafayette Square), to be horrified at the tragedy there. Hastily then he hurried to the Tenth Street house, already knowing that hope for the President's life was vain.

In the next room sat the heart-broken wife who came in at intervals to the bedside but was always gently led away. In still another room, within sound of the laboured breath-

ing and the moaning of the dying man, began the taking of testimony of those who had witnessed the tragedy.

At twenty-two minutes past seven on the morning of the 15th, in the presence of his wife and son Robert, Secretaries Stanton, Welles, and Usher, Attorney General Speed, Senator Sumner, Private Secretary Hay, Doctor Gurley, his pastor, and several physicians and friends, Abraham Lincoln died. There was a brief prayer and the silence was broken by Secretary Stanton's low solemn voice: "Now he belongs to the ages."

A couple of hours afterward the body of the President, wrapped in the flag, was borne by a group of soldiers with an honour guard of officers from this house to the White House.

All the joy and gaiety of the day before had died out in the city. All decorations in honour of the surrender of Lee were being rapidly covered by the black of grief. Music was hushed, merry-making and laughter had given place to sobs, tears, and angry muttering of revenge. Bowed down in the depths of woe and despair, the sorrowing city forgot the joy of peace in the fear that this terrible tragedy would precipitate the land again into bloodshed.

The funeral of the slain President was held in the black-draped East Room on Wednesday the 18th at noon in presence of all the Cabinet, Supreme Court justices, foreign diplomats, and most of the high officials of the land. General Grant sat in manifest grief at the head of the catafalque, whose black canopy and white linings with the tall pillars supporting it added to the scene of gloom. Robert Lincoln, then on General Grant's staff, was the only member of his family present. Mrs. Lincoln was too prostrated to leave her room, and little Tad was inconsolable.

After these services were concluded, the body was carried to the rotunda of the Capitol, also shrouded in crêpe and mourning, where it lay in state, for the people to pay their last tribute of love, until the evening of the 21st, when the funeral train started for Springfield. The journey was a wonderful demonstration of the love and grief of the people over the untimely death of this man who had faced and weathered successfully the worst crisis the nation had ever known. Every city en route did its best to show its sorrow and its affection. On May 4th, with most impressive ceremonies, the remains of the great man were placed in the vault in Oak Ridge Cemetery. And then Abraham Lincoln and his régime were indeed a part of the ages.

Many conflicting accounts have been circulated concerning the induction into the Presidency of Vice President Johnson on the morning of the death of President Lincoln. However, William N. Stewart of Nevada, former U. S. Senator, one of the three eyewitnesses, shortly before his death gave to the press what is believed to be the most authentic story of this momentous event. At the time Mr. Stewart was the last living man who made up the quartette that participated in this simple but dramatic ceremony.

There were no cheering, no crowds, no bands, the city waking to dumb horror and grief over the news of the assassination and death. Only three official associates were present, to whom it was a painful duty rather than an occasion of congratulation. Mr. Stewart told the story in graphic fashion:

"Mr. Lincoln died shortly after daylight, and within 10 minutes of the time I met Senator Foot, the grand old gray-haired statesman from Vermont, who was master of

ceremonies of the Senate. He was hailing a dilapidated wagon, which had seen better days as a carriage, in front of the Willard Hotel. He put his hand on my shoulder as the news of the President's death reached us, wafted on a thousand excited tongues, and said:

"'We must get the Chief Justice at once and swear in the Vice President. It will not do in times like these to be without a President.'

"We directed the driver of the hack to take us to the residence of Mr. Chase, who lived in what was then known as the Sprague mansion, at Sixth and E streets. Mr. Chase was in his library, pacing back and forth, in deep thought. We explained our business, and he got into the vehicle with us, and went to the old Kirkwood House on Pennsylvania Avenue where the Raleigh Hotel now stands. I sprang out, went to the desk, and asked the clerk what room the Vice President occupied.

"'I will send up your card,' he said.

"'No, you won't,' I said. 'I'll go up myself. We want to see him on important business. Send a boy to show the way.'

"'It is on the third floor,' the clerk then said. 'Turn to the right at the head of the stairs.'

"There were no elevators in the hotels at that time, and we climbed the stairs. A Negro boy showed us the room and I rapped on the door. There was no answer. I rapped again and again. Finally I kicked the door. Then a voice growled:

"'Who's there?'

"'Senator Stewart,' said I, 'and the Chief Justice and Senator Foot are with me. We must see you immediately.'

"'After some delay Johnson opened the door and we entered. The Vice President was in his bare feet, and only partially dressed. He was occupying two little rooms about 10 feet square, and we entered one of them, a sitting room, while he finished his toilet in the other.

"In a few minutes Johnson came in, putting on a very rumpled coat. He was shabby, and his hair was matted.

As he came into the room we were all standing. Johnson sat down. Chief Justice Chase said, very solemnly:

"'The President has been assassinated. He died this morning. I have come to administer the oath of office to you.'

"Johnson seemed dazed at first. Then he jumped up, thrust his right arm up as far as he could reach, and said, in a gruff voice:

"'I'm ready.'

"The Chief Justice administered the oath. Johnson—President Johnson—went back to his bedroom and we retired.

"There were only three persons present besides Johnson when he was sworn in—Chief Justice Chase, Senator Foot, and myself. All statements to the contrary are absolutely false."

Mary Todd Lincoln was born in Kentucky of well-to-do and influential parents, both of whom could point with pride to a long line of Colonial and Revolutionary ancestors. Among their forbears may be mentioned Levi Todd, who succeeded Daniel Boone in command of the Kentucky militia, and James Madison Porter, who founded Lafayette College at Easton, Pennsylvania. General Horace Porter of later time also belonged to this family.

Mary Todd's parents gave her the best education the seminaries of their community afforded. Her life up to the time of her mother's death was sheltered from all privations and hardship and offered a marked contrast to the poverty-stricken boyhood of Abraham Lincoln.

Growing up into an attractive young girl, Mary Todd was wilful, impulsive, and quick-tempered. When her father introduced a stepmother into the family she rebelled and promptly left, taking up her abode with a much-beloved older sister in Springfield, Illinois. Mrs. Ninian

Edwards was a woman of influence and power politically and socially in her section of the country.

In Mary Todd the social graces were highly developed, and she was the reigning belle of Springfield with many suitors, among them Stephen A. Douglas, who was young Lincoln's most serious rival.

Her romance spun itself over a period of more than two years, during which time Lincoln's seriousness, moods of silence and melancholy which followed him all his life, and the impulsiveness and quick temper of the gay, fun-loving girl wrought the usual lovers' quarrels.

But that Lincoln held her love is beyond question, for socially and financially he was the least desirable of her many admirers and was decidedly not favoured by her family, as they desired for her a marriage of wealth.

Tradition has it that after a prolonged estrangement brought about by the opposition of her family, they were unexpectedly brought together by a mutual friend who believed that his political promise and her brilliance should be made to complement each other. The result of this meeting was a reconciliation, and very soon, on a day's notice, they were married in the presence of the small group of relatives and intimate friends that Mrs. Edwards could muster together.

In the early days of married life, when they boarded at a tavern in Springfield for four dollars a week, Mrs. Lincoln felt the pinch of poverty, but her faith in being one day the wife of the President of the United States never failed, which no doubt had much to do with inspiring and sustaining her husband's political career.

Lincoln was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809, of the humblest parentage. His father, Thomas Lincoln, was a pioneer carpenter, and his mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, one of the rural beauties of Tennes-

see. Young Abraham's childhood—as all the world knows—was a succession of privation, hardship, and toil. He could chop wood at the age of eight. For text books he had the Bible and an old spelling book. His life as a rail splitter, boatman on the Sangamon and Mississippi, as a soldier in the Black Hawk war, as a grocer's clerk, and later as a lawyer and a politician and statesman is familiar to every school child, as is also his renown as an orator and a story-teller.

As one of the great figures in the world's history and one of the beloved heroes of our land his fame is immortal.

While honouring this man of the ages, posterity must give a full share of homage to the loyal wife whose efficient unfailing care and watchfulness guarded him at all times when his need was greatest.

Of their life together Henry B. Rankin—one of the Lincoln Boys of the Sangamon Valley and doubtless one of the best qualified through long and close acquaintance with them both—has said:

"Without Mary Todd for his wife, Abraham Lincoln would never have been President. Without Abraham Lincoln for her husband, Mary Todd would probably never have been a President's wife. From the day of their marriage they supplemented each other in many unusual times and always through those remarkable years."

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS—MARCH 4, 1865, TO APRIL 15, 1865

President—Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois (died April 15, 1865).
Vice President—Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee.
Secretary of State—William H. Seward, of New York, continued from last Administration.
Secretary of the Treasury—George Harrington, of District of Columbia (Assistant Secretary), *ad interim*, March 4, 1865; Hugh McCulloch, of Indiana, March 7, 1865.

Secretary of War—Edwin M. Stanton, of Pennsylvania, continued from last Administration.
Attorney General—James Speed, of Kentucky, continued from last Administration.
Postmaster General—William Dennison, of Ohio, continued from last Administration.
Secretary of the Navy—Gideon Welles, of Connecticut, continued from last Administration.
Secretary of the Interior—John P. Usher, of Indiana, continued from last Administration.

THE END

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